ADDRESSES
AND
MISCELLANIES

GLUCK

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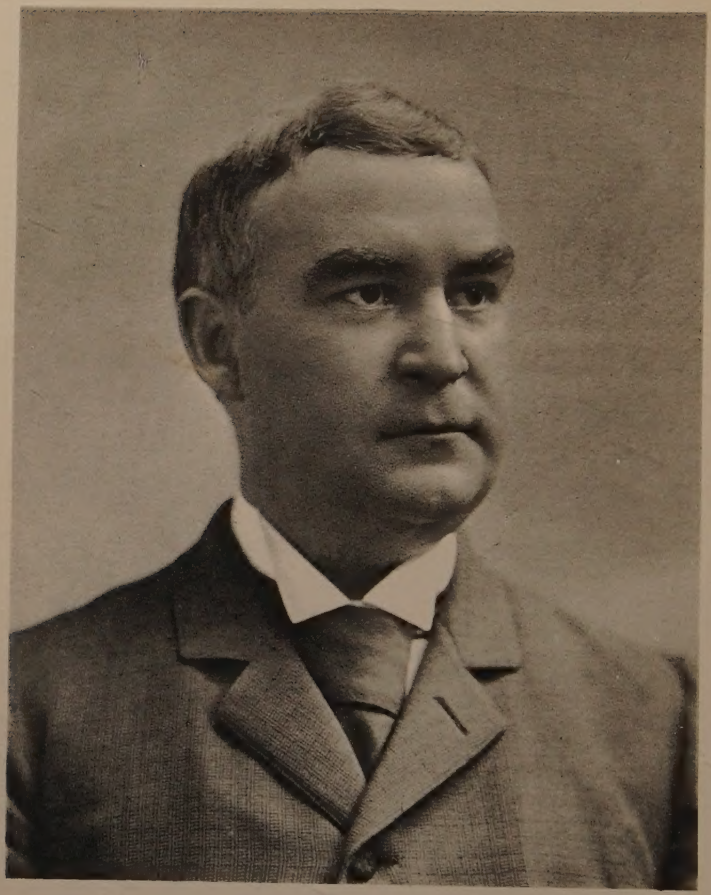

James F. Gluck

Addresses and Miscellanies

BY

JAMES FRASER GLUCK

EDITED BY

L. B. Proctor

Late N. Y. State Historian

&

Charles Mellen Tyler,

Professor Emeritus, Cornell University

BUFFALO
1904.

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EXPLANATORY NOTE.

That Mr. Proctor died before the publication of this book, is a source of regret.

It was found impracticable to publish all the speeches and essays left by Mr. Gluck, and which had been included in Mr. Proctor's list.

Selections have been made and arranged, in the main, in chronological order. The writer of this note is of the opinion that the patriotic ardor found in these utterances, the eloquent pleading for devotion to the highest ideals, in political action, in pursuit of all knowledge, and in religious conduct, will be helpful to young men who are entering professional and civil life. And they may reveal more clearly his character to those who were associated with him in the University and in after life.

To attempt to chasten the rhetorical form of these speeches by any revising would be to extinguish the fire and steal away the element which gave Mr. Gluck his mastery over those who listened to him.

His personal magnetism was striking, and his thought revealed not only extensive acquaintance with literature, but also more than ordinary scientific research. His utterances were received with public enthusiasm and while a severe fireside criticism may deem them in places somewhat florid, the rhetoric seldoms weakens the force of his thought.

I have to thank Prof. Hiram Corson, LL.D., of Cornell

University, for his aid in making the selections from Mr. Gluck's productions.

Thanks are especially due to Mr. James Hughes Massie for the valuable time he has devoted to seeing the work through the press, and for attending to many other details attendant upon publication.

CHARLES MELLEN TYLER.

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INTRODUCTION

The publication of this volume is due to the suggestion of the editor. He believes that the public will welcome these selections from Mr. Gluck's essays and orations, and their presentation in permanent form. This volume constitutes in itself an important factor in the history of the best thought and intellectual life of Buffalo. Too often the record of a life which has had much to do with shaping the course of a community, is left sadly incomplete; and in a short time nothing remains but a vague tradition of personal influence and potency, which, in the absence of any specific record, seems strangely unwarranted. Soon even the tradition of excellence disappears and no memory remains of thoughts and deeds which, in their time, have been of signal service to the community and which the community should not willingly let die.

In the history of Buffalo the name James Fraser Gluck is suggestive of Buffalo's broadest culture, of what is highest in its scholarship, noblest in its aspirations, and most humanitarian in its sympathies. His has been an uplifting voice, uttering in beautiful and eloquent language the aspirations and ideal thoughts of the community in which he lived.

It is encouraging to know that Mr. Gluck's manifold services in the cause of culture and progress, in a generous consecration of his best gifts to the cause of a higher citizenship and a more refined and exalted mental attitude toward men and affairs have not been without great and generous recognition on the part of his contemporaries. One of the most satisfactory tributes in this respect accorded to Mr. Gluck is that paid him by the Rev. Patrick Cronin in the pages of *The Catholic*

Union and Times, which, years ago, said editorially: "We cannot fail in this connection to pay tribute to the great services of James Fraser Gluck to the literary life of this city. A busy lawyer and man of affairs, he has nevertheless found time to cultivate in himself and encourage in others an appreciation of those higher benefits and satisfactions which accrue from devotion to literature and literary ideals. Such a man in this commercial city and this mercurial community is like a refreshing oasis in the midst of a desert of push and gain."

In the present volume there is little intimation of Mr. Gluck's brilliant achievements as an advocate and a lawyer. It is the usual fate in this profession that all but the memory of its successes dies with the occasion which produced them. Mr. Gluck's ability in his profession is now universally conceded, and he more than repaid the debt which every lawyer is said to owe to the law. For years the question of the establishment of a law school in connection with the University of Buffalo had been thought of, and somewhat casually discussed. In 1885, after the address to the graduates of the Medical Department of the Buffalo University, at the banquet in the evening, in responding to the toast of the Legal Profession, Mr. Gluck spoke upon the subject of a law school so earnestly and convincingly, that upon the following day a long and exceedingly well reasoned communication written by Dr. Weil, inspired by Mr. Gluck's address, appeared in the public prints; interviews were held with many of the leading lawyers, W. C. Bryant, David F. Day, Adelbert Moot, Judge Charles Beckworth, Judge James W. Smith, James O. Putnam, and others. A few days subsequently other letters appeared, and it was but a short time thereafter that the suggestion took definite shape, and the Law Department of the University of Buffalo became a reality. Mr. Gluck was appointed lecturer on the law

of corporations, a position which he held for many years with honor to the University and to himself, until the exacting requirements of a more extended practice compelled him to relinquish it. Mr. Gluck was profoundly loyal to the school, for but a short time after its establishment he received a very flattering offer from his own Alma Mater, Cornell University, to become one of its non-resident lecturers in the School of Law, and to deliver a course of lectures on any legal subject he might desire to select, at a very flattering compensation. This offer was gratefully declined as Mr. Gluck felt that its acceptance would necessarily preclude his further attendance upon the Buffalo Law School.

In 1882 Mr. Gluck was requested by the State Bar Association to read before its annual meeting a paper on some legal topic and he selected as his subject "The Effect of the Master's Promise to Repair Defective Machinery." This had been a vexed subject in the jurisprudence of the State, but it ceased to be vexatious thereafter. The *Albany Law Journal* declared that the effect of the essay was something resembling the blow of a trip-hammer upon a fly. There was nothing left to talk about or discuss. Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, wrote Mr. Gluck thanking him for his "exceedingly able, thorough and interesting discussion" of the subject; Judge Beckwith, after alluding to the forcible presentation of the subject said, "The style of the paper is simply charming, and the enlarged and liberal views with which the discussion is closed are exceedingly gratifying to the intelligent thinker." Judge Danforth, of the Court of Appeals, said, "I have read with pleasure your well executed essay and find in it additional reasons for a statute like the 'Employers' Liability Act' of England." Mr. Gluck was subsequently elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the State

Bar Association, the Albany *Argus* remarking, "The State Bar Association yesterday selected as its Vice-President Mr. James Fraser Gluck of Buffalo, and surely no better selection could have been made. Were Mr. Gluck not so youthful in appearance the Bar of the State would have made him President. Mr. Gluck, though a distinguished lawyer, is one of the merciful kind. He does not demand a $10,000 house and lot for defending a client in a $1,000 suit. By hard work and close study Mr. Gluck has become one of the best known, as well as one of the most successful, lawyers in the State." Subsequently Mr. Gluck in collaboration with one of his former students, Mr. August Becker, published a law book on the subject of "Receivers of Corporations" which has already passed into a second edition.

It was, however, as an advocate that Mr. Gluck was pre-eminently distinguished in his profession, and especially in the trial of railroad litigation. One of the most eminent judges in the state in speaking, during Mr. Gluck's life-time, of his abilities said: "Mr. Gluck has always tried his cases with marked ability and thorough preparation. He is a most excellent lawyer and presents his evidence and points with energy, with clearness, with freedom from all irritation, and with that calmness and candor which never fails to carry all the weight and effect which can be claimed from the facts. The court always feels justified in placing the utmost reliance upon his faithfulness and integrity, his character in all respects being above reproach."

One of the best known judges of the Court of Appeals said to the writer: "The arguments of Mr. Gluck before the Court constitute one of the pleasures of the position; so fair and eminently candid is Mr. Gluck in his presentation of the facts in a case, that when he has concluded his statement, the disposi-

tion which should be made of the case seems to become manifest, although sometimes the Court cannot agree with Mr. Gluck in the weight and significance to be given to the facts. There is not, in the bar of the State, anyone who excels Mr. Gluck in this particular."

Mr. Gluck's conduct of a case was resourceful, courageous, and eminently persuasive. Were we called upon to select the essential reason for his great success in jury trials, it would be found, we believe, in the conviction with which he inspired the jury that he was fair and just in his presentation of the case, and that his pre-eminent desire was that justice should be accomplished. With this idea firmly implanted in the mind of the jury, the case was more than half won before the summing up was begun.

This sense of fairness led, sometimes, to the adoption of a course that a less courageous advocate would have hesitated to pursue. We recall one instance that illustrates this tendency in a striking way. At a railroad crossing in the City of Buffalo a collision occurred between a train of the New York Central Railroad and a city fire engine, resulting in the total destruction of the machine, and the death of one of the firemen. Mr. Gluck recommended to his client, the railroad company, the payment of a reasonable sum to the widow of the fireman and the contest of any claim which might be brought by the city to recover for the destruction of the fire-engine. It was with some reluctance that this course was adopted by the general counsel of the company as it was suggested that though it was difficult to avoid payment eventually to the widow, yet a voluntary payment to her would certainly be construed by any jury as a voluntary admission on the part of the company of its liability in the case of the fire-engine, and therefore lead to a double payment beyond any question.

However, the suggestion of Mr. Gluck was adopted and $3,000 paid to the widow. The City of Buffalo sued for $3,000, the value of the fire-engine. The case came on for trial and the City Attorney placed the widow on the stand to prove by her that the railroad company had settled with her for $3,000. Mr. Gluck objected to this evidence as improper or incompetent. The objection was sustained by the Court and after this had been done Mr. Gluck withdrew his objection and the evidence was admitted. As Mr. Gluck had anticipated, the judge felt compelled to submit the questions of negligence involved to the jury and in his summing up Mr. Gluck appealed to the sense of the jury's fairness. He claimed that though the railroad had been careless, the city had been equally so; that the case was one where there had been blame on both sides; that in such case the loss should be divided; that in short the railroad had paid $3,000, which was one-half the loss, and that the city itself should stand the other half, $3,000, for the fire-engine. He enlarged on this theme, dwelt upon the quick and satisfactory manner in which the railroad had paid the widow without putting her to the expense of lawyers for litigation and suggested that such a course of conduct should receive their commendation. To the intense surprise of the judge. who was inclined to believe the admission of the evidence of settlement with the widow a fatal error, and of the city attorney, who regarded the case as already won, the jury were out but a short time, and returned with a verdict in favor of the railroad company.

A striking instance of Mr. Gluck's remarkable knowledge of human nature and unusual courage in trying with an adverse jury is often alluded to in discussing Mr. Gluck's merits as an advocate. In the Supreme Court of Buffalo, abolished some time since, the jurors often seemed to have been selected

for their antagonistic feelings towards corporations. Verdict after verdict was rendered—and sustained by the trial judges until reversed by the Court of Appeals—which had no foundation whatever in substantial justice and which indeed was utterly opposed to the evidence. In one trial term this course of conduct was most flagrant and apparent. Mr. Gluck had had two cases, and been beaten rather severely in each (the verdicts were subsequently set aside on appeal) and he was forced into the trial of a third cause. In his summing up, instead of a review of the evidence, Mr. Gluck attacked the jury, accused them of being actively unfair, of allowing their prejudices to influence them, and urged them to go out and give such an outrageous verdict that no one could entertain any doubt of their unfitness to sit in such cases. At the conclusion of his address the judge informed Mr. Gluck that he had no doubt the jury would render a verdict against him of $20,000, where ordinarily they might not have beaten him over $10,000. Many of the lawyers present were of the same opinion. Mr. Gluck stated that he had acted advisedly, and that in his opinion the result would either be a disagreement or a small verdict; that the jury were dishonest and cowardly, and now that they had been publicly accused they would be afraid to do what their secret inclinations prompted them to do, and that to make manifest how unjust the accusations had been, they would bring in a small verdict. The jury were out for a long period, came near disagreeing, but finally came into court and reported a ridiculously low verdict. The next day, when they learned from others how badly abused they had been, they met together and passed resolutions condemning Mr. Gluck's conduct in openly accusing them of unfairness!

Another instance of adroitness in shifting the ground of defense and in adapting the conduct of the trial to changed

conditions is afforded by a case of which the memory yet lingers in the minds of the court officials of the Monroe County bar. A negro porter in the employ of the Wagner Palace Car Company, for which Mr. Gluck acted as counsel, was accused of committing a violent assault upon a woman. The plaintiff's record was carefully investigated by Pinkerton's detectives, but without the discovery of anything objectionable. The defense was that no assault whatever had been committed. Mr. Gluck had had no opportunity of examining the witnesses until the day of trial. After the examination of the porter and the cross-examination of the plaintiff he became convinced that the plaintiff was telling the truth. Nevertheless, he decided to place the porter upon the stand and to allow him to give his story to the jury. This he did, but when he came to sum up the case he boldly repudiated his witness, alluded to the thoughtless and indiscreet conduct of the plaintiff, pointed out the fact that no attempt had been made to arrest the porter since he had been in attendance and appealed to the jury's sense of fairness in not endeavoring by their verdict to punish the company which had no knowledge of the porter's propensities or vicious conduct prior to the alleged assault, and therefore really left the only question to be decided by the jury one of damages. The judge was utterly astonished at this change of front and addressed the jury on these changed conditions in a tone not unfavorable to the defendant. The jury retired and in a short time returned with a verdict of about one half of the sum for which the defendant offered to settle, but which the plaintiff had declined to accept. The verdict was paid at once.

These instances might be repeated at length. The nearest Mr. Gluck came to encountering personal violence in the trial of a cause was in a railroad case when the plaintiff had lost

both legs and one arm in a railroad collision, and declined to settle except for a very large sum. The jury stood six to six after a discussion of twenty-four hours, when they were discharged as unable to agree. The plaintiff was so overcome with astonishment and rage that he endeavored to secure a pistol and shoot the opposing counsel. The case was subsequently settled at terms satisfactory to both parties.

In the upper courts Mr. Gluck's success has been equally marked. The most notable case in this particular was the well-known case of Avery vs. N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co. Large verdicts had been recovered against the railroad company, and the first argument in the Court of Appeals, made by an associate of Mr. Gluck, was followed by a decision nominally in favor of the railroad company, but which really left the defendant subject to a very great liability. Mr. Gluck, who subsequently assumed entire charge of the case, advised its further prosecution, declaring that the court would reverse its former decision, although it had been unanimous. To say the least, this position was a courageous one. The result, however, fully justified the position taken by Mr. Gluck, for the Court of Appeals unanimously repudiated its former decision, the large verdicts were set aside, and no recovery had against the railroad company.

The conviction which forces itself upon the mind in contemplating the career of Mr. Gluck is that there was no position, no matter how exalted, which he might have been called upon to fill, which would not have been occupied with honor and dignity; that there was no duty which he might have been called upon to perform which would not have been discharged faithfully and well; that had it been Mr. Gluck's ambition to shine in public position, there would have been no barrier to preclude his worthy fulfillment of the highest offices in the

gift of the people. But Mr. Gluck's idea was that such offices are honors not to be grasped for, struggled for, or fought for. If they come, they must come as the free gift of the people or not at all. Wherever his home might have been, or whatever his position, Mr. Gluck would always have been a leader in thought and opinion, and by his munificence to the public, by his valuable services to his Alma Mater, to his profession, to his party, by his excellent work as a speaker, as a writer, as a citizen, he acted well his part, he became an influence and a power for good, and his name and character will stand for many years to come as a beneficent influence in the community in which he lived, a worthy type of the American scholar, the American citizen, the American gentleman.

L. B. Proctor.

GREEK AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AS EXPONENTS OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

NOTE

The honor most highly esteemed by the students of Cornell University is the Woodford Prize, which corresponds to the De-Forest Prize in Yale University. It is a gold medal, one hundred dollars in value, presented annually to a member of the Senior Class by General Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn, and is awarded to the student who excels in the composition and delivery of an address upon a theme selected under the supervision of the college faculty. Any member of the Senior Class may submit a written address. Of these essays five are chosen, adjudged by a committee of college professors to be the most excellent, and these five are subsequently delivered at a public meeting held for the especial purpose of selecting from among them the best, to the author of which the prize is awarded. In 1874 Mr. Gluck was unanimously awarded this prize.

GREEK AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AS EXPONENTS OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

I.

The gods of Greece were the creation of the Greek mind. The qualities the Greek longed for, he believed his gods possessed in perfection.

To know the religious sentiment of the Greek we must, therefore, study his character.

At first the Greek desired strength. Achilles, the swift-footed, the strong man, was the highest type of character. The gods, too, were strong, Jupiter hurled the thunderbolt, Neptune shook the sea.

In time, in addition to strength, the Greek desired also harmony and beauty. He established great contests in his Olympic games in which he of the strongest arm, the swiftest foot, the sweetest voice, and, above all, the most beautiful body was the one most pleasing to the gods. These games were the Greek's confession to his gods, not of failings, but of perfections. To the Greek thinker the world revealed itself as a *cosmos*, a concord: the spheres moved to celestial music. The greatest god, in time became, therefore, not Jupiter, the god of strength, but Apollo, the god of harmony and beauty. Over the door of his temple were inscribed in letters of gold the words, "Measure in all things."

The beautiful and strong man, thus limited, became finally the dignified and proud man. He glorified his limitations. All nations other than his own he despised as barbarian. The idea of a universal humanity escaped him, and his gods

were local. To be a strong soldier, a practiced athlete in the games, a Greek citizen, zealous only for the interest of his own little commonwealth was, to the Greek, to be a perfect man.

In his bright and beautiful land the Greek was always joyous. The life of his gods was, therefore, always happy. On lofty Olympus they sat, behind the clouds, on golden thrones, banqueting as the sacrificial smoke rolled up from a thousand altars. Festivity became piety. Patriotism became religion.

In time the old faith became complete and passed away.

With the Persian war a new faith grew supreme. The petty quarrels of the Grecian states were consumed in the fierce flame of the universal hatred of the Persian. Through the storms of Platææ and Salamis the sunshine of peace streamed over a united Greece, while above it arched the rainbow of immortal art. Philosophy crossed the sea to Athens, and to the conception of Doric harmony added the spiritual freedom of Ionic rationalism. Then there arose noble souls who recognized interfused through all things one great spirit, and discerned back of the images to which they bowed an imageless, a universal mind that governed all.

To harmonize the old faith and the new was the religious mission of Greek architecture. And to accomplish this noble work there arose a man whose life work it was to embody the varied ideals of the Greek in perfect harmony and beauty.

This man was Phidias. Let us look at his most perfect work, the Parthenon, and discern therein, as best we may, the thought that glorified the beauty of his work.

As the annual processions in honor of the goddess Athene wound up the hill to the citadel, entering it through the great bronze gates, they caught sight of the marble steps, the glittering marble pillars, the peerless architecture of the most perfect

temple ever built by man. In the very stones the Greek master-mind wrote the aspirations of his countrymen. Strength, the old, the first ideal found fitting expression in the massive blocks which extended from column to column, in the noble columns themselves, in the even balance of the parts, in the solidity of the foundation. The later ideal of law, of measure, of harmony appeared in the uniformity of detail, in the exact proportions invariably maintained. Over all, like a delicate veil, was beauty. The strong marble columns had curves and capitals of exquisite grace. The massive roof sloped gently to the centre. The whole structure, stained a faint rose color, through which the white marble glistened, seemed flushed with the joy of its builders.

These same lessons were taught more plainly in the minor sculptures. Between the columns was sculptured Hercules, the type of strength; Theseus, too, was there, the type of law and harmony, conquering the rude forces hostile to culture—the Centaurs and the Amazons. The joyousness and local character inherent in Greek religious thought found embodiments on the frieze of the cella where was sculptured the annual procession of the goddess Athene.

But in the great triangles in the front and rear of the temple, formed by the level and sloping cornices, Phidias most significantly fulfilled his religious mission in sculpturing the ideals of the old faith and of the new. The situation of the temple aided him in his work. As the Athenian stood beside the Parthenon on the lofty Acropolis, he could see far below him the confines of his beloved Attica—the level plain, the purple mountains, the many-dimpled, sunlit sea. To the left, the bay of Salamis: there once, on the rocky heights above, sat Xerxes on his golden throne; and there, too, triumphed Themistocles. With this thought and a myriad bright memories of his country's

glory, his eyes fell lovingly upon Athens itself, its crowded harbors, its noble temples, its porticos, its olive groves and lastly upon the statues around him, the memorials of the heroic dead. Inspired by the sight, lifted by the memories of the past into exalted love for the fatherland and profound reverence for the illustrious dead, he had but to turn his head to behold those same sentiments embodied and idealized in the marble above him on the Parthenon. There was the figure of Pallas Athene, in lofty majesty, exalted courage, unalterable serenity, the type of his own better nature; there, Neptune, the type of his city's prowess on the sea; there, Venus rising all rosy from the waves, the type of perfect beauty.

Thus,in the silent melodies of sculpture,the great builder sang the noblest impulses of the untutored heart of Greece.

He had yet to embody the new faith of the few. This he did on the other triangle of the temple. There, in another great group of sculpture, he typified the rise of philosophy. High above all the heads of the group arose the goddess of wisdom. The divinities of heaven and earth—the old deities of the people, the old-time ideals—stood gazing upon the new comer, the philosophic spirit, with hatred and surprise. With Wisdom's coming appeared Light—culture—as breaking upon the world, and Darkness—superstition—as plunging into the sea. And, because to the philosophic spirit death was robbed of all its terrors, the Fates were represented, not as the people pictured them, avenging hags with snaky tresses and whips of scorpions, but as three young and beautiful maidens. Upon Athene—philosophy—the artist lavished his rarest skill. In the glowing beauty of her face and form he embodied the divine beauty of wisdom, in her many colored armor, her golden shield and spear, its godlike power. In front of the temple, as the local divinity, the goddess contemplated benignly her

favored city. But in this companion group she was no longer the goddess, but the philosophic spirit, and as such her fixed gaze was uplifted to the Eternal Heaven.

In such manner, and thus majestic, symmetrical and, above all, beautiful in outward form and indwelling spirit, Greek architecture appeared as the exponent of the religious sentiment.

II.

With Grecian freedom perished Grecian art.

Through the dreary deserts of the dark ages it was the Cross that led humanity onward to the green slopes of civilization. To the penitent and poor the Cross was the pillar of cloud by day, sheltering them from the stroke of the oppressor. To the rich and impenitent it was the pillar of fire by night, typifying the eternal wrath of heaven.

Slowly barbarism crystallized into feudalism, but the baron was still the barbarian. Famine, leprosy, the plague and the black death, the heavy taxes of the kings, the turbulent wars of the nobles made the barbarian's heart weary of the world, and, in his extremity, he lifted his eyes unto heaven.

What cared he for forms of joy, of beauty, of majesty as did the Greek of old?

The oppressed heart was sorrowful and in the Man of Sorrows he found his peace and his consolation. In the tears for Lazarus he beheld a divine sympathy; in the crown of thorns a divine humility; in lonely Gethsemane, a divine obedience; in the agony of Calvary, a divine love.

The cross of barbaric violence became transmuted into the gold of ascetic zeal. Then developed the wrapt enthusiasm of the monk, always exaggerated, yet filled with noble purpose,

and fiendish in sin, godlike in repentance. There reappears, too, as a new force, the Gothic respect for womanhood. In the winning beauty of the Madonna, in the suffering and sorrow of Mary, the Gothic heart thrilled to the supreme majesty of godliness and virtue. The Crusades liberated the spirit of Freedom. From community of devotion arose community of humanity. In the poor, service, in the rich, the results of service—munificence—joined together in one deep root of devotion; the deep root of devotion grew as with a divine impulse, budded into a noble art and blossomed in the Gothic cathedral.

It was the glory alike of clergy and laity, it was an expression of their faiths, crystallized in stone. In its every necessity of economy or climate, the zealous priest read some symbol of his religion. In the upward spring of the arch, in the flying buttress, in the innumerable pinnacles, in the great spires towering into the infinite blue of heaven, he read the aspiration of the Christian faith, the illimitable nature of his creed. In the peculiar shape of the building he saw the cross; in the three altar steps he was reminded of the Trinity; in the great rose-windows he beheld the perfect circle, the everlasting unity of the church above.

But not thus did the people, the true builders, carve their faith in the everlasting walls. In the great masses of rough hewn and delicately carved stone which they piled up century after century, they wrought, unconsciously it may be, plain lessons of their faith for themselves and for their children. In the animals and birds with which the cathedral carvings were alive, in the flowers and grain with which they blossomed, they expressed the tenderness and universal sympathy born of sorrow and of toil. In the gloom and darkness of the cathedral they typified their deep sense of the gloom and mystery of human life. In the grinning ugliness, the abounding jollity of

their grotesque gargoyles they indicated the new spirit of exultant independence which had entered into their faith as oppression lifted its heavy hand and which was to culminate in the Reformation. All these things they wrote unconsciously, but on stained glass, in painting and in sculpture they embodied most plainly the religious sentiment.

Let us imagine, if we can, an Easter Sunday of the Middle Ages. As the people thronged to enter some great cathedral, they read in visible symbols upon the exterior itself the grandest lessons of their faith. Over the great portals, in the statue of the crucified Christ they learned the lesson of the Divine Spirit's infinite love for mankind. In the spectacle of the Judgment Day they beheld the reward of godliness, the punishment of iniquity; while clustering around portals, placed beneath arches, standing on pedestals, and placed far upon the spires were the statues of the saints, the embodiment of the zeal, the struggle, the triumph of the religious sentiment. In the representations of their emaciated bodies, clasped hands and reverently bowed heads, in the very repose of their garments were visible types of the peace which came through suffering, of the godliness of humility, of sacrifice, of meekness and of sorrow. The people knew them all. In St. Agnes they saw unyielding purity; in St. Augustine godliness triumphant over temptation; in St. Theresa the fervent zeal which wished Heaven and Hell forgotten and God loved for Himself alone. The faith of St. Catherine was eloquent in the great rose-window above them, and as the low notes of the organ floated through the open doors, they bethought themselves of St. Cecilia with her chaplet of roses and her sad, sweet song.

These were the forms which created the fervor of a St. Dominic, a St. Francis, a St. Loyola. These were the forms which consoled and comforted humanity in its darkness with

their benedictions of pity and of love. Their approving smiles lit up the dwellings of the poor. Their sweet voices thrilled the ears of the dying and their dear hands received the spirits of the dead. More than dogma or creed the sympathetic humanity of the saints uplifted the imagination, moulded the life and purified the soul.

As the people entered the cathedral they beheld the lofty roof arching far above their heads and the lesson of man's insignificance was borne in upon their hearts. The cathedral itself seemed an image of Eternity. Here never entered the garish light of day. "Here the atmosphere changed not with the changing cold and heat without." The ever-burning lamps, the sacred silence, the mysterious fragrance tranquilized the soul, and prepared it for the lessons to be taught. One of these came from the sculptured forms reposing on the tombs; there, crowned monarch and mitred bishop and armed knight, without the badges of their pomp and pride and with sculptured hands clasped in prayer, proclaim the universality of death, and breathe of the hope which looks beyond the grave.

Upon Easter Sunday the scene in a great Gothic cathedral was peculiarly impressive as illustrative of the religious sentiment. The lofty stained glass windows which usually filled the church with a flood of rainbow glory were darkened. On the altar burned but one light. The last notes of the organ died away in the *Miserere*. A great silence typified the burial of Christ and the absence of hope in the world. Then, in mighty chorus, the thunders of the organ rolled through the lofty arches. Priests and people and choir burst into hallelujahs, for "Christ is risen." The altars blazed with light and far up in the great windows aglow with color appeared the form of the Lamb that was slain, appeared the Seraphim and Cherubim, Apostles, Prophets, the innumerable company of the

Blessed. What wonder then, that to pious believers, filled with penitence, transported with love, dwelling in the midst of poverty, sorrow and sin—what wonder that those sincere worshippers found in the peace and joy and glory of the Gothic cathedral what seemed to them to be, "The house of God, the very gate of Heaven."

III.

The Greek adored beauty; the temple was beautiful. The Goth worshipped godliness; the cathedral was sublime. The Greek sought perfection here; the temple was complete, but clung to earth. The Goth longed for the happiness of Heaven; the cathedral was unfinished, but its spires sought the sky. At the altar the Greek danced and rejoiced in his perfections; the Goth mourned and confessed his sins. The Greek worshipped ideals of harmonious beauty, of lofty majesty, but of impurity and of sin. The senses admired, but the heart was untouched; the art was perfect, but the religion was impure. The Goth worshipped ideals of humility and sorrow, but of perfect purity and infinite love. Reason was silent, but the soul adored; the art was imperfect, but the religion was divine.

IV.

The Greek and the Goth, the noblest builders of old, have passed away forever. But they have left us many lessons in the works they wrought. These teach us that, even unconsciously, we, too, are builders; and that to rear any lasting and worthy memorial we must possess the qualities possessed by

the builders of old: honest intent, noble purpose, self-sacrifice, the love of man, the love of God; that there must first be the fact and then the symbol, first the invisible shrine and then the visible altar; that we must build first and above all things the spiritual cathedral of a lofty character. Then will come, if not a noble art as in the olden days, what is nobler still, a noble life. Each truth maintained, each falsehood crushed, lifts into purer air, builds into grander form this temple not made with hands. Let the words of the builders of the great cathedrals be our own, "Work is worship;" and though Grecian temple and Gothic cathedral may crumble into dust let us be of good courage. The religious sentiment from which they sprang lives on forever!

THE CLOWN IN SHAKESPEARE

NOTE

This essay was one of several which Mr. Gluck wrote, during his college life, upon Shakespearian subjects, but which, with the indifference that too often characterized his conduct in regard to his productions, with one other exception, he did not preserve. Mr. Gluck's interest in Shakespearian studies was awakened largely by Prof. Hiram Corson of Cornell University, "a scholar and a ripe and good one," whose delightful works "The Aims of Literary Study," and "The Voice and Spiritual Education" effectively indicate the quality of his learning. Professor Corson urged Mr. Gluck to continue a purely literary course as a distinctive field for his efforts, but the attractions of the legal profession were to him even more potent than those of literature.

THE CLOWN IN SHAKESPEARE

"Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

AS YOU LIKE IT: ACT II, SCENE 7.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool
. . . . . a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art."

TWELFTH NIGHT: ACT III, SCENE 1.

The character usually called the Clown or Fool in the Shakespearian drama was the successor to the "Vice" of the old Moralities and the ideal representative of the domestic jester who was still retained in some noblemen's houses in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

The clown had obtained a place upon the stage before Shakespeare's time; he occupied that place before Shakespeare wrote and was retained by him as a character in the greater number of his dramas. It is, indeed, one of the most noticeable, as it is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of Shakespeare —evincing at once the greatness of his genius and his shrewdness as a successful playwright and manager—that he worked with the materials which the stage presented to him, although the wondrous witchery of his style and the intuitive perception of his genius enabled him to rear from these rude materials "the cloud-capped towers" and gorgeous pinnacles of his stately dramatic palace. Whether consciously or not he obeyed the great law which ordains that all true and lasting changes

in art or in nature are effected, not by the immediate substitution of the new for the old, but by the gradual transformation—the evolution—of the old into the new: a fact strikingly exemplified by the history of Italian painting, the glorious Madonnas of Raphael being the legitimate descendants of the dreary and bony Marys of the early painters.

Shakespeare, therefore, while he retained the clown, yet with the magic wand of his genius, like his own Prospero, he startled this erstwhile brutish Caliban of the stage into a strange obedience and a fuller life. Indeed, to the part of the clown Shakespeare attached a great and an exceedingly curious significance. If there is any character in Shakespeare that may be said to perform the duty of the Greek chorus—the ideal spectator—it is the clown. True, Shakespeare's genius is wonderfully impartial and he may have invested this character with no deeper significance and have attached no more importance to it than to the messengers, sometimes introduced for a speech or two, in whose mouths are placed sentiments and descriptions, choice images and brilliant figures of speech which other and inferior authors would have treasured as worthy of their most important personages. But a candid and careful examination of the clown as he appears in the different plays would lead the impartial mind to the conclusion that to him Shakespeare did attach a deeper significance, and that he entrusted to him the fulfillment of a more important art function than might, at first sight, appear to the casual reader.

The position which the clown occupied before the Shakespearian drama, and the great change which therein was effected in his characterization, would seem to confirm this conclusion. Prior to the time of Shakespeare the clown had served to amuse the populace, much after the manner of the circus-clown of the present day. He sang comic songs and

told coarse jokes, regaling the audience with mirth at the expense of the other actors. He often trusted to his "extempore wit" and, indeed, was none other than an ideal groundling employed to "split the ears" of his fellows with what they deemed the keenest wit and "the most excellent fooling." But Shakespeare changed all this: he wrote out the part of the clown as fully as that of the other characters, breathed into the clay drollery and life from his immortal genius, and then bade him, strictly "Speak no more than was set down for him."

The consideration of the position and character of the clown necessitates a consideration of the drama itself, its nature, its aims and its principles. This cannot be done at present except in the briefest form. Coleridge, DeQuincy, Hazlitt, Hudson, Richard Grant White, and others of the English school, Goethe, Lessing, Fr. Horn, Ulrici, Schlegel and Gervinus of the German critics have considered them, each in his own way. The English, in general, accord to Shakespeare the intuitive perceptions, the universal sympathy of a great creative genius. Their position is, that he always portrayed correctly, and as it were, instinctively, the essential features of characters he sought to represent; that his chief aim in writing was to acquire a fortune and to please his audiences and that the art-principles upon which he based his dramas were those which his genius spontaneously supplied. The German critics admit, in general, the same creative powers on the part of Shakespeare as the English critics. But they invest the great poet with rare analytical skill and exceptional critical acumen. They assert that his characters were created, not as ends in themselves, but as means to an end, and that end—the presentation of some peculiar moral phase in the life of an individual or of humanity. They contend that Shakespeare wrote not so much for his time as for all time, and that while his genius

enabled him to create his characters for a drama and to invest them with human passions, hopes and fears, his critical skill furnished him, knowingly and consciously, with rules which enabled him to shape those characters into an organic whole, which consisted not so much in the individuality of any particular character, as in the just relations borne by those characters to the central idea which it was the mission of the play to embody and present. In brief, the English assert that Shakespeare regarded as an end the delineation of individual *character*; the German, the concrete representation of an abstract idea. In the one case, the moral of the play, if any at all existed, was implicit; in the other, explicit. In the one, there was complete and faithful portrayal of character; in the other, organic unity of idea.

If nothing were known of Shakespeare and his time it must be admitted that the theory of the German critics would seem plausible, even eminently just; but with the information which we possess of the Elizabethan age, of its art and morals, in theory and in fact, the systems of philosophy and its practiced religion, there should, it would seem, be no hesitation in pronouncing the view of the English school to be the more correct estimate of Shakespeare's genius.

Entertaining this view, we leave it to Ulrici and Gervinus to determine the relationship which the clown bears to the "fundamental idea," and shall consider the clowns simply as individuals, and impliedly as types revealing the peculiar and important relationship they sustain to the other characters of the drama. It will appear, we believe, that if there be any one character in Shakespeare's plays who may be said to voice the different views of life which the dramatist entertained in his varying moods, that character is the clown.

As illustrations may be selected one or two clowns from the

different periods into which Shakespeare's life as an author may be divided, namely: Before 1592, from 1592 to 1596, from 1596 to 1600. In the first shall be considered the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in the second the *Mid-Summer Night's Dream* and the *Merchant of Venice;* and in the last, *Twelfth Night, Hamlet* and *Lear.*

The clown in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is Launce—Launce of the dog. His art-function bears a closer resemblance to that of the traditional clown than any other in Shakespeare, excepting possibly Costard. Yet, even thus early in the dramatist's career the transformation effected by him in the character of the clown begins to appear. In a variety theatre in one of our large cities I recently saw the servant in the play bring a goat upon the stage and with it enact the scene—performing the courtesies and expressing the language of devotion—which the lovers of the piece were enacting on another part of the stage. The mistress was scornfully rejecting her lover and the goat was angrily butting the servant; the burlesque was complete and the audience roared with laughter. It was a complete reproduction, probably entirely unconscious, of the burlesque which Shakespeare introduces in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by means of Launce and his dog Crab. And, doubtless, the audience of common men in our time enjoyed no more keenly the burlesque offered them, than the audience in the old Globe Theatre in London enjoyed that farce which Launce enacted with his dog. Throughout all the clown's remarks there is the keenest satire of the extravagant protestations of the lovers, their reproaches, their vows of eternal attachment and their pretended indifference and affected unkindness.

In order to make the mirth of the audience complete Shakespeare has not hesitated to endow Launce with such wit as was likely to prove acceptable to an audience of the Sixteenth

Century and in London town; and so in Launce there are many characteristics of the old clown: the constant verbal quibbling, the cascade of merry conceits and quaint puns, the broad statements of matters now rather to be hinted at than dwelt upon. But there are also novel features which Shakespeare's genius created; and there are, here and there, touches of delicate sentiment, and, most surprising of all, genuine pathos. In Launce, Shakespeare sketches broadly one of the characters which seem to abound in England and which Dickens, also, has since described. Launce unites the drollery of Sam Weller with the simplicity, the fidelity, the kind heartedness of Tom Pinch. And like Dickens, Shakespeare never portrays an innocent or simple nature to merely amuse us with its fantastic whims or quaint oddities; pains are taken to impliedly delineate the truth, abundantly confirmed by psychology, that in such simple natures one usually finds the kindest sympathy and the tenderest heart. In the description of Launce's departure from home there is concentrated the essence of a thousand farewells. There is much tender sentiment and brotherly love and pride in the reference to his sister: "This staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand." In his reference to his mother there is one of those touches of nature that "makes the whole world kin." When Launce comes to speak of her, he breaks down completely, and forgetting the burlesque he is to enact, a flood of tender recollections sweeps over his soul and he sobs out in a burst of filial longing,—"O that she could speak now!" He is faithful to his master; he declares his fidelity to his dog Crab as the absorbing passion of his nature; yet he is willing to give up Crab in order to advance the cause of his master. Nor is this all; not only does Shakespeare endow Launce with wit, true sentiment and natural pathos; not only outline

him as a distinct natural character, but even at this period of his dramatic creations, Shakespeare utilizes the clown as a medium for the transmission of his own views, and with biting irony and penetrating satire ridicules the current follies of the day.

The clowns of a somewhat similar character created by Shakespeare about the same period are Pompey in *Measure for Measure* and Costard in *Love's Labor Lost.* These, like Launce, serve to amuse the audience by preserving the traditional features of the ordinary stage clown—broad wit, buffoonery and word-quibbling; but they have also the keenest satire on the follies of men, on their vices and their hypocrisy; and they display the knowledge of the world and of men which Shakespeare alone possessed. It is worthy of remark, also, that in the clown Costard there is the adumbration of the conceited man which Shakespeare afterward developed so fully in Bottom; Costard has all of Bottom's conceit without his alertness and truly sublime impudence.

With this necessarily brief mention of Shakespeare's earlier dramas, we pass to the consideration of those plays written between 1592–1596 viz.: *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Merchant of Venice.*

The clown, *par excellence,* the bumptious Bottom of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one of the most elaborately wrought and carefully finished productions of Shakespeare's genius. The artistic introduction of such a character into a midsummer night's dream was, in itself, a task of extraordinary difficulty; and the description of a thoroughly conceited man, true to nature, in the peculiar circumstances in which Shakespeare had placed him, was still more difficult. In the entire range of Shakespearian characters there is, perhaps, no other wherein the great dramatist displays so well his remarkable

wealth of fancy and the thorough insight he had obtained, intuitively or otherwise, into the foibles and pet hobbies of men. Indeed, not elsewhere in the whole realm of literature is there so wonderful a delineation of that failing which is the common possession of denizens of all the zones of the earth from the poles to the equator—the tendency to overestimate the qualifications they suppose they possess, with a total inability to see themselves as others see them. The variety of characters which Bottom satirizes it is almost impossible to enumerate. Many actors, like him, think their acting irresistible! Many actors, on the stage of life, think, like Bottom, that they can play many parts! Many lovers think to "move storms" in some fair lady's breast and then, if need be, "to condole in a measure." Innumerable Thisbes there are who gain their lovers by affected diffidence and by speaking in a "monstrous little voice," which, after marriage, attains a considerably greater volume. How many lions are there, literary lions, scholastic lions, military lions, poetical lions who like Bottom do the lion's part, for indeed, "it is nothing but roaring." Was there ever presented a more perfect picture of the pot-house politician or of the chronic "reformer" than "sweet bully Bottom?" He is always ready with his amendments and suggestions as to how the play, the campaign or the country may best be carried forward. True to his nature, he guarantees that those wonderful prologues, or resolutions or reforms shall make everything all right, so that all will be ready to pronounce the whole affair "a most sweet comedy"—as indeed it will be. Like Bottom's audience, when we hear the titles of these patriots, "liberals," "reformers," "the people's friend," "the advocates of the people," we have need to look to our eyes, our ears, our votes; but if we wait a short time their acts will tell us that "they are men as other men are," and they will

"name us their names," which are often none other than Nick Bottom, Tom Snug and Peter Quince.

The forms which this conceit takes in different individuals is as distinctive as the personality possessing it. Sometimes it is vehement self-assertion; sometimes it displays itself as distant pride; sometimes it even assumes the garb of modesty, sometimes it glories in self abasement; sometimes it asserts itself as sublime equanimity and self-satisfaction, which neither the lightnings of public disapproval nor the wonders of another world—of a society totally different from that which the modern Bottom has been accustomed to—can disturb. No promotion can be too high for him, no task too difficult, no public problem too intricate for him to solve. All new acquaintances are to him old comrades. Bottom informs good master Cobweb, with much kindness, that if he cuts his finger he will make bold with him; he shows Master Peasblossom that he has long been intimate with his family, and as for Master Mustard Seed he intimates that his kinsmen are his warm friends. Bottom, moreover, like most conceited men, has a very versatile genius; not only can he play any part that may be assigned to him, but he can be merry upon occasion; he is a fellow of infinite waggery; he even has a "reasonable good ear for music" for does he not order up "the tongs and the bones?" At last, with a fine sense of the eternal fitness of things, he falls asleep in the arms of the fairy queen. In the meantime, his comrades have deserted him. And here again Shakespeare is true to nature; for now, when Bottom is beyond all injury from them, they will, as other men do, write for him a most flattering eulogy. Starveling declares that beyond all doubt Bottom is transported; Flute, that if he comes not, the play is marred. Quince maintains that Bottom had the best person and was a very paramour for a voice, which the learned Flute corrects to paragon "for a

paramour, God bless us, is a thing of naught!" And then he sings, doubtless with tearful eyes and clasped hands, the immortal eulogy, beginning:—"O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a day during his life," etc. Thus, wonderfully, amid these very antipodes of ideality, the characteristic identity of each individual is maintained by the blending of the most seemingly diverse qualities and the most delicate grouping of essential faculties. Whether as a type or as a character the clown in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* must be regarded as one of the most wonderful creations of Shakespeare's genius.*

There is noticeable, in the clowns of the period just considered, much less conformity to the ordinary type of clown than was discernible in the clowns of Shakespeare's earlier works; less word quibbling, brutality and vulgarity. There is distinctly a more marked characterization of individuality. An unmistakable evolution has taken place. The expression of his views of life by the clown of the earlier period is radically different from those of the clown of Shakespeare's later years. In the former there is unreserved and unaffected jollity. In Launce only is there a touch of pathos. But Launce, Costard and Pompey reflect the clear bright light of Shakespeare's rising genius; Bottom basks in happy egotism in the brilliancy of noon day; but the clowns of Lear and of Hamlet are colored far more exquisitely, tinted as they are with the milder splendors of the eventide. The sweetest music is seldom in the major key; and unlike the melodious statue of old, the genius of Shakespeare produced its tenderest melodies as its light—such a light as "never was on sea or land"—was sending forth its setting beams.

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*The paragraph relating to the *Merchant of Venice* is omitted.

The first play we shall notice in this period is *Twelth Night.* This play, in its general treatment, would have enabled Shakespeare, had he been so disposed, to present the clown fulfilling practically the office which the clowns of the earlier period occupied. But there is a change, all the more remarkable as the clown in his appearance, with cap and bells and tabor, bears a closer resemblance to the traditional clown than any other in Shakespeare. His character, however, is radically different. He is distinguishable, throughout, by his calm and even temperament, his practical common sense and his struggle, under all circumstances, to maintain his equanimity. He obeys Horace's injunction,

> "Æquam memento, rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem non secus in bonis
> Ab insolenti temperatem
> Lætitia, moriture, Delli."

He reproves the unnatural and foolish grief of Olivia for her brother's death, a reproof that will apply equally well to all persons under similar circumstances. This is the clown who is wise enough to play the fool, which is "a practice full of labors as the wise man's art." His shrewdness and wit are ever conspicuous. "He observes the moods of those on whom he jests" and adapts himself to them. With Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, both of them natural fools and first class representatives of the genus "free and lazy" gentlemen, who care nothing for good life as they say, but who delight in an "excellent good breast," "a fine leg," "good cakes and ale" and a rollicking song, the clown appears as a jolly Epicurean. He sings them a song which suits their merry humor and contains the essence of that philosophy by which thousands practically regulate their lives. Between the pure sentiment and exquisite

diction of the little snatch and the vulgar utterance of the early clowns there is the difference of a universe. He sings:

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

To the whimsical and somewhat melancholy Duke who desires "an old and antique song that dallies with the innocence of love," he sings a ditty that for tenderness and pathos, for dreamy sadness and despair, is the very antipodes of the song sung to Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. This clown reveals that catholicity of sentiment, that thoroughly universal sympathy and insight which Shakespeare possessed, and thus it is that the clown becomes an exponent of the character and thoughts of that wonderful man himself. In this play, Shakespeare states more clearly than ever before what he intends the character of the clown to be; and what is more remarkable the clown states this himself. When Viola asks him if he be the lady Olivia's fool, he says: "No indeed sir, the lady Olivia shall keep no fool till she be married; I am not indeed her fool, but her corrupter of words." In other words, he is a reasoner, a logician, a Socratic philosopher, who will have men think as they speak and weigh well their words when they do so. In such foolery he glories, declaring that it "doth walk the orb" and "like the sun, shines everywhere." The dialogue he holds with the Duke is full of common sense and acute observation and is worthy of the closest student of men and manners. The most philosophic statement in the whole play is placed in the mouth of the clown—the statement that there is for all evil and

treachery an avenging Nemesis, that all disobedience of law, social or otherwise, brings upon the offender unfailing punishment and merited retribution. Evidently, the significance of the clown is broadening and deepening and assuming greater proportions than were ever foreseen in the earlier representations. The difference in the clowns is the measure of the growth and changing views of himself, the creator of the clowns.

Next we will consider the clowns of the last period of Shakespeare's dramatic life—the clowns of Lear and Hamlet.

Had an attempt been made to conjecture what the clown in *Hamlet* would be like, from a contemplation of the clowns of the other plays, it could have resulted only in failure. There enters no more the merry clown with cap and bells and laughter as of old. The dramatist has other lessons for us. It is the mature man, interested in more serious things who now invites us to other thoughts. The scene in which the clown is presented is an unusual one. It is a graveyard, and the clowns of *Hamlet* are grave diggers. At first the conversation seems to consist of the hair splitting, the joking of the early clowns. The same quips and quibbles are indulged in as of old. But, in reality, it is the severest rebuke ever administered by Shakespeare to the spirit of flippant speech, the sarcasm is as cutting as it is delicate. Beneath the froth and foam of seeming levity flows the limpid current of an earnest purpose. The man, Shakespeare, speaks, and his theme is the theme of the preacher. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The clown speaks of him who "Builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright and the carpenter—the grave-digger, for the houses he builds last till doomsday." In rude speech are satirised the subtle logic of the scholar and the deep queries of the thinker; and, at last, to supplement these boorish clowns, comes Hamlet, the impersonation of the culture and intellect of the time. With

these extraordinary and seemingly incongruous instruments the dramatist preaches as grand a sermon as was ever delivered on the vanity of earthly ambitions, the futility of intellectual finesse, the end of all earthly joys. Perhaps among the skulls which the clowns turn over with their spades is the pate of a politician who hoped "To circumvent God" and yet he must come to this; to this, the scheming and planning of the polished courtier; "The quiddets, the quiblets, the cases, the tenures, the tricks of the lawyer, the fine of his fine, the recovery of his recoveries is, to have his fine pate covered with fine dirt;" to this must come also "The songs, the gambols, the flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar;" to this, the lady though she paint an inch thick; nay, not "To consider too curiously."

> "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Is not the evolution in the character of the clown, which, it was asserted at the beginning of this essay, exists in the plays of Shakespeare, sufficiently apparent? But even in *Hamlet* the poet's thought has not yet completed its circle. The dramatist's mind, heart and soul were too large and noble to hold as his ultimate thought, sarcastic views of life, infinite hopelessness and despair. While the character of the clown has grown in *Hamlet* into noble proportions, it has yet to assure itself a more noble position; for there is something better than joyousness and mirth; something more elevated than the cynicism which reveals and makes merry with the errors and frailties of men, something more exalted than a dreary comprehension of the emptiness of all earthly joys, the brevity of all earthly delights and what that something is, Shakespeare has told us in the character of his last clown— the clown of *King Lear*.

This clown is the most loving, the dearest to the universal heart, of all the clowns of Shakespeare. He is sarcastic like his fellows, but it is with the kindly intent of warning the old man and of arousing him, if possible, to renewed action and to the recovery of his kingdom. He readily reads the characters of Lear's daughters and foretells the reception that the aged king will have from them. But the distinguishing trait of this clown is the consummate flower of character, unswerving fidelity in the discharge of duty. It would appear as if this seemed to Shakespeare to be, after all, "the chief end of man" and he so represents it in the clown of *King Lear*. Out from the brilliant drawing room and the royal life of the palace, down into the dusty highway and into the lonely hut, on nights of storm and howling winds and beating hail, he follows the aged king. Listen to the last ballad which this last clown sings. Here is no Epicureanism, no love ditty, no doleful cry for forbidden pleasure, here no more the lascivious ballad. The subject of this song is fidelity to the death.

"That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy."

And he does stay. When the aged king, broken down and prostrate, exclaims that they will sup on the morrow's morn, the fool rejoins with infinite sorrow "Ay, and I'll go to bed at noon." He does stay until the last, for in the last scene he is hanged by the king's enemies.

Who shall measure the difference between Launce and this fool? No attentive student can fail to observe a gradual change in the clowns of Shakespeare, a sobering of the colors, a softening of the light, a deepening in the gloom of the surroundings. How free the joy of Launcelot, how merry the laughter of Launce! How happy, indeed, are all the clowns of the first period! And how different the clowns of Shakespeare's later plays! The last are the true philosophers, endowed with wisdom that was not dreamed of at first. They reflect, as in a mirror, the changes in Shakespeare's own views of life. After he came to London and there met with his first successes, no doubt life seemed very bright and joyous. Under these circumstances he would have been happy anywhere; he was distinctively so in London theatres, with London actors, in the days of Elizabeth. The feelings of this period are, no doubt, accurately reflected in the exuberant joyousness, the good nature, the careless frivolity of his earlier clowns. With the lapse of time the poor boy from Stratford, of humble birth and diminished fortune, had reared for himself an immortal name and had accumulated a respectable fortune. But happiness was not in store for him. Despite all his care, that great hope of every Englishman, the founding of a family, was not to be his; his son was dead; the rustic manners of his daughters precluded their filling with grace the position in which their father shone; and, therefore, as he grew "Into the sear and yellow leaf," though still comparatively young, other thoughts took possession of his mind. As,

> "A being holding large discourse
> Looking before and after,"

he must frequently have pondered upon the worthlessness of all earthly things for ultimate and full satisfaction. He must frequently, as does every thoughtful man, have yearned to

know more of the Hereafter and the Unknown. Like many of this age, and of every age, he must have been dissatisfied with the answers which were vouchsafed to these questionings.

"We look before and after, yet pine for what is not,
E'en our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

These feelings he embodied in the clown of Hamlet, but his meditations did not stop there. There came finally to this master-mind the deep conviction of a truth which contributed not a little, doubtless, to the singular and sweet serenity of his late years—the truth which alone can console the earnest thinker—that in all sham and subterfuge, in the glittering tinsel of hollow ambition and the lotus numbness of idle indifference there exists, ultimately, only pain, misery or regret; and that in quiet fidelity to the highest sense of duty can alone be found that rational content which is the noblest form of happiness.

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DECORATION DAY

NOTE

During his senior year in college, 1874, Mr. Gluck was requested by a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic and the citizens of Geneva to deliver a Decoration Day address.

Such was its success, according to the accounts of the local press, that spontaneously, at the close of the exercise, a meeting of Swift Post G. A. R. was held, and a resolution passed to present to Mr. Gluck an appropriate testimonial of their appreciation of his address. The committee appointed for this purpose forthwith procured a gold headed, ebony cane, and after this had been suitably lettered, met in the parlor of the Franklin House, where Mr. Gluck had been invited to stay. There, in behalf of the Post, the cane was presented to Mr. Gluck by Col. F. M. Prince.

DECORATION DAY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Soldiers of the Republic—When, a few days since, your committee invited me to unite with you in the appropriate celebration of this memorable day, I should have had less than the ordinary instincts and the common patriotism of an American citizen had I refused the request. I should have refused had I imagined that the awakening of such sentiments and such recollections as this day naturally calls forth was dependent upon any efforts I might make or any words that I might speak. I know too well that no efforts, however laborious, that no words, however eloquent, could worthily represent the work of those martyr patriots whose memory we here recall, or equal in the slightest degree the matchless eloquence of that still voice which speaks to our hearts from the silence of their graves.

Nevertheless, on such an occasion as this it is not inappropriate to review together the records of their past; to contemplate the deeds they did; the legacy the fathers have bequeathed unto us; what our honored dead fought for, what they gained and what the past teaches us concerning the future. Such are some of the topics which this day naturally suggests.

Long since, when the world of human rights was without form and void, the Spirit of Human Liberty moved on the face of the waters. From the chaos of despotic government arose, like a new world, the Republic of Greece and out of the God-given wisdom of that unique race the spirit of Human Liberty was born, never again to die. That spirit it was which found a temporary abiding place in the gathering of King John's barons when the *Magna Charta* was given to the world, and that

spirit it was which crossed the sea and, we devoutly trust, made its home forever in the American Republic. The glory of the rising of this benignant state startled the nations of Europe. Its brilliancy was so dazzling that they declared it to be but a passing meteor. But the true and noble souls of all nations who had long watched for its coming knew it as one of the eternal stars, which God himself had placed in the firmament of human hope and joy.

The War of the Revolution gave us an independent country; the War of 1812 an honored navy; the Mexican War the rich Pacific slope.

Then we fell down and worshipped this Union we had builded, for it was fair and beautiful to see. Its glittering towers, its great walls, its lengthening battlements, slept in the noon of perfect peace. Over the cannon's mouth the spider spun his thread. Wealth flowed like a river through our streets and prosperity sang in our palaces. But in the stillness of that peaceful time, amid the sounds of revelry and joy, those whose souls were attuned to Liberty's voice heard, from dark depths beneath our walls, cries of anguish, groans of despair, the sound of strong man's agony, the mother's voice of wailing for her children, the cries of children sobbing for their parents. Those who would have entered these darkened chambers were warned to beware lest the very fabric of the glorious Union which had been builded might crumble about their heads. And so for long years we waited until the word came that there must be more darkened chambers, more wailing and grief; then the heart of our Humanity arose and the great God-given leader spoke, saying the Union could not live half slave, half free; that the Union must be preserved, but slavery destroyed. Then it was that we entered these darkened chambers, the slave states of our Union, and we found therein

men and women and little children who had been bought and sold and lashed and outraged, themselves and their ancestors for generations, and with the bayonet and the sword we extinguished this flaming hell which had made an offense of the fair Union we had builded and the torment of which rose up to Heaven in perpetual accusation against us.

Thus came the Civil War. Thank God, my countrymen, that it did not come too late!

How well we can all recall the thrill of horror which flashed over our land from Fort Sumter; the news that Sumter had fallen and our flag had been insulted! Then came the call for troops, and brave men went forth to battle for Humanity and for their country.

We knew not then what war meant. Fathers clasped their sons' hands fervently in parting, mothers embraced their boys, believing they knew what their going forth meant to them; wives' hearts throbbed with agony as they saw their husbands march away; but in truth few of them realized that they would never behold again the faces of the beloved. As the soldiers marched away the day wore the aspect of a civic holiday. The bands played merrily; the sunlight flashed from bayonets; the noble banner took the breeze and floated proudly to the air; the little children crowed for joy; ladies flung bouquets, waved handkerchiefs; the men who stayed bade the departing ones God-speed and envied them the glory of the hour. All would soon be well; the war would be ended in three months and then the soldier-heroes would return, and each in the circle of his own fireside fight his battles o'er again and receive his laurel of renown.

But with the battle of Bull Run the sunlight faded from the sky and the shadow of a great sorrow fell upon the nation. Then came the weary waiting in Virginia; summer passed into winter

and winter into spring, and still the monotonous dispatches read, "All quiet along the Potomac." I need not recall the days, the deeds which followed; they are impressed forever upon our memories. Time would fail me to recount the many battles of the war, of that bloodiest of all, Antietam; of the passage of the Mississippi, to which the people, tired of watching the cloud which threatened our capitol, turned with delight, —turned to that general who with bold yet careful strategy was cutting his way into the very heart of the Rebellion. Perhaps there may be some within the sound of my voice who were with Banks at Port Hudson on that memorable 6th of July when gunboats and batteries shook the heavens with their triumphant salutes, and cheer after cheer went up from thousands of throats, for Grant had taken Vicksburg. How long the roll of our heroes! The immortal Grant, the brave, quiet man—General of generals, Savior of his country; Sherman, victorious all the way to the sea; Phil Sheridan at Cedar Ford, plunging into the thickest of the ranks of the foe and snatching victory from the jaws of defeat; Farragut, ordering himself lashed to the mast and sailing in triumph, amid shot and shell, down Mobile Bay.

As I recall these names, other names and other deeds arise before my mind until the list of generals and victories stretches out like a long line of silvery light over a moonlit sea. And as I mention these things I doubt not, soldiers of the Republic, that these mere names to us become veritable scenes to you with all their terrible details fully recalled and realized. Again you feel the fluttering of the heart that precedes the battle; again hear the order to advance; again behold the wild charge, the glistening bayonets, the rushing horses, the blinding smoke; again sounds in your ears the bugle call, the song of the rifle bullet, the cannon's roar; again you behold amid

the rolling smoke the falling of trees, the shrieking shell, the blood-stained garments, the mangled forms of your comrades; and you hear the groans of the dying and see the faces of the dead. The dead! Yes, for stories of war are dyed deep with blood. The dead! For them no more the glory of returning day, the joyful hope of mother, father, wife and children. The dead! Words fail, tears only can lessen the pain of the word, of the truth, sinister, appalling!

Veterans of the War, too well you know its terrors. In the peaceful circle of your happy homes how often must you now review the memories, the deeds, the days of your soldier life. How often in fancy retrace the long march, in sunshine sometimes, sometimes in rain, in storm, in fog, in snow. How often linger in the camp, with its toil, its privations, its short sleep under arms and yet with its pleasant evenings around the camp-fire as the twilight deepened into night. There must arise, too, the thought of many a lonely vigil through the long hours of night, of many a joyful meeting after the hour of battle; yet too often was there great sadness, when you learned that you would hear no more the cheery voice of some friend. Hands once clasped, were to be clasped no more forever; voices once merry would be forever hushed.

If the comrade's loss was felt in the excitement of war, what shall we say of those at home in the deathlike silence of suspense? The weary waiting for letters from the loved ones at the front, the rapid beating of the heart as the telegraph flashed over the wires the news of some great battle, the terror too awful to be spoken which blanched the cheek of the wife and made the maiden's lip to quiver as she scanned the lists of the wounded and the dead; then it was, as the name in the dead list was heard, the strong man, the father bowed his head in silent agony, and the mother refused to be comforted.

There in the home, day after day, was the vacant chair,—more eloquent in its silence than the greatest orator in keeping forever green the memory of one who would never come again.

Nor was this all. To those who came again, living, we gave joyful welcome as the preservers of their country; to those who were returned to us dead we gave honorable burial as its bravest defenders; but of those whose bodies were never returned—what shall we say?

Flashing in the morning sun there stands on the heights of Arlington a noble monument. The gentle breezes kiss it, the rain falls there ever with tears of gentle sorrow. The luxuriant foliage sways lovingly around it, the golden rays of the setting sun linger upon it as the last object they behold before they sink below the horizon. Upon this monument is no man's name, only four words, "To the unknown dead." There rest over 20,000 of the nation's heroes, and without even waiting to know their names the Republic has taken its beloved to its heart forever. Beside that monument, in these long rows of nameless graves, lies many a brow a mother's lips have kissed; many a form to which a loving wife has clung; many a man who listened not unnerved to his country's call, whose eyes flashed bravely against the wrong. There rests many a brother whose hot lips, as he lay dying, would have been tenderly bathed by a loving sister; many a husband whose weary eyes, as the darkness of death fell over them, sought vainly for the face of some one with whom might be sent one last word of long farewell; and there, too, rests many a lonely heart which in the excitement of war found peace forever. How long, for thousands of these, was there at home the "Hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." How often airy phantoms of some name resembling the beloved name beckoned the waiting ones on and on, but, like Evangeline, they found no Gabriel, only the camp

fire ashes of despair. How long mothers and sisters, wives and children, listened for the footsteps of those who were not wont to tarry in their coming, but who never came again. Many of us have had our distinctive sacrifice, so rare, so sweet, so dear, so costly, which we have laid upon the altar of Freedom. But there are some which the Republic claims as peculiarly its own; the immortal Ellsworth at Alexandria, Lyon at Wilson Creek, Baker at Ball's Bluff, Wadsworth in the Wilderness. I need not recall all their names. They need no eulogy from us. There need not be for them the polished shaft, the monumental pile, the pomp of sorrow, the magnificence of woe. They are dead, yet they live! They live forever in the memories of a grateful people. There the hand of Time can never deface their names, there the creeping ivy and the churchyard grass can never obliterate the records of their valor. So long as the heart of a true American beats—so long, thank God—their fame is secure!

And now on this day—as on that other day when the war was ended amid the roar of cannon, the crash of musketry, the cheers of rejoicing thousands—methinks I hear all these sounds die away, and our lesson, the words of the immortal Lincoln, ring in our ears: "With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in; bind up the nation's wounds, care for him who bore the battle, for his widow and orphans and do all that may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among the nations." This is, indeed, the noble list of our duties. And when in many a populous city, in many a little hamlet, in many a humble graveyard beneath our northern sky, we go forth to cover with fragrant flowers the graves of our beloved, our brave Boys in Blue, let us not forget that where the jasmine and the orange fill the air with their perfume,

where the cypress bends in sorrow and the lordly palmetto grows, that other fathers, brothers, mothers, sisters, sons, bend with tearful eyes and lonely hearts over the graves of their beloved—the brave Boys in Gray. Let North and South bury with their dead all hate and animosity and revenge. Let us remember only the bravery with which both fought; let us acknowledge the sincerity with which each struggled for victory. Let us cover the graves of both with lilies. Let us shower the red roses upon their resting places, but bear thence the ingenuous mind that would blush to think evil of a brother. . . . Mistaken brothers! "Both read from the same Bible, both prayed to the same God, both believed in the sincerity of their cause." And doubtless, to-day, crowned with a nobler crown of affection and of love than any wreath which mortal hands can weave, both see clearly and forgive, in the pure sunlight of His face, "Who doeth all things well." To Him let us return thanks for all His blessings, and one of the noblest blessings of a free people is the heritage of noble actions and noble lives. This heritage is ours. "They shall not come to us, but we shall go to them." Yet they come to us to-day in thoughts of aspiration, of self-consecration, of heroic endeavor. God keep such memories green!

But even here we must not stop. From the sight of this pomp of war, these martial uniforms, these glorious banners, eloquent memorials of an historic past, there is a duty borne in upon our hearts. Let us ask ourselves what these two Grand Armies of the Republic—the living army of which the noble veterans about us are a part, and that other army which holds its meetings on many a Southern plain, beneath the line of grassy tents whose curtain never lifts—what do we owe to these? What did they do? It is well not to forget the trophies of their valor. They liberated four millions of slaves. They

protected our homes. They bequeathed to us an unimpaired Constitution. They left us a united Republic. They restored order. They established peace upon eternal foundations. The lesson of the war is so plain that the wayfaring man may not err therein and it is,—THE REPUBLIC MUST NEVER COMPROMISE WITH WRONG. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and distrust of selfish and time-serving ambition the only sentinel to guard worthily the jewel of American Freedom. To this the memory of a hundred battlefields, of hundreds of thousands of our heroes exhorts us, and bids us teach, as the plainest truth, that not great wealth, nor houses nor lands nor science nor art can ever keep unsullied the escutcheon of American Liberty. Our faith must rest in men, true-hearted men whom money cannot buy, nor vice corrupt, nor party spirit swerve from the path of duty.

We hear much now of corruption and vice and dissipation in high places. Many have lost confidence. Many assert that all men have their price. We do not believe it. Slowly the world is improving, not retrograding. We have in our veins the blood which made the Puritans, created a united Germany, signed the sacred League and Covenant, and will yet achieve Home Rule for Ireland. That blood it was which flushed the face of Wendell Phillips as he stood before the angry Boston mob and told them he would be heard; it fell from the wounds of the martyred Lincoln and cemented the dissevered States into an enduring true Nation. General Grant was never more of a sturdy old Puritan than when, after six days' bloody fighting in the wilderness he wrote these words which showed so strongly the undaunted spirit of the man: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

We need not despair. We have a land baptized by the

blood of our soldiers, watered with the tears of our mothers and our sisters, immortalized by our heroes, preserved by their valor. And, when in time to come, our history shall be sketched by the hand of some master, he will place in the background the record of our Civil War. There shall be the battles of the conflict, the triumphal march of our armies, their banners waving, their bayonets glistening, their faces gleaming with a noble patriotism. On one side of the picture there shall appear, under a sky of gloom, faces of darkness and despair. The horrors of Andersonville, desolate fields, burned houses, pillaged cities, shall not be forgotten, and above shall hover in the dusky air the hateful forms of Treason and Tyranny. On the other side of the picture shall be, under a cloudless sky, a land of grain all golden in the sunshine, a land of teeming harvests and populous cities, while over all in the eternal blue of heaven, their forms clearly outlined in the pure sunshine, shall stand our Washington, Hamilton, Clay, Webster, Grant, Sherman, Sumner, and with benignant smile the form of the martyred Lincoln. Out from the darkness into the light shall come the long procession of a liberated race, with songs of gladness upon their lips and the chains of slavery dropping from their limbs forever.

This the historian shall paint for the background. And in the foreground he will place the scene of to-day, its struggles, its corruption in public life, its venality and love of wealth and place, but with the light of a nobler day dawning in the east. And in the front of the landscape shall stand the temple of Liberty—the temple yet to be. Its pillars shall rest upon the eternal foundations of Justice. Its broad front shall broaden with the ages. Upon it shall be the sunshine of eternal Peace; above the pillars, flashing in the light, that all men may see, shall shine forth in letters of gold, upon the broad

architrave the words which express the true idea of man's destiny and which will be the secret of any great and lasting success we may achieve: INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM, UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE REPUBLIC

NOTE

After his graduation from Cornell University Mr. Gluck returned to Niagara Falls and at once assumed editorial control of a newspaper known as *The Daily Register*. At the same time, 1874, he began the study of law in the office of the Hon. A. P. Laning of Buffalo, with whom was associated at that time Col. James M. Willett, formerly of Batavia. Senator Laning was exceptionally brilliant as a trial lawyer, possessing unusual force, great tact and resource, and a winning manner of peculiar power. Prior to Col. Willett, Mr. Laning's associates had been Mr. Grover Cleveland and Mr. Oscar Folsom, the firm being Laning, Cleveland and Folsom.

Through notices in the public prints of his brilliant college career, and through the republication of his address at Geneva, Mr. Gluck soon received many invitations to deliver addresses on various public occasions. These, however, he uniformly declined, devoting his unremitting efforts to the study of the law. On July 4th, 1876, however, he made an exception to his usual rule, and delivered an address at Brockport on "The Centennial of the Republic." At the request of citizens of Brockport this address was printed in full in the Rochester papers, and was in portions reproduced in the daily papers of Niagara, Erie, Genesee and other counties.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE REPUBLIC

At last, at last, has dawned this memorable day!

As the grey mist broke before this morning's sunlight on the wave-washed coasts of Maine, the vollied thunder of cannon, the clangor of bells, the shouts of many voices and the sounds of martial music rolled out over the sea. And as the sunlight streamed still higher, forty millions of people from Maine to California, in crowded city, in quiet village, in solitary farm houses, on our great inland seas, throbbed with one universal sentiment, and voiced one common joy. To-day we take part in the jubilee of a great nation, united, prosperous, free; separated into sections by mountains and rivers, but one in history and undivided in national enthusiasm; differing in surroundings, manners, customs, station and material prosperity, but united in a universal reverence for a glorious past and in anticipation of a still more glorious future.

Blessed day, which many, now asleep, so ardently desired to see. Blessed day, which finds us with heaven bending over us unsullied by the smoke of battle; which finds us with tranquil city and quiet country, with summer grain untrampled by an armed host; the air sweet with the fragrance of the meadows, melodious with the robin's whistle and the blue bird's song. Yet few of us, moving in our narrow sphere, realize the scene of which we are a constituent part. Imagination sinks exhausted at the attempt to realize all we have and are. The light of heaven rests not on a more prosperous people nor upon one which should be as contented and happy. Our material resources are really illimitable. The inventive genius of the American people has never been paralleled in the history

of the world. A poor printer in Philadelphia draws lightning from the clouds; a poor painter in New York binds its blind force, and New York and San Francisco talk to each other before breakfast. The wonders of the Arabian Nights have become the facts of American existence. Many a man lies down to sleep in the evening and finds in the morning that a mysterious spirit has carried him five hundred miles away. Where thirty years ago crept the solitary steamboat of Fulton, thousands of craft now weave the smoky threads of the shuttle of commerce about our great metropolis. We may ride, without repeating our journey, over twenty thousand miles of railway on our land. The waters of our rivers are dashed from thousands of factory wheels. More books are printed in this land than in any other country. The bells of countless churches make melody to heaven, and where is the schoolmaster more widely known and respected?

Of all days, it is fitting that on this day, as citizens of the Republic, we should endeavor to realize the reasons for this good fortune, that we should bow reverently before the Great Spirit which has led us hither, that we should recall to our minds the fathers of the Republic, that we should scan their lives for lessons which may guide our own, and should consecrate ourselves to that for which they labored and to the land which they bequeathed to us, the noblest legacy on earth.

Let us, then, for a moment, amid our happiness and peace, endeavor to made real to ourselves their anxiety, their sufferings, their self-sacrifice and their valor—qualities that amid storm and tempest have nourished the seed of liberty which they planted and which has since expanded and grown until, like the aloe, from stately blossoms which a century has matured, it showers the balm and fragrance of a vigorous and noble life.

One hundred years! Unroll the panorama of our history. In imagination we walk the streets of Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1776—a century ago to-day. Passing along the poorly paved, grass-grown streets, between rows of gloomy, brick houses with frowning roofs, we see no indications of any unusual event. The peace-loving Quakers sit at their door-steps or move leisurely down the streets. A group of young men, passing toward the shore, chat animatedly about the prospects of war. Here and there a delegate to the Continental Congress, arrayed in crimson or purple, sashed with gold, in lace ruffles and sword, forms a bright spot of color upon the quiet Quaker landscape. Rising and falling upon the blue Delaware nearby a vessel rides at anchor, from the mast-head of which floats a strange flag—our first standard—a rattle-snake upon a field of blue; while the same breeze that lifts the flag bears to our ears the sound of fife and drum from the neighboring forest where the city troops are at drill. Following the sound, we see men emerging from "a new brick house in the fields." The first is a high-featured ungainly man, about thirty-three years old, dressed in plain grey, his eyes keen and bright, his thick, foxy hair brushed from his reddish face and tied with a black ribbon; his name is Thomas Jefferson, from Virginia. Beside him walks a stout old man, slightly bent, with long white hair, beautiful eyes, a large, strong, kindly face and a fringe of white beard; this is the poor printer, the greatest diplomat, the most sagacious man of his time—Benjamin Franklin. Following these walk three men earnestly conversing. The first of noble, portly form, bushy hair, quick, restless eyes and prominent Roman nose—John Adams of Massachusetts. The others are Sherman and Livingstone; the former, elevated from the humblest position to be the guide of senates; the latter, the foremost man of New York,

subsequently the signer of the Louisiana treaty and the near friend of Fulton.

These men constitute the committee appointed by the Continental Congress to frame resolutions concerning the crisis at hand. The paper Jefferson holds in his hand is the first draft of the Declaration of Independence. Would that some one had preserved the record of their conversation on that July morning one hundred years ago as they walked over the fields up the narrow streets to new Court House—now Independence Hall—with the arms of King George III over the door. Within its walls, in the court-room, was assembled the Continental Congress, the consummate flower of American civilization, a constellation of intellect, moral stamina and disinterested patriotism perhaps never equalled in the history of the world. In the president's chair sat the rich, infirm but courageous, patriotic and ambitious Hancock; grouped about were Adams, Huntington, Carroll, Lee, Franklin—all the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. Two days before this meeting could we have stepped within the room we should have listened to the great debate which decided the history of a continent and revolutionized its civilization and political destiny. We should have heard expressed the fears of the timid, the doubts of the distrustful, the reluctant consent of the time-servers and the conservative. But these were few in number. John Dickinson alone held poised in the balance the fate of the Republic as he rose in his place and uttered that strong and earnest appeal for compromise with Britain and for delay, which visibly swayed the minds of the delegates and for a time changed confidence into irresolution and doubt. Even the impetuous Hancock moved restlessly in his chair; Jefferson and Franklin glanced anxiously as for help toward the strong face of John Adams of Massachusetts. And then

we should have seen arise that grand old man to deliver the thrilling appeal which called into life from the hearts of the delegates the radiant form of the Republic. His earnestness, intense sincerity and fiery eloquence drew breathless attention; the force of his reasoning, the irrefutable character of his arguments, the strength and vigor of his common sense, commanded universal respect. The hearts of the delegates beat faster as they listened.

He recalls the wrongs they have suffered; he recalls their vain appeals; he paints in the blackest colors the indifference and delay they have met with from Britain. In touching tones he alludes to their native land, to the indignity of enduring further a continuance of this galling tyranny and then, warming with his theme, his loud sonorous voice ringing clearly through the hall, he declares that the hour for liberty has struck; that millions yet unborn will bless the decision of that day; that down the long future it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival; that it will be commemorated as the day of deliverance by reverent acts of devotion to God and be solemnized with joy and enthusiasm from one end of the continent to the other, from that time forward and forever.

The effect of this speech on the delegates was electric. All the colonies, as if inspired, declared for liberty, and two days after, just one hundred years ago to-day, signed for independence. After the document itself had been read and approved, John Hancock added his bold signature, saying John Bull could read that without spectacles, while the venerable Franklin jocosely remarked that now indeed they must all hang together or most assuredly they would all hang separately. The enthusiasm was noble, heroic, and grander because the men who shared it knew well its price. They

knew well that for many of them it meant to be hunted like foxes, to be for days without food, to lose children, fortune and friends and perhaps life itself. Rare pictures of immortal memory remain to us of those days. The very names of the events of that time are like the notes of silver bugles, ringing clearly down the centuries—Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, Valley Forge, Saratoga, Monmouth, Yorktown. And the names of those who fought, the memory of their fame—when shall it die? Washington, Warren, Putnam, Pinckney, Marion and many noble souls less known to fame—men like old Deacon Hayes, eighty years old, who fought enthusiastically at Concord; men like James Hayward, type of a thousand, who, falling mortally wounded at Lexington, exclaimed: "Father, I started with 40 bullets. I have only three left. I never did such a day's work before in my life. Tell mother not to mourn too much and tell her whom I love even more than my mother, that I am not sorry that I came."

The men in that assembly, the embattled hosts called forth by their summons, the pomp and circumstance of bloody war have faded forever into grey and spectral shadows; but the story of their unselfishness and their valor, of their purity and their patriotism survives, perennial and fragrant as the flowers of the spring-tide, and bright as the immortal stars.

For full half a century it seemed as if the words of John Adams were indeed prophetic. The prosperity of the country was, in its entirety, unequalled in the annals of the world during any similar period of time. Commerce increased, capital found a thousand new channels for its uses, labor was employed, well paid and contented. New states were from time to time added to the Union until the Stars and Stripes floated along the entire line of the Mississippi, and the American sentinel paced his daily round at the Golden Gate of San Francisco.

Men began to dream that the fabled Utopia, for which the early explorers sought in vain, was to find realization in the American Republic. But the evil inherent in the original constitution was only dormant. The words of Jefferson and Adams: "Slavery is a piratical warfare against human nature itself," which they wrote in the Declaration of Independence, and which were not then allowed to remain, were finally to be inserted to their full intent and meaning in the Constitution itself, but only at the awful cost of civil war and fraternal bloodshed. The eldest among us can recall the first mutterings of the coming storm. The declaration by Webster that it could never come; then the dawning sense of its inevitability; then the compromises that were suggested; the pathetic warnings, the stirring appeals of Everett; the tragedy of Lovejoy, shot down as an abolitionist by a mob at Alton; the assassination of John Brown, who died not, but lived in heroic song to lead to victory the mighty hosts of the north; the fiery invectives of Wendell Phillips; the persistent labors of William Lloyd Garrison, of Horace Greeley, of Gerrit Smith; the stern denunciations of slavery by Charles Sumner; until like a lightning flash from an angry sky the storm broke as the cannon blazed from Charleston harbor against the standard that Paul Jones had raised, that Washington and Hamilton and Green and Moultrie had fought for, and thousands of heroic men had died for in the War of the Revolution. Then we too began to realize the lives which were led by the men of '76. We too began to appreciate and to understand the anxieties our fathers felt and the price they were called upon to pay for the liberty which we had so abundantly enjoyed. Then the horrors of civil war unrolled under our very eyes. In the field—brothers against brothers, the sufferings of mutilation, the agony of death; at home—the canker of suspense eating into the hearts of our

women. Alas—to how many did that waiting end in sorrow! How many husbands, fathers, sons, lovers never came again! I need not recall the names of those who perished. They need no eulogy from me. They need not the polished shaft, the monumental tablet. They live and will live forever in the memory of a grateful people. Thence the hand of Time can never erase their names, the climbing ivy and the effacing moss can never obliterate the records of their valor. The greatness of their devotion, the unselfishness of their sacrifice should inspire us with like devotion and unselfishness; not a rifle in the northern armies was shot in revenge. Not a bullet that sped its way to the heart of an enemy, not a shell that carried destruction, carried with it the feeling of bitterness or hate. In the armistice, the southern "Johnny" and the northern "Yank" mingled in fraternal converse. The greatest general our Republic has ever known asked not for the sword of his great antagonist at Appomattox, and dismissed the soldiers who had opposed the Union armies to their homes upon their parole. Surely we can afford to imitate these illustrious examples, and to extend to those who fought against us our forgiveness and our charity, seeing in all only citizens of one Republic, brothers once more in the encircling clasp of a restored and triumphant Union.

At this hour, at this time when the first one hundred years of the Republic have closed, with its integrity unimpaired, its Constitution purified and ennobled, and its history glorified by the names of Lincoln and of Grant—it is not unfitting to attempt to discover the causes of our strength and our weakness, and to resolve to cultivate the one and to eradicate the other. I find the source of all our glory in moral courage and the source of all our shame in moral cowardice. It is well to honor intellectual education, but too often such education creates

only the adroit villain, the clever rogue, the able but selfish politician, the persuasive and misleading demagogue. Moral education must go hand in hand with intellectual education or all will be in vain. And by moral education I do not mean the mere inculcation of ecclesiastical dogmas or the insistent reiteration of the particular tenets of some creed; I mean, by moral education, the training that will convince the mind, the culture that will persuade the heart to follow such reasoning as will sway the will never to depart from that conduct in accord with the belief in an eternal distinction between right and wrong; a belief that what is right must inevitably eventually succeed, and that what is wrong must inevitably eventually fail. By moral education I mean the imparting of the conviction that life, not belief, practice, not profession, conduct, not creed, is the only standard of character; that all the wealth in the world and all that it can buy cannot make a selfish, vulgar and sordid man anything but what he is.

And hence it is that our public men are a commentary upon ourselves. They are desired by the majority of the people whom they represent. Moral communities will not knowingly elect rogues. Intelligent men will not long be represented by blockheads. Purity must reign in private before truth can govern in public. We must, in short, love our country for the high ideals it represents—the hopes, the aspirations, the elevation of the race; and not for the gain it may bring to us individually, politically, socially. This is one of the great lessons of the Revolution; it is that star which eradicated the selfishness and grasping avarice of the Civil War. It is the dominant characteristic in the characters of Washington and Lincoln.

A subordinate but important factor in the preservation of a noble patriotism, in the continuance of the sense of a great American nationality, is to be found in safeguarding, improving

and perpetuating a worthy system of public school education. Let no profane hand ever touch these sacred temples of freedom; let no bigot of whatever name weaken by any stone these bulwarks of liberty, these foundation stones of the republic. Our public schools should be the nurses of freemen, the guardians of their infancy, the custodians of their youth and promise. Character, education, moral and intellectual, disinterestedness in public life, exalted patriotism, these alone can save us from the corruption, the venality, the selfishness about us. The real reform will never be a party reform, a political reform—it will be a personal reform, beginning at the heart, enlightening the mind, purifying the soul, illuminating the moral insight and glorifying the life with its blossoms of noble thought and its fruitage of heroic action. Such only is the reform which makes great parties, which enacts great measures, which preserves and perpetuates a great nationality.

With elements of character such as these, the fabled Atlantis—a nobler dream than that of Utopia—shall rise from the waves and the divine republic be born. And on this memorable day, amid our peaceful fields, in this prosperous land, I invoke the spirits of our departed heroes to bear witness to the vows we make. I call from their graves the heroes of '76, through whose thin and ragged garments the bitter blasts of the Delaware blew; whose bare feet, in their long marches, left blood upon the trodden snow. I summon those who, in the springtide of their youth and vigor, pined away on British hulks and whose dead bodies fed the fish in British seas. I invoke the august forms of Washington and those next him in fame—the vast army of heroes who died and made no sign. And in the presence of these illustrious patriots and heroes let us vow to be worthy of the great trust they have confided to us; let us resolve to sustain by our zeal the country established by their

valor. Let us highly consecrate ourselves to maintain, so far as in our way it may be possible, its integrity, its greatness and its glory.

If the lives of ourselves and our countrymen are swayed by such resolves and governed by such aspirations, the Republic shall become all that the most ardent patriot can desire. In the great galaxy of nations, our country shall appear no transient meteor, no baleful star, breathing pestilence on its way, but, like a sun itself, an unchanging luminary, full-orbed, beneficent, shining forever without variation or eclipse.

THE STUDY OF LAW

NOTE

In 1876 occurred one of the most memorable events in the social history of the Bar of Erie County. This was a banquet given at the Tifft House on March 14, 1876, by the Bar of the county to celebrate the completion and occupancy of the new City and County Hall. The entire bar entered cordially into the spirit of the occasion, which was the first of its character in Buffalo. The presiding officer was the Hon. E. Carleton Sprague. At the right of Mr. Sprague at the guests' table were His Honor, Mayor Philip Becker, the Hon. G. W. Clinton, the Hon. James O. Putnam, Gen. L. W. Thayer, the Hon. Geo. R. Babcock, Judge Albert Haight, W. H. Greene, the Hon. O. H. Marshall and Geo. Wadsworth. At the left sat Judges Richard P. Marvin, Mr. James M. Smith, Mr. James Sheldon, the Hon. E. G. Spaulding, the Hon. L. L. Lewis, the Hon. H. S. Cutting and others.

Addresses were delivered by the Hon. E. C. Sprague, the Hon. G. W. Clinton, the Hon. James O. Putnam, Mr. Harman S. Cutting, Judge Marvin, the Hon. D. N. Lockwood, the Hon. L. L. Lewis, Gen. L. W. Thayer, Mr. James Fraser Gluck, Mr. Geo. Wadsworth, Mr. H. W. Box, Mr. W. H. Gurney, Mr. Josiah Cook and others. At this time Mr. Gluck had not yet been admitted to the bar. It may be of interest to note here that the year following the banquet Col. I. M. Willett died, and Mr. Gluck, with Mr. D. H. McMillan were invited by Mr. Laning to become his partners under the firm name of Laning, McMillan & Gluck, which firm continued uninterruptedly till Mr. Laning's death. At the time of the formation of the partnership, The *Buffalo Express* observed: "Mr. Gluck

is a brilliant young man in every sense of the word; a fine writer, a vigorous speaker, and one of our most scholarly and best read young lawyers; he is active, energetic and has the happy faculty of making friends, and is undoubtedly entering on the threshold of a bright and promising career." The *Buffalo Courier* said: "In Mr. Gluck's brief residence in this city he has more than justified the anticipation of his friends. As a speaker and writer he has decided talents, while his studious habits ensure for him large attainments in legal scholarship." The *Buffalo Commercial* remarked: "Mr. Gluck has by his energy and industry secured for himself an enviable position for so young a man, but his brilliant career in the past and his studious habits in the present give fair indications of what his future may be."

Mr. Gluck's speech at the banquet of the Buffalo Bar secured for him the life friendship of the Hon. E. Carleton Sprague, who was impressed by the tone and sentiments of the young law student. Mr. Sprague said, in calling upon Mr. Gluck, that he was glad to recognize several law students, young men who were preparing to enter the profession, that had been so highly eulogized. He then requested Mr. Gluck to speak in their behalf.

THE STUDY OF LAW

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—In rising I thank you most sincerely for the honor you have conferred upon the law students of the city by this public recognition of their existence upon this, the first social gathering of the Bar of Erie County.

The world has indeed moved forward since many of these here present were treated by those in whose offices they studied as copying hacks and messenger boys. It moves forward to-day when this public recognition is made in the presence of their Honors, the judges of our county and of our state.

But, Sir, I welcome this as consistent with the spirit of conservatism which ever presides over the deliberations of the law, rather than an innovation. It is a return to the usages of the profession in its palmiest days in that nation distinguished above all others for its genius in law and its achievements within the realm of jurisprudence. In ancient Rome, the great lawyers—the juris-consult—might be seen, in the intervals between causes, engaged in answering the inquiries of the students and in imparting to them that knowledge of legal principles which books could never and can never so adequately impart.

And to-night I do not forget the kindness which personally it has been my good fortune to experience when I venture to express the hope that this public recognition of students savors of what will in the future be done elsewhere. I would not offend you, Sir, nor the learned and dignified assembly here present, by occupying the brief interval accorded me with glittering generalities or pompous platitudes. I have a plea to make. I stand here to-night and ask, as a student for students, not for

better pay, nor for more or better books nor ampler digests, but for that personal fellowship on the part of members of the Bar, that kindly interest, that willingness to communicate to students the fruitage of golden experience which springs only from the life and work of the lawyer—the electric spark of legal learning flashed out only in the actual contests in the forensic arena.

No lawyer here present would willingly admit that he would receive into his office those he deemed unworthy of the profession; believing them to be worthy, it is in his power, and should be considered a privilege and a duty to make them ornaments of the profession. It is a mere truism, though seldom adequately realized in its implications and inferences, that the standing, the honor of the profession, depends upon the standing, the honor of its members; as they respect themselves, the world will respect it; as they honor and respect the bench, the world will honor and respect it. And the lawyer who honors the bench and respects himself does well, but he does better, who, while carrying with honor the torch of justice, as he runs his own brief race, looks well to it that he to whom he knows the torch must be handed when he is gone is not unworthy of the noble task. Surely if it be man's primal duty to endeavor to leave the world better than he found it, that one does much to elevate his profession, and through it the world, who by generous sympathy in word and deed does all he can to stimulate, encourage, aid and instruct those who will one day constitute an integral part of that profession; surely it involves no loss of personal or professional dignity for the able jurist to raise toward the clean high level of his own perception of the law, the law student, lost in the fog of text books and the labyrinth, the confusion worse confounded, of our early law.

I cannot forbear again expressing our appreciation, as law students, of the honor of this public recognition. It will not be

without its lasting effect upon us. To-night we have had recalled to us, by those who have spoken, the great legal minds of the past—the giants of old-time—our legal ancestors. We have listened to the record of their professional prowess. We are aroused to emulate their professional glories. The triumphs of Miltiades will not let Themistocles sleep.

As each of the ancient Lombard Kings placed upon his head the iron crown of that kingdom, he was wont to say, "God has given it to me; let him beware who would take it from me." And so let each of us tonight, resisting the insane thirst for wealth, and the insidious whispers of a corrupt and time-serving ambition, place upon our heads the ideal crown of a pure professional life and say, like the kings of old, "God has given it me; not all the world shall take it from me."

INDEPENDENCE DAY, JULY 4, 1877

NOTE.

Mr. Gluck was often in demand as an Independence Day orator. His invitations to deliver these orations came from throughout Western New York and Pennsylvania. But his delight was to accept those invitations extended to him from the smaller towns and villages where the Fourth of July is still observed in the old-fashioned way and with the usual old time accessories. On the occasion when the present oration was delivered, Hamburg observed the day in a style that delighted the patriotic American heart. In flaming headlines, with triumphant eagles and waving banners, the village papers announced that at sunrise, Independence Day would be ushered in by a grand salute of 101 guns; that at nine o'clock the procession would form in line and with the Whangdoodle brigade at its head, would march through the streets of the town and thence to the driving park where the oration of the day would be delivered. This was to be followed by music for dancing and it was confidently proclaimed that he who could not enjoy himself was born to be unhappy. In the evening there would be a grand display of pyrotechnics and plenty of ginger bread, lemonade, pop and peanuts! Three dollars were to be awarded as a prize to the worst looking man in the Whangdoodle procession. It was a great Fourth of July!

Incidental to this occasion was the receipt by Mr. Gluck on the 7th of July, of a letter from the Hon. James O. Putnam, which led to a life-long friendship between the men.

July 7th, 1877.

James F. Gluck, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—A few days before the Fourth, I was applied to to give the name of some one to perform the part of orator at Hamburg. This, undoubtedly, because of my long residence here. I named Mr. Gluck.

This seems to give me a sort of right to express to you the pleasure I have had in reading your oration. They are genuine words when I tell you that I rarely read, now-a-days, a paper of that character with so much satisfaction. Its broad intelligence, its independent thought, its vigorous English, its clear and compact style rank it quite above the usual utterance on such occasions.

Its closing paragraph I have read a half dozen times, and I shall preserve the whole as one of the good things of the time, I may say, of the best.

I congratulate you, not so much on the eclat which follows your early work, but on the power to utter your thought in a way that will always command hearing and respect.

Believe me, dear sir,

Very cordially yours,

JAMES O. PUTNAM.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Fellow-Countrymen, Citizens of Hamburg:

Through your committee you have invited me, a total stranger to you, to join with you in the celebration of this ever-memorable day. I could not but observe, as I drove through your streets with your worthy Chairman, the industry, the prosperity, the beauty of your village. I realized the solicitude you experienced for the moral and intellectual education of yourselves and your children, and how nobly that solicitude had been satisfied by your large and well-built churches, your noble academy, your ably-edited paper, which I have seen since I came, and heard of often before, and which seems so adequately to represent your local interests. All these, with your orchards bending beneath the promise of abundant fruit, your fields of grain, your fragrant woods whose umbrageous arms even now surround us, could not fail to delight anyone interested in the prosperity of his race—the welfare of his kind. To me all these objects appeal with no usual emotion. For here in a spot which I have never before seen, I find peace, happiness, prosperity—the emblem of liberty, tokens of national rejoicing; and with you I also rejoice, for though strangers, we are one, possessing one country, one Constitution, one destiny.

Who shall worthily describe that country? Six times and more must the sun arise, pursue his course and set, ere he, who leaves the rock-bound coast of New England and travels as upon the wings of the wind, beholds the radiant glory of the Golden Gate. What signs shall greet him on his journey! Thousands of happy homes, amid peaceful fields; myriad villages, with

school and spire; countless factories—hives of industry with swarming throngs of workmen; rivers, dotted with the commerce of every nation; great inland seas stretching from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. Land of the cypress and the palmetto, and of the hardy northern pine; of snowy cotton and golden corn—who shall enumerate its products, who mention its inventions, who estimate its manufactures? Land of great cities and still greater prairies, of rugged mountain and fertile plain; land, above all, of peace and competence, of culture and morality; in the highest sense,

> "The heir of all the ages
> Foremost in the ranks of time."

Such is the land that we inherit; ours to possess, ours to enjoy, ours to transmit. Let us to-day glance, briefly, at its history; let us endeavor to discover and analyze the causes of its success; let us endeavor to account for the absence of the robber of Italy, the beggar and brigand of Spain, the eternal revolutionist and fanatic of France, the socialist of Germany, the drunken boor of Russia, the rioter of Ireland, the assassin of South America and Mexico. Let us see why it is that financial depression and ruin are not followed by murder and conflagration, why the potato bug and the grasshopper of America are not succeeded by the heartrending famines which meet us in the history of Ireland.

We shall find that the cause of the difference between our land and those countries is to be found in the difference which exists in the character of the peoples, and in the principles upon which their different governments are established.

The origin, the primal cause of our present proud position, is to be found in the history of Europe; in the noble struggles which the people instituted for the limitation or abolition of

priestcraft and kingcraft; in the increase of industrial civilization, the growth of intelligence, the rise of the middle classes, the influence of invention and the self-sacrifice of thousands of noble men who have died that we might live. In the early ages of Europe the king was considered the representative of God on earth. But the representatives of God became, at last, such perfect devils that those nearest the throne dared to disbelieve what had been told them of the divinity that doth hedge a king. This thinking for themselves was as a little outlet through which was to sweep the great flood of the after time. Fanned by the breezes of discussion, the lambent flame of individual thinking became the lurid blaze of popular indignation. The *Magna Charta* and the Bill of Rights were written and humanity almost seemed to move. By the long and arduous struggle of its lords and people the English nation secured for us FREEDOM OF ACTION. With the spread of commerce, the invention of printing, the diffusion of intelligence, men drew nearer each other. Ancient prejudices disappeared, old conceptions grew wider, ideas clearer, lives better, until men began to realize the truth of a common humanity expressed by the old German proverb, *Ueber die Berge sind auch Menschen.* Then stepped also into history with a stalwart tread which woke the nations from their sleep, the great German nation. In a little town, an obscure German monk began, like the English lords and people, to think for himself. The immortal words, *Hier stehe ich; Gott helf' mir, ich kann nicht anders*, compelled the attention of Europe, while the triumphant hope of the hymn, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, like a clear bugle-note, reverberates down the centuries with sounds which echo still. Then was established, by a bitter struggle, the German principle of LIBERTY OF THOUGHT.

English freedom of action, German independence of thought

clasped hands inseparably in the American conception of government.

"Shall a foreign prince attempt to tax us when we have no voice in the matter?" the descendants of the Puritans asked, and replied, "Toss rather the tea-chests into Boston harbor!" Shall a foreign army set foot upon our soil to compel obedience? Sooner shall the blood of Warren be shed, and the musketry of Bunker Hill, of Concord and Lexington reply. Shall a foreign nation dictate to us our thoughts? The impassioned eloquence of Patrick Henry, the rugged sense of Thomas Paine shall stir men's blood for all time to denial. The jealousies of colonial strife melted into fierce hatred of a common despotism. "We are free men," cried the patriots of '76, "free to speak, free to think, and free men we shall remain or perish from the earth." Bright memories of the past, heroic endeavor of immortal men, who shall speak of you on this day without emotion?

But these were not their proudest deeds. Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war; having vanquished the enemy it remained to conquer themselves. The wisdom of our fathers taught them that the separate Colonial States should be united in indissoluble unity. Against that bulwark the waves of foreign aggression might forever dash in vain. The volcanic fires of internal strife could find no passage through that compact soil. Deliberate in council as they were prompt in action, they met to forge the destinies of distinct colonies into a common country; and when the clouds of discussion lifted from the scene there stood, revealed in fair proportions and eternal beauty, the form of the American Republic.

The principles established by the American Revolution were these: The people shall rule themselves; each man shall rule himself in matters which concern him; in matters of public

weal the voice of the majority shall determine the law. The minds of men seem to think in half truths, for of these great truths different parties at that time chose different segments, and the radical distinction made survives today. Hence the apparent conflict between the Democratic principle of local self-government and the Republican principle of united national existence. Both true, yet half truths, the one leading in the extreme to the asserted right of secession and disunion, the other to the centralization of power, corruption and despotism. Like the centrifugal and centripetal forces, both true, both necessary to preserve the equilibrium that conduces to terrestrial harmony, yet each by itself leading to chaos. But for many years the country was grandly true to the whole truth. The principles established by the fathers were maintained by the children; the general intelligence was high; immigration had not yet precipitated upon the country its disordered masses, unacquainted with our history and our traditions. Public office was a public trust, not a private perquisite.

How thoroughly the people understood these principles is best seen in their wars. They were a peace-loving people, a nation of farmers, mechanics, traders and students. The apple-bee, the corn-husking, and the barbecue were their amusements; their orators lauded the labor of the soil. Washington and Jefferson in their public life sighed for their country homes. It was the belief in the principle of self-government except in so far as it conflicts with the public weal which alone in 1812 led to the war with great Britain. The people felt that when a man united himself with this country that man should not be impressed as a seaman by British ships, because by the accident of his birth he had once been upon English soil. The waters of our own Lake Erie still ring to the patriot ear with the booming of Perry's cannon. The blood of valiant men,

fighting to maintain for others the freedom they enjoyed themselves, made rich the waste-places of the sea. The war with Mexico was for the same idea. When that contest had been concluded it did indeed seem as if nothing could disturb the prosperity of the country. Commerce increased, capital found a thousand new channels, labor was employed and contented. New States were added, until the Stars and Stripes floated along the entire length of the Mississippi, and the Union sentinel kept ward on the border of the Golden Gate.

But the danger had only been delayed; the irrepressible conflict was at hand. The hands of the fathers had ruthlessly lopped off every branch of the tree of tyranny; titles, State-church, entail, every branch—save one; and that was so small that it was deemed insignificant. It lived; and a nation of freemen lorded over a nation of slaves. The insane root poisoned the minds of Southern freemen. They forgot the whole truth established by the Revolution. To perpetuate their darling sin they became unmindful of the last words of Washington when he said: "In union all parts cannot fail to find greater strength, greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of peace by foreign nations. Union will bring exemption from broils and wars between States. It is the main prop of your liberty, and the love of one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other." They pushed to its extreme the grand truth of self-government, they forgot the other half—conformity to the will of the entire people—and the great rebellion began. The words of Jefferson and Adams when they wrote in the Declaration of Independence that "slavery was a piratical warfare against human nature itself," and which were then erased, were now to be restored in war, in suffering and in blood. Those of us who are older can recall the first mutterings of the storm; the declaration of its impossibility by Webster,

the compromises suggested, the pathetic forebodings and stirring appeals of Everett against disunion, the tragedy of Lovejoy, shot as an abolitionist by a mob at Alton, the death of John Brown, the fiery invectives of Phillips, the long labors of Garrison, the stern denunciations of Sumner, until at last the whole nation reeled with terror as the cannon flashed at Charleston harbor and that standard was pulled down that Paul Jones had raised, that Washington had fought for, and the founders of the Republic loved so tenderly and sustained so well. Then at last we knew the meaning of the revolution. We realized the anxieties our fathers felt. We knew the price they had to pay for the liberty we had so thoughtlessly enjoyed. The brave men who died leave for us the same lesson as their fathers. I need not recall their names; I will not, save one—him whom we cannot forget, him the great martyr, him the immortal patriot, Abraham Lincoln. With a nobility not given by birth, with a grace not born of society, with a grandeur of soul in unison with the great Soul of the universe, with an unselfish wisdom provident alike of the great affairs of state and the welfare of the humble slave, this noble man is the typical American. Sprung from the people, his memory, green and dewy as the grass to-day upon his grave, shall ever be fragrant in the hearts of his countrymen. The assassin's shot that extinguished his earthly life kindled into an undying flame the vestal lamp of his fame, a lamp which shall have the whole world for its temple, and which generations yet unborn shall trim in perpetual praise.

[Mr. Gluck here spoke of the importance of moral and intellectual education. These already appear in the address delivered upon the Centenary of the Republic and need not here be repeated. Mr. Gluck concluded as follows]:

And when, in the faithful discharge of the duties of any

station he may be called upon to fill, the citizen shall find his sufficient reward; when each shall enter public station, as did the father of his country, only at the repeated solicitations of his countrymen, and when he lays down his charge to return like him to the quiet walks of private life without a single feeling of regret; when each shall seek in his own sphere that rational content which is the highest form of happiness; when shall come this aftertime, toward which each of us shall toil and struggle and contribute; and which shall come, though its dawn meet not our eyes—then may our country be likened in its grandeur and beauty, not to the Egyptian temple with its gloomy caves, its faces of unchanging expression, unrelenting and cruel, type of despotic rule and superstitious awe; not to the Gothic cathedral with its spires piercing the clouds, its delicate tracery, its subdued light, its fragrant incense and melodious music, type of the best monarchies of the world, rich in historic memories, beautiful with pomp and circumstance, yet tottering to their fall. To none of these shall we liken our Republic. Clear and distinct, self-poised and strong, with every block hewn square and firm, it shall be a Grecian temple, with pillars of enduring granite and pediments of incomparable loveliness —four squares to all the winds that blow. Forth from its sacred inner shrines, sounding over pavement and portal, shall come the voice of endless welcome to him who brings with him those rarest treasures, "Self-knowledge, reverence, self-control." The tempest of unrelenting time shall not prevail against it, for its foundations are laid in eternal justice. Block may be replaced by block, individual succeed individual, yet that temple shall remain unimpaired. Leaders great and illustrious, generations themselves may perish, but the Republic itself shall live, forever.

THE FICTIONS OF SCIENCE.

NOTE.

This address was one of a series delivered in 1878 before the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, of which Mr. Gluck was a member.

THE FICTIONS OF SCIENCE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The age in which we live is often spoken of as "critical" and "destructive," seldom as "constructive." There is, it is regretfully said, a spirit of inquiry abroad which questions and doubts all things. The idea is often expressed that the longing for exact statement and for eye-to-eye demonstration has dissipated the realm of imagination, of sentiment, of emotion, of idealism; that the doubting Thomas has at last supplanted the zealous Peter. And sometimes there seems reason for the statement, when we consider the many beliefs once so dear to the heart of humanity which have passed and are passing into the Lethe of forgetfulness. The beautiful forms of the muses and the graces weave no more their mystic dance. The voice of the mermaid is silent in the stream; the dryad has forever vanished from the forest tree,the nymphs and fauns from the hillside and the plain. The pillars of Hercules are passed, but the Elysian Isles are not in the western sea; the fable of Psyche—that story of impassioned love—soothes no more the Grecian child into dreams melodious with its tender strains. The moonlit rings of the fairies are forever broken; forever shut the golden doors of the elves. The earth is no longer the great body of our system round which the sun and planets sing the music of the spheres. Nay, to come to later times, even the Devil has become too wary to meet the inkstands of our modern Luthers. All the forms which with miraculous powers sustained and soothed our fathers of the middle age, forms of the patron saints, who walked in silence among them, aiding them in their labors, listening to their prayers, glorifying the earth with

their presence, these forms, which Devotion with grateful soul and untiring hand carved upon its cathedrals, painted over its altars, stationed by its wayside—all these sleep now in the silence of deserted church and forsaken shrine. Who shall worthily estimate the blessed influence of these upon men, the feeling of companionship with holiness and purity they gave unto men? These were forms indeed which consoled and comforted humanity in its darkness, forms of pity and of love, whose smiles lit up the dwellings of the poor, whose voices in fancy thrilled the dying ear and whose dear hands received the parting spirit. All are gone, and the old earth, dismantled of its glory and their power, swings on its desolate way. Does it not seem as if Macaulay's theory of the decline of poetry and imagination as civilization advances is more than abundantly proved, and that while the sunshine which illumines our day may be stronger and brighter, yet the iridescent glories of the sunrise and the serene loveliness of the twilight have departed never to return?

If now we ask what has destroyed these beloved fancies, we are told that it is Science, the image-breaker: Science, which, it is said, deals only with barren facts and their arrangements; which studies phenomena and not causes of phenomena; which refuses to allow validity to the deeper certainties of man's nature; which develops the intellect at the expense of the imagination; which deadens the emotions, starves the holiest aspirations and which, while burrowing in the dust of extinct fauna and flora, mapping skulls, dissecting brains, weighing its atoms and bowing down before its phosphates and its protoplasm fails, like the plodder in Bunyan's dream, to lift its gaze and to recognize the glory that streams above its head.

Sentiments like these which we hear so often, are the voices of the dogmatism of the past; it was the feeling of regret within

them for the imagined loss of the beautiful which prompted the agonized cry of a Schiller and a Shelley, impassioned outbursts of longing for the beautiful past of paganism; this feeling it is which draws thinkers like Newman and Bronson into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. It is the language of despair, of retrogression and decay.

But there is a dogmatism of the present no less absurd to the thoughtful and sober mind. Science as well as religion receives often its deadliest blows from those who misname themselves its friends. I refer now to the dogmatists in science. It would seem as difficult for mental as for material processes to remain long in a state of fusion, and hence it so often happens that the crystals of dogmatic creed-belief, solvent through the influence of some great thought, rapidly assume forms equally fixed in the credulity of modern scientific expression. Natures so constituted maintain no equipoise; they are the Pauls who persecute for one creed and die for another. These are they who assert the position of science to be that of a victor resting content with his spoils, having no more worlds to conquer; who accept its theories as established objective facts, its tentative conclusions as proved verities, endeavoring to confine within their narrow rubric the everlasting flux of the universe. These fail to remember that doubt is ever the dark stem of the white lily of knowledge; that the greatest students of science are those who dogmatise least about its conclusions, who listen with patience to its defects, and who hear with a tumultuous joy, akin to fear, the proofs of its truth and of its completeness.

When there exist such diverse opinions respecting science, a consideration of the method by which science reaches its conclusions may not now be uninstructive. The subject of this lecture, which is perhaps rather vividly stated in the title, is the procedure of science, the manner in which it reaches its con-

clusions, and when and why they are valid. Such a subject appears timely when such diverse views are held of the value of science, and when so few of those who are familiar with its principles seem to know how they have been obtained. The classification of the known is often given as a definition of science, but this definition affords no clue to the method by which science classifies the known, or by what process the unknown is brought within the limits of the known. It would seem, from the definition, as if facts needed only to be grouped to establish a true science, and this might be so if science dealt only with things which could be seen and felt and handled. But the domain of science is not so limited. To those, therefore, who inveigh against science as narrow and practical, as destructive alike to the imagination and the heart, it may be somewhat of a surprise to know that vivid imagination and large emotional capacity are two of the greatest requisites for a scientific discoverer; that star-eyed science loves well that faculty which in other realms rears in forms of faultless beauty the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous pinnacles of the poet's dream; nor disdains the music —sweeter far than all the thick-warbled notes of Attic bird in shady Academe or storied Porch—the music of the human heart. And it may none the less surprise those who have been already characterized as dogmatists in science, those who love to repeat the doctrine of the great Newton, *hypotheses non fingo*—I frame no guesses—as indicating the procedure of science, who might possibly say in wonted narrowness that a lecture on the fictions of science should be as brief as the celebrated chapter on snakes in the history of Ireland: "There are no snakes in Ireland," —there are no fictions in science; it may surprise these persons to learn, I say, that through all the departments of science fiction is used most extensively as a provisional help; that not only is it useful, but that it is an indispensable aid; so that, while as

our President remarked, in substance, in his introductory lecture, science cannot be said to deal in fiction as an ultimate basis, it is none the less true that in reaching the certainties of science the rainbow arch of hypothesis alone spans the unfathomed gulf that separates the unknown from the known.

Before endeavoring to show how large a part fiction plays in science, let me try to define what I mean by fiction. By fiction I mean the assumptions, made in scientific works as objective facts, and which are known to be otherwise, which I call fictions in this lecture; or those statements assumed as facts, but which are in reality not known to be such, and which in many cases can never be known to be such,—these I call guesses, which is all that the formidable Greek word *hypotheses* means.

Let us look briefly, then, at some of the fictions which science uses to advantage. Take first the idea so prevalent in regard to the movements of the planets about the central sun; their regular motions are extolled; their perfect orbits the subject of admiration. The planets, says the amateur in science, whirl in perfect ellipses about the central sun; all indicate the most beautiful harmony, the clearest plan. The planets do not do anything of the kind. Herschell declares as a fact that the planets do not describe ellipses at all; that only by astronomical fiction (*fiction* is the word he uses) can they be said to describe paths anything like ellipses; the diverse forces by which each planet is acted upon would involve computations of endless complexity. The curves described by the planets are in fact no regular curves at all, but irregular series of positions which are not the same in successive revolutions of the same bodies. This statement, therefore, which is so firmly believed by many as a fact, and so often repeated in scientific works, is, so far as objective reality is concerned, a pure fiction.

The remarks just made will apply equally well to the scien-

tific divisions of plants and animals into species and genera. By many these classifications are conceived to exist objectively as they are presented in scientific works. Both experience and logic assure us of the direct contrary; so far from representing the facts as they exist in their totality, these classifications are absolute falsehoods. For example, we know that as the circumstances which surround two animals throughout their lives are never precisely similar, and as a matter of fact they are often widely dissimilar, so we also know that as the environments which surround them differ, the two animals will differ in some respects. It is perhaps not too much to say that not one of every one hundred animals classed in the same species will exhibit every one of the peculiarities by which the species is distinguished in scientific classification; while, what is just as important, it must be remembered that these imagined universal resemblances are themselves grouped out of other and still wider differences. The generalizations made by Lamarack, Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, and Oken with reference to invertebrates are open to the same remarks. Who that has read the fascinating pages of Oken can doubt that the bones of the skull are only developments of vertebræ, that though animals vary they are simply divergencies from the particular type of the simple invertabrate? Yet the whole supposition is a fiction; the bones of the skull are not vertebræ, they never were, so far as we know, nor was there ever an original vertebra from which all others were developed by variation. The type in question was constructed by mental synthesis and abstraction and never had objective reality; its living actual existence is, so far as we know, as much a fiction as the original progenitor of man conceived by Mr. Darwin. The luminous ideas of Goethe in vegetal morphology—his conception of the plant with its stamen, spirals,

pistils, as only a leaf variously transformed, under all variety preserving one order, have, it is quite needless to state, no prototypes in the actual history of plants; so far as portraying the actual genesis and history of plant life is concerned they are fictions, and yet on these the whole science of vegetal morphology is built.

What incredible things are we called upon to believe by those who advocate the undulatory theory of light. According to this theory the space about us up to the farthest star is filled, not sparely, but with an absolute solid, elastic as steel. As Dr. Young remarks, "The luminiferous ether pervading all space and penetrating all substance is not only elastic, but absolutely solid," while according to Herschell the pressure of this ether is seventeen millions of pounds on every square inch on the earth. Do I need to say that so far as reduction to sensible tests is concerned, or even to the criterion of truth propounded by Herbert Spencer—the inconceivability of the opposite—these statements are absolute fictions? Indeed almost every one of the calculations of science is based upon fiction. For example, we attempt to solve the problem of an inflexible iron bar applied to an opposing solid; there is no such bar in existence. By accurate observation we find the bar bends when so applied; not only bends, but bends differently under the same pressure in different places; not only bends, but heat is evolved; heat is not only evolved, but is conducted from one part to another, until in the solution of this at first apparently simple problem, the mind sinks hopeless and exhausted. We deduce theorem after theorem from calculations based on perfect fluids and gases; there is no perfect gas or perfect fluid; a perfect gas would require its atoms so separated that they would exert no force on each other; but then the distances between the atoms would be infinite, so that the perfect gas by which

all calculation is regulated is, in the very nature of things, an impossibility. We assume the plumb line to be vertical while as a matter of fact it is never so. We assume the surface of mercury to be a perfect plane while in a surface of five inches there is a calculable divergence. The conservation of energy is a guess, it cannot be absolutely proved. The declaration that we know that matter is indestructible is a fiction, we never could detect the loss of a minute fraction; we never could prove that it has not disappeared.

Take next some of the guesses which are so often mistaken, by even great specialists in science, for established truths. And first, that marvellous guess about which so much has been said of late, which so many forget is only a guess, and so far as direct proof is concerned, can never be anything else. I mean the guess of Mr. Darwin about the origin and the development of the animal series from protoplasm to Plato. Those who mistake this guess for fact go up and down the earth seeking for the missing link; unexplored geological tracts are eagerly visited in the hope of finding intervening and connecting forms between widely differentiated species, and although praise and gratitude is due to these indefatigable workers for their ofttimes valuable discoveries, yet it is needless for me to tell you that it seems exceedingly likely that such a link never will be found, that in all probability it never existed; since by the very principles of scientific method, fragments of protoplasm placed under widely differing circumstances may, nay must, assume totally different forms, and that too in what seems a wonderfully short period of time. Let me call to your recollection the interesting series of papers published in *Nature* two years ago, in the June number, I think, wherein among other examples was cited the history of certain crustacea which, owing to an alteration in the quantity of salt in the water in which they were kept, changed in

a very short time from genus to genus, with extra abdominal segments, and totally different tails; a simple fact which of itself does much to invalidate the guess of variability by natural selection, according to which, as Mr. Darwin himself says, the idea of any great or sudden modification of structure is precluded. The evolution guess of Spencer is of equal, but no greater validity than that of Darwin. Both are guesses; both have multitudes of facts opposed to them; both are often stated as if they were proved and established facts, and thereby much harm befalls true science.

As other examples of fiction may be cited the so-called laws of nature, which by so many are believed to be statements of phenomena as they occur, and to accurately represent the action of definite portions of the universe. These laws, in fact, are generalizations—formulae—deduced from facts, but which do not at all represent portions of objective experience. Precisely similar facts to those expressed by the so-called laws are neglected, facts similar in nature and in method of occurrence; and these partial, incomplete expressions called laws—a really absurd expression, since what is meant is processes, not laws—these incomplete expressions, fictions so far as the totality of objective phenomena is concerned, come often to be regarded as of greater validity than the whole of the objective existence of which they are but the expressed part. But more wonderful fancies yet remain; from realms of the invisible, the intangible, the unknown, science brings to us intelligence of atoms no eye has ever beheld, of molecules which no scale has ever weighed, of an ether floating in that immeasurable space beyond the light of the remotest star. Science whispers to us secrets of ethereal waves, which arranged end to end number 60,000 in a single inch and of which six hundred millions strike the eye in a second of time! What believing nurse ever unfolded to credu-

lous child a more wonderful tale of marvel and of mystery?

But the realm of fiction is not limited to physical, it extends also to moral science. So far as human nature is concerned the perfect human life by which all our actions are judged, and by which we are asked to regulate our lives is a pure fiction; there never was a merely human being whose life was thus perfect, so that when perfect kindness, perfect charity, perfect sympathy is pointed out for our imitation, we are asked to attain a character and an ideal which no human being ever succeeded in establishing for a year, nay, even for a single day in his life. Surely it would seem that if science has dispelled some fictions it has not been wanting in others; others claiming as large a share of the imagination, the fancy and the heart as ever did those which preceded its advent. Those who are at all inclined to vaunt the eternal verity of the provisional statements of science will do well to recall the words of Stanley Jevons in that epoch-making work, "The Principles of Science:" "I fear I have very imperfectly succeeded in expressing my strong convictions that before a rigorous logical scrutiny the reign of law will prove to be an unverified guess, the uniformity of nature an ambiguous expression, the certainty of our scientific inference, to a great extent, a delusion." Sounding from the triumphal chariot of a great captain in science, these are memorable words; memorable as indicating that catholicity of mind and that suspension of judgment which comes to those who walk the serene heights of a great experience and a profound knowledge; memorable, as well, in marking the difference that exists between such minds and the narrowness and self-assertion characteristic of those who grope in the twilight depths of a narrow specialty or of a contracted culture.

Let us take now another step. Let us look at another fact, even more surprising than the one just discussed. It is this:

That the introduction of fiction in science not only occurs as a procedure often-resorted to, but whether the fact be deplored or not, that fiction is an absolutely *necessary* factor in scientific procedure. And this leads me to speak of the misconception of the method of science that is most frequently met with and popularly advocated. It is the statement that Francis Bacon is the founder and the best exponent of modern scientific method. On the contrary, much of the procedure of science is opposed to the method of Bacon.

Sir Isaac Newton is the visible founder and the great exemplar of scientific method. The theory of Bacon was that the accumulation of all facts, of all kinds, from every source, would reveal to the collector the principles underlying the great collection so made. Generalizations attempted on any other principle, he held, would necessarily be imperfect, empirical and unsafe in their application. To have a truly physical science there must first, he said, be grouping of all the facts; thence would result correct generalizations, which as compact expressions—formulae—would reveal the relations different classes of facts sustained to each other as an entirety. This course is, by many, imagined to be that pursued by science at the present day; and hence single facts are heaped upon other facts, incident after incident collected, with the idea that the mere collection of these is favorable to science. It cannot be too carefully remembered, on the contrary, that facts as facts have no sort of value; they shine only by the reflected light of deduction. Newton, who, like most great geniuses, seemed unconscious of the method by which he worked, who declared that he never guessed at all, that guesses had no place in experimental science, made his greatest discoveries by the aid of those very guesses which he decried. In investigating the relations the bodies of the solar system sustained

to each other, did Newton wait until all the facts concerning these relations had been tabulated? Did he go on year after year accumulating material, and then attempt to establish his principles? Had such been the case, how slow would have been the progress of science! How many æons would have elapsed before the collection of all the facts would have been completed, how many æons more, before a correct generalization could have b en made by the light of facts alone! Does not every one know that instead of pursuing this course Newton, from the consideration of a few circumstances, some of them as trifling apparently as the fall of an apple, supposed the relation existing between the earth and the moon and propounded his great guess of gravitation? Had Darwin waited until he had collected all facts relating to his subject, the Darwinian guess would never have been uttered. A few circumstances, some of his South American experiences, first attracted his attention; he drew from them an inference; he imagined or guessed that the facts tended to prove the variability instead of the fixity of species, and he then began his collection of facts to prove the guess he had made. The same procedure took place in the nebular guess of Kant and La Place, the evolution guess of Herbert Spencer, the pre-historic guess of John Lubbock, the guesses of Mr. Tylor, Mr. Draper and Mr. Buckle. In the brilliant monograph of our own Professor Grote on the existence of man before the glacial epoch the same method was, consciously or unconsciously, pursued. One or two facts were pondered upon, their relations thought out, a certain guess made and facts adduced to sustain it. Indeed it is impossible for the human mind to view any collection of facts or accidents without drawing some inference from them, or in other words making some guess about them. The procedure just described will be found to be that which is most extensively and successfully pursued

in geology, chemistry, zoology and psychology From the arrangements of scientific works, it would often seem, however, as if the Baconian method had been followed; the facts are presented, the conclusions or generalizations are then made. But the method of discovery took place in the inverse order; there was first contemplation of a few isolated facts which by themselves had no definite value; a guess was made about thes facts and then verification began. Fiction, guesswork, hypothesis, then, is not only one of the principal factors in scientific discovery, but, by an historical consideration of the subject, appears to be a *necessary* factor. A psychological analysis of mental processes, did time permit, would reveal no less successfully the same truth. Far from trampling the imagination under foot, science would appear to follow its guidance, nay, to be united with it in an espousal which no human agency can ever divorce. Science instead of relying upon the senses for its discoveries seems actually transcendental in its method of operation.

In view of what has been said does not science seem the veriest patchwork of shreds and fragments, the merest tissue of fiction and of guesswork, anything in short but the stiff cloth of gold that its admirers describe it? Wherein then do its statements differ from the legends of the past? The process of reasoning by which both science and superstition reach their conclusions seems to be the same. The results obtained are often no more truths than were those which have fallen into deserved neglect. For example, men experienced the terror of the thunderbolt, the wild fury of the tornado. These were their facts; what could these indicate but the presence of an offended deity whose messengers these were, who clothed himself with their power? This was their guess. Does not science follow a precisely similar plan in arriving at its gener-

alizations? Is not this the Newtonian method, itself? Tyndall has so admirably stated the one feature that makes the two entirely different, that, with your permission, I shall express it in his own words: "The investigator," he says, "ponders the knowledge he possesses and tries to push it farther; he conjectures and confirms or explodes his conjecture. No genius is so gifted as not to need verification. The profoundest minds know best that nature's ways are not at all times their ways, and that the brightest flashes in the world of thought are incomplete until proved in the world of fact. Thus the vocation of the true experimentalist may be defined as the continued exercise of spiritual insight and its incessant correction and realization." In other words the procedure of science is, inference from known facts, proof by experiment of the inference; when proved, the complete acceptance of the inference as a fact. The noteworthy feature then of the scientific method is, that it limits the extent and kind of guessing. The guesses must be directly proved before they can be accepted if their elements be within the range of sensible and tangible phenomena, if beyond, science ponders the visible and the tangible, subjects them to a rigid analysis, classifies their properties, observes their action and their structure; this done it ascribes the properties of the section it has measured to the entire arc of investigation; it extends into the universe of thought the same qualities, properties and kinds of force and power that it observes in the universe of fact. By suitable experiments it proves its guesses probable or true or improbable and untrue; whichever course it takes it does not, if it be true science, declare guesses to be facts, nor fancies truths. The principle of verification is the solid rock on which the Palace Beautiful of science has been built, and on which it shall withstand the ages."

It is this principle which separates the works of science for-

ever from the fair but unsubstantial edifices of metaphysics and superstition; structures of surpassing loveliness, yet reared of the dew of fancy and the moonlit spray of dreams, where the shades of mysticism and bigotry most darkly fall. As an illustration of the difference between the guess of metaphysics and the guess of science take the guesses propounded severally by Kepler and by Newton to explain the facts of our solar system. Kepler, after determining many of the motions of the planets and the formulæ of planetary motion, was yet unable to conceive how these principles could operate without a personal will guiding and controlling them; he, therefore, guessed that these motions were regulated and guided by the agency of powerful spirits situated either on the sun or in the planets. Here Kepler had announced a guess which could neither be proved nor disproved; a guess which did not explain, which was therefore totally removed from an inference of science. The existence of the angel could not be proved; there was no way of ascertaining what the will of the angel was, what motives actuated him, or why he moved the planet at all. Kepler's guess was the substitution of one unknown quantity in the place of another, which left us just where we were before. It was a guess of the same nature as that of the schoolmen with their subtile spirits of fire; the guess of the alchemist about the transmutation of metals; the guess of the rustic accounting for the *ignis fatuus* as the actions of a wicked elf who led people astray; the guess of the Puritan about witchcraft; the guess of the Jews who saw in the struggles of the epileptic, one possessed of a devil; the guess of those who see in the grasshopper or the cattle plague, famine or war, the visitations of a God angry on account of a nation's wickedness. The fatal error in Kepler's guess, and in all these, is the introduction into the calculations of a different *kind* of power and force from that with which the

problem was attended. Note now the difference between this procedure and that of Newton, and we shall see wherein lies the validity and power of the method of science. Newton had long pondered upon the facts he had been able to ascertain about the solar system, he was acquainted with the difficulties which attended the solution of the question. He was also fully acquainted with the action of that force called magnetism, by which some bodies are mysteriously drawn to each other and others repelled. His mind dwelt longest upon the relations of the earth and the moon. How could these relations be explained? By that glorious gift of imagination which is vouchsafed only to greatest genius he queried: may not the earth and the moon, like two magnets, be *attracted* toward each other by a certain force like magnetism? This was Newton's guess; but it was a guess which assumed a knowable force as the explanation of an unknown relation; a force which he could measure, calculate about, make experiments upon, in short, verify or disprove. He therefore deduced his celebrated law of inverse squares, proceeded to verify it by computation upon the moon, found no agreement and laid it aside. When the error was discovered he elaborated his calculations, perfected and completed them, until from this simple guess of attraction there arose as silently as the walls of Troy to the melodious music of Apollo's lyre, the theory of gravitation; theory no longer, but one of the noblest generalizations ever made by the mind of man. Kepler's guess can never be disproved, it may be true, like many other guesses which have been made concerning where we came from and whither we are going, but now that we possess the explanation of Newton we may say of Kepler's angel, as did La Place in reply to Napoleon's objection that God was never once mentioned in the *Mechanique Celeste*: "Sire, I have no need of that hypothesis;" and this La Place said, not as an infidel

or an atheist—whatever those terms may mean—, but as a mathematician and a scientist, who recognized the futility of introducing among calculable quantities a co-efficient of variable value.

Yet Newton was, it should honestly be said in passing, sometimes untrue to science, as were Faraday and Davy, all of whom propounded in their note books guesses which have all the vicious elements of unverifiableness to as great a degree as that of Kepler. Take now as other illustrations of the method of science, the atomic guess, the undulatory theory of light, the guess of an invisible, imponderable ether pervading space; these guesses can never be directly proved, and they are to this extent pure fiction, but they are extensions of sensible experience, valuable and fruitful assumptions. Atoms, for example, are particles of matter writ small; they are the infinitesimals, the minus quantities of matter; they are extensions of properties and qualities of known forces, existing within the domain of sense, projected into the regions of the invisible and intangible. So long as we assign no other properties and qualities to the invisible particles than those we can prove in the visible, we are upon solid ground. Dissolve ice under a ray of heat, throw the picture of the operation upon a screen, and the whole surface of the ice is seen breaking into ten thousand stars, each with its six pure, white rays, and these stars again breaking into others. If now, we suppose each of these to be composed of others of the same kind as the matter known to us, but so small as to be invisible, if we experiment with them, treat them according to strict, mechanical laws, we shall be following the method of science; we shall find, by the problems which we can solve, that we have made an effective guess, a guess which can verify, illumine and explain, even if it can never be directly proved, and no

harm can ever befall science, if we are careful to state exactly what has been done. The wonderfully definite construction of the smallest and simplest substances, such as common salt, the rhythmical form of their constituents, no less than the contemplation of great animal and vegetable bodies which are found built up and organized in definite form and shape, show us how completely the atomic guess of Dalton justifies itself by its results. The remark is no less true of the guess of the interstellar ether which in repeated experiments unties chemical affinities, liberates chemical bodies and explains many facts of reflected, polarized and refracted light, otherwise inexplicable; yet the particles of this ether, so far as microscopic sight is concerned, are pure fiction, each of them being less than the 1-100,000 of an inch in diameter. The fiction of the eclipse in the movements of the planets, of an inflexible bar, of a perfect gas, of genius and species, of invertebrates, of the typical leaf in vegetal morphology, are in the same way equally valid, equally fruitful, although known not to be in strict accord with facts. They are known to represent only approximately, or ideally, the factors involved; this, by true scientists, is ever remembered; computations are made more exact, new factors included, until by successive approximations the real movements may be discovered. The approximation is partial, the method true; blossoming in its results into the myriad flowers of beauty and the ten thousand fruits of use. The fictions known as the laws of nature are, so long as their limits are remembered, most valuable aids to science; multitudes of facts are by these grouped in a single statement, the procedure of science simplified, knowledge extended and steps constantly taken for some great generalizations, more wide reaching and comprehensive than all which have preceded them. The guesses of Darwin, of Spencer, Kant and La Place in the nebular

hypothesis are alike exceedingly valuable to science; few of those who are really abreast of the highest thoughts of to-day imagine them to be complete, much less imagine them to be final; yet one has only to read the works of Darwin and Spencer to see what potent aids they are in science, how genuinely true is Mr. Darwin especially to scientific procedure, what light both have shed upon ten thousand obscure and otherwise inexplicable facts, what similitudes are detected in apparently incongruous phenomena, what rational explanations given of the transformation of observed facts. All these things you know so well that I need not dwell longer upon them. They remain as yet guesses, but who that considers the vast array of facts which they classify and arrange can doubt their immense utility as provisional explanations, where before was doubt, difficulty, incongruity and mystery. They are certainly valuable; and let him who would push them aside bring with him, if he can, to replace them, generalizations of wider import and of greater validity.

Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Darwin's guess, and whatever his disciples may have said or done, he must himself ever remain one of the brightest exemplars of that spirit which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. The spectacle of that man who, in the heroic search for truth, devoted over twenty-one years of his life to its silent study; who, publishing his researches only at the request of friends, has, despite the storm which his works have called forth, gone quietly on his way without returning bitterness or abuse; while none of his vilifiers—I do not of course refer here to those few men who have studied the subject one-third of the time Darwin has, and who may argue intelligibly about it—while none of his vilifiers has been able to furnish any arguments against his guess so strong as those

which Darwin himself, with rare candor, states in his own works; the spectacle of this man, so free from self assertion, so charming in his modesty, amid the ignorance and bigotry which have assailed him, is comparable only to the picture which England's great essayist draws of the muse of Milton in the age of Charles II; as then the fair muse of the poet stood amid the venal and licentious scribblers of the time, who had just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of panderers in the style of bellmen, so now in the midst of a bigoted and ignorant crew is placed the venerable form of Darwin, spotless, patient and serene, to be chattered at and pointed at and grinned at by the whole rout of satyrs and of goblins.

I do not here defend Mr. Darwin's guess; let the touchstone of time try that as it does all; but I do desire to hold up for admiration that modesty and patience which so grandly characterize him as a true teacher of science, and I feel sure that, when free from all taunts and sneers he shall sleep in the sanctuary of the tomb, under the quiet of the open sky he loves so well, there will appear in the galaxy of patient genius another star, and men will glorify it with the name of Darwin.

The declarations that species are immutably fixed, that creation occurred at distinct æons, that man was created in the shape he now walks, are, aside from a revelation which we do not here discuss, also guesses; and each rational mind will consider carefully and impartially both guesses as far as science is concerned, and determine for itself which best explains observed facts, which is the more rational and fruitful. Whatever guess he decides to be more probable, if he be a true servant and interpreter of nature, he will not dogmatically declare that the other cannot be and is not true; such language is unpleasantly suggestive of that spirit which instituted the rack,

the thumb-screw and the stake. To extend our view still farther we will find that in moral, as well as in physical science, the introduction of fiction is equally necessary, equally useful, equally valid. The ideal life which each noble man and woman holds up before himself or herself is entirely ideal; such a life is, as far as reality in the world of fact is concerned, an absolute fiction. Is it therefore to be discarded and abandoned? Shall we adopt as a standard only that which is realizable because we can never attain our ideal? We remember the old proverb about aiming our arrow high, and feel that though there be no perfect life of noble action, though there be no perfect sympathy of generous hearts, though there be no relations in life into which do not come to a greater or less degree sorrow, heart-burnings and distrust, yet none the less shall we press forward toward the mark of the prize of our high calling, which is the perfectness of a completed manhood and womanhood; none the less shall we strive for the realization of a disinterested sympathy, none the less agonize for the sweetness and light of an unvexed affection, none the less long for the blended unity of life's chromatic hues in the pure white light of aspiration, hope and love.

In view of these facts shall we hold that science is one-sided in its character? Shall we maintain that it is invigorating to the intellect but benumbing to the imagination and the emotions? Shall we declare that it seeks phenomena but not causes, facts not reasons, that it is limited within the narrow sphere of the senses and knows of nothing that cannot be touched and seen and handled? Shall we not rather declare that, while science by its method of grouping knowledge, thence inferring the relations of the unknown to the known, and thence, and most important, *proving* our guess or declaring with modesty and truth that it was only a guess and assigning to it its

proper place; that while by this method science ploughs the waves, weaves the fiery shuttle of the railways to and fro, lights the miner in safety to his dreary workshop, stoops over the bedside of the pain-tortured sick, and by the magic of its ether wafts him to Elysium, greens every grassy slope with two blades where but one grew before, brings to the poor, by its spinning jenny and the weaver's shuttle a carpeted and curtained luxury which Cæsar's palace never knew, points with its divining rod to the deep hid secrets of mineral wealth, disarms the lightning of its terrors and in the electric flash rides upon the wings of the wind; while science thus, like the powerful genie of Aladdin's lamp, rears for us the stately pleasure-houses of material comfort and industrial wealth,—it none the less, like that powerful spirit, traverses on the wings of the imagination realms where man has never trod, weighs atoms that no eye has ever seen, handles molecules that no hand has ever touched, bids scarped cliff and quarried stone, by the witchery of its spell, unfold the history of planets and the birth of worlds, summons before the ravished sight the infinite marvels of the dewdrop and the mysteries of Orion's thousand suns. Yet in its wildest and remotest flight amid the fiery mists where once the wonders of the world lay latent, the whirling glory of great Saturn's rings, the nebular cloudlets of commingled suns, it keeps ever in its view that solid ground where all experiment and observation and experience must remain.

Such is the majestic range of science; such its noble method; such its real validity.

Can science, then, it may be asked in closing, do all things for us? It cannot, in this connection, be too carefully remembered that real science deals only with the transformations of matter, not with its origin. Science may infer what that origin was and when the inference is proved the fact will be

established. Need I say that science does not, cannot, prove this, that only the false disciples make such a claim? The origin of the universe, so far as science is concerned, is, and it would seem at present, must ever remain a mystery to man. We group facts, we explain phenomena, but when we demand the reason for the facts, when we inquire *why* oxygen and hydrogen unite in such definite proportions to form water, why evil so readily perpetuates itself and the good thrives only by exotic growth, why the righteous so often suffer, why the modest are so often despised and neglected, the wicked prosperous and happy, science can give no adequate answers to these vexing problems. It notes the facts, endeavors to remedy our condition, to beautify our existence, but before the great sphinx of the, who am I, whence came I, and whither do I go, science is as yet reverently silent, nor in any of its courts can be found a Daniel who shall interpret to a disturbed humanity its old, old dreams of a loving Father and an immortal life. About these things as scientists we may infer, we may wish, we may hope as we please, we cannot prove or disprove anything. Those are the wisest who, recognizing in soberness and modesty how little they know, dogmatize least, use their best endeavors to advance, and on the dark battle-ground of unsolved problems to pitch the white tents of truth. These are they who watch for the messengers of light through all the open windows of the soul. These are they who herald the eternal dawn of knowledge. These are they, who, stranded in no shallow stream, sail upon the everlasting deep of faith. These are they who pluck the meteoric light of hope from the darkness of the heavens and fix it, an eternal star, within the brain of man.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

NOTE.

In 1878 Mr. Gluck was invited by the Common Council of Buffalo to deliver for the city the Independence Day oration. The literary exercises were held in old St. James' Hall, the scene of many historic gatherings in the early history of Buffalo.

The late David Gray, then editor of the *Buffalo Courier*, commented editorially upon the address as follows:

> The Buffalo orator of yesterday's national festival took a bold departure from the conventional model of Fourth of July oration. Instead of entertaining his hearers with pleasant prophesyings and inspiring eagle screams, Mr. Gluck assumed the role of Cassandra and delivered himself of a good deal of vigorous and impartial denunciation. It is not to be denied by the most optimistic that a basis of fact exists for much if not all of his sombre portrayal of the condition of the country, and the practical remedy he prescribes has long been recognized by political philosophers as the only possible panacea for our ills. For, after all, as the orator intimated, the evils of which he gives so strong a charcoal sketch—the venality of the press, the tyranny of party, the corruption of politicians—are but external symptoms of an inner disease. That disease he truly remarked "is in the heart of the citizen." The stream cannot rise above its fountain. Until the average American citizen becomes more enlightened, public-spirited and aggressive in his zeal for the common weal we cannot hope to have a purer press, more patriotic parties or less selfish politicians.

The *Buffalo News* stated editorially:

> As a general rule the speeches which grace Independence Day are distinguished for nothing in particular save a considerable amount of lofty, blatant oratory with a strong admixture of fiery patriotism. The utterances of

Mr. James Fraser Gluck on Thursday last in St. James' Hall formed, however, an unusually striking contrast to the general run of such attempts, and his speech deserves a careful perusal at the hands of all who lay any claim to be considered thoughtful and sincere lovers of their country.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Fellow Countrymen—To address an American audience on the birthday of American liberty is at once an honor and a responsibility. I thank your committee most heartily for the honor; I accept with diffidence the responsibility. It was, indeed, with many and peculiar misgivings that I accepted your invitation to address you. I wished to take it for granted that you had heard of the Puritans, the *Mayflower* and Plymouth Rock. I wished it regarded as an established fact that Washington was the father of his country, and that the Continental Congress was a body of distinguished men. I found that certain of my predecessors on this memorable day had patented the use of Lexington, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, and I wished most thoroughly that the American eagle, after screaming with outspread wings for nearly one hundred years, might be allowed for one day at least a grateful if but temporary repose. I believe that the time for empty platitudes on this memorable day has gone by forever. Yet I doubted whether the time were come when speaking as I wished would be as acceptable as it is desirable. The cause, however, is well worthy of the effort and I accept the responsibility. Part of a great nation, citizens of a noble commonwealth, inhabitants of a beautiful city, we have met on this most sacred and solemn day to manifest our gratitude, in as fitting a way as may be, for the liberties we enjoy. We recall the heroic men who achieved them. We remember the more heroic men who sustained them. If we are true Americans we vow to cherish the inheritance we have received and to transmit it unimpaired to posterity. I do not believe it will aid us in accomplishing this to

relate in fulsome language the lives they led nor to extol in empty phrases the deeds they did. I believed, I do believe, that if we would worthily imitate their example we would meditate on the evils of our times as thoroughly as they did upon the ills they bore. We would think as unselfishly and act as bravely as did our fathers in their days, in their time.

Therefore it was, in obedience to what seemed to me a simple duty, I left the delightful path of congratulation for another, more rugged and untraveled, but of noble height and commanding prospect. From that standpoint I would speak to-day, in words which, to the best of my ability, shall be free from all partisan feeling; in words not hasty, not unconsidered, but uttered in all soberness, with careful regard to their exact meaning, with all sincerity of thought and honesty of purpose.

The past of American liberty is at least secure. I would speak to-day of the present only, of its dangers, of its responsibilities, of its hopes.

I have heard of a noble sentiment which comprehends in its benignant scope the entirety of humanity; which sees through all disguises of creed, of race, of government the universal brotherhood of man; the common yearning for a human affection, the potency and power of a human nobility. I have nothing but good words to speak for such a sentiment; but I doubt its essential vitality and validity unless it bloom from the roots of a narrower, a humbler, a somewhat antiquated feeling. Of that feeling as a preparative for the former I would speak to-day. I would speak to-day—an American to Americans—of what I consider the highest of all sentiments, unless it be reverence for the eternal Mystery of the Universe, the sentiment of American patriotism. I would extol the grandeur of its duties, the gravity and glory of its responsibilities. I would call it to remembrance because it seems to

me to have been almost forgotten. I thought so at least when a few months ago I heard, in a gathering of a great party in this state, a great man in that party quote approvingly the sneer of the cynical Dr. Johnson that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. I wished then as I wish now that that man's soul could have been conveyed from the corrupt atmosphere of committee room, caucus and political clique, with their selfish and ambitious ideals and desires, to some lofty station far above the rock-bound coast of Maine. I wished then as I wish now that he and all those of his spirit might have seen the globe as it revolved toward him from the shadow into the morning sunlight; might have seen the thousand free born fishers of Maine gathering in the gray morning the treasures of the deep, the gleaming rivers rolling toward the sea, the prosperous hamlets slumbering in the azure atmosphere of peace. That he might have seen the sunlight drink the dew from the multitudinous piny cups of its forests, and as the great globe still turned upon its axis behold the glory of the sunlight illumine worthily the rocky headlands, the quaint towns, the venerable spires of historic Massachusetts; might have seen it stream in consecration upon the silver thread of the Hudson, about whose every highland every breeze blows Eolian melodies of heroic deed and unselfish valor; that then might have appeared the lovely valleys of the Wyoming, the Susquehanna and the Mohawk, with their flying trains of cars, their happy homesteads, their rich and fertile fields; and as the mist was pierced, that he might have seen rise up to take the morning the frosty peaks of the Alleghanies, while from afar came the sound of ceaseless waves washing the shores of great inland seas, sounding ever in his ears till the breeze blew soft and warm and the fragrance of the orange filled the air, while the fervor of the sun swelled the cotton of Alabama

and ripened the miles upon miles of rice in Carolina; that then might have arisen the exuberant plains of Kansas, the breezy uplands of Colorado, the cattle of Nebraska's thousand flocks, until at last as a star upon the horizon's verge appeared that land, "whose streams are amber and whose sands are gold," sloping from cloud-capped domes of the Sierras to the peaceful waters of the Pacific sea. I wished then as I wish now that he, whoever and wherever he may be, who sneers at the sentiment of patriotism might fittingly realize that of this land he is a citizen; that all its traditions, its heroic valor, its strength, its beauty, are the glory and the heritage of a noble people of whom all such as he are unworthy to be called the sons.

There are delicate interblendings of color that some eyes can never distinguish; there are exquisite subtilties of sound that some ears can never hear; there are unspeakable throbbings of ennobling sentiment that some hearts can never know, and of these is the sentiment of patriotism. To what shall I liken it? I stood not long since by the brink of Niagara, and I thought that if each drop in those cataracts could be conscious of the part that it fulfilled in that sublime spectacle it would throb with unspeakable joy; would glory in the strength of the surging wave, in the power that splintered and crushed the opposing rock, in the beauty that gleamed in the molten emerald of the torrent, that glittered in the iridescent hues of the rainbow, that slept in the fleecy fold of the spray cloud, that sparkled in ten thousand fountains momentarily rising and falling amid the opposing torrents. I felt that if each drop could have rejoiced as it glorified this great sight by its presence in the opal splendors of morning, the superb majesty of noon-tide and the quiet loveliness of twilight, and could have felt that it was a component, a necessary and an energetic

part of this grandeur, power and beauty, it might be comparable in some faint degree to the surging ecstacy of his soul whose imagination would but body forth the grandeur, the power and the beauty of this land, of which he is a citizen and a son.

I am sure that the sight of the territorial vastness of our country, its mercantile and manufactured wealth and the millions of its citizens, would delight the eyes of the fathers, could they but return to earth. I might, I do wish that they could behold the scene, but from afar. I could wish that it might be whispered to them that the form of slavery which existed in their land in their day had disappeared from it forever; and then, before they could walk our streets, listen to our legislatures, behold many of our public men, or read our newspapers, I could wish that each might betake himself to his narrow cell to sleep again the centuries away. For, sir, I here state publicly only that which each worthy citizen has long since felt in his own bosom, that the republic of the fathers has disappeared; that this country is governed, not by the free choice of a free people, but by the tools of partisan organizations, the parasites of office-holding despotisms. These are words that one needs pause before uttering, but they are the words of soberness and of truth. I appeal to your consciences, your experience for the verity of what I have said. I am not a maligner of the present. I believe in its infinite possibilties for good. I believe in the good men and the good women of today. I believe there are as many as there ever were. I do not believe they have the same power. I do not believe they have the inclination to use the power they have. I do not believe they know or do their duty as well as did the men and women of the past. I have no other wish than that they should use their power; and while I allude to the glories of the past and the decline of the present, I have no other wish than to arouse to definite and

concerted action the noble sentiment of which I have spoken, than to suggest the formation of the mental resolve that, as the treasure, the blood and the life of the past have all gone to the upbuilding of this goodly land and the adornment of this fair inheritance, so the treasure, the blood and the life of the present shall go to the maintenance of its grandeur, the eternal perpetuity of its purity and its beneficence.

What then, let us inquire, has wrought the change, what means this corruption in high places, the imbecility in public men, this chronic prevarication in the public press, these unseemly brawls in our public assemblies, this burden of public debt, this obliquity of mental vision pervading whole sections of country?

The answer which I shall give will seem to many, I doubt not, unworthy of the consideration of *practical* men! I find the basis of the change in the loss of old ideals, old hopes, old desires, the substitution of new and unworthy ones.

It is the peculiar glory of a class of men whose number is not small, that they recognize as potent factors in national history only those things which can be seen and felt and handled; as for example, military strength, wealth in all its forms, organization in mass under party discipline. It would seem as if the fierce glare of a thousand martyrdoms, the excruciating torture of inquisitorial racks, the pierced bosom of Winkelried were proof enough of what men will do for a feeling which has, aside from their own bosoms,no local habitation nor name. As if the spirit of Miltiades were not more powerful than the strength of Xerxes, the prayers of Cromwell than the prowess of Charles, the heroic resolve, the raw recruits of America than the regular regiments, the royal revenue of Britain! No, men are ruled by their imagination, hopes and loves, and upon the object of these depends the glory or the gloom of national

existence. What then were the ideals of the fathers; what did they conceive worthy of strife, of toil, of living for and dying for? The men of olden times, were, despite the belittling facts which the smellers out of scandal have exhumed, men essentially of large and noble sentiment, permeated with an abiding sense of the grandeur of American institutions. Their first and great ideal, under whose benignant light the young republic expanded in symmetrical loveliness, was the conception of this nation as a people, intelligent, independent, above all, moral, whose actions should be restrained only in so far as they were harmful to the public weal; who might find in the machinery of government and of law, rapid methods at the least expense, of enacting and enforcing measures of public and private welfare. They idealized the independence of each city, village, borough, district. Jefferson would have each of them a ward republic uniting effectually in the greater republic of the state, and each state in like manner uniting in the greater republic of the nation. They voiced through Washington their hatred of party strife and partisan corruption. They uttered through Franklin their detestation of political patronage and placemen. They denounced through Hamilton the agitation of presidential contests. They pointed out through Jefferson the true basis of republican government, the education of the people in their duty as citizens. In convention, in conversation, in official documents they warned against centralization and its baleful influence upon the spirit of liberty. Their ideal of private life was that of honesty, frugality, industry. To their eye the fairest sights were waving woods, the breezy upland and the fertile field; to their ear the sweetest notes the robin's whistle and the bluebird's song. Amid the cares and duties of official life they sighed for the quiet independence of home, the voice of wife, the prattle of children about the

evening fire; with the decline of the love of agriculture Jefferson foreboded the decline of the love of country. To them office was a burden to be accepted only for the public good. Washington offered the Department of State to nine different persons of various political opinions without success. To them office was a solemn responsibility to be offered to none but the noblest, to be accepted with diffidence, to be fulfilled with the utmost fidelity. Such were the ideals of the master-builders—the builders of this great republic.

But those ideals rest with the fathers in their coffins, and not even the thunders of Civil War can wake them from their sleep.

Are the objects they struggled for and longed for objects of interest to us now? For patriotic zeal we have substituted partisan submission, for the love of privacy the unhealthy lust for place, for the healthy strength of competency the ravenous thirst for gold. For the personal independence of republican liberty we have substituted, as a frightful legacy from the Civil War, the tyranny and oppression of parties and placemen, with their leaders, their rank and file, their headquarters, their lines of battle, their overwhelming victories or defeats. The ward republics have left us no trace of their existence, but in their stead has been born a system of personal tyranny of terrific power, of widespread and baleful influence. That system, I mean, which radiates from the Congress and the Senate of the United States to every part of the country, which enables United States senators to secure in their respective states appointments for their parasites in the Custom House, the Postoffice and the Bar, which enables these men, through attachés and employés, to control ward nominations, manipulate caucuses, and through delegates elected at these, to nominate assemblymen, who in grateful remembrance perpetuate the political life of those by whose slaves they were nominated

and elected; the principal qualification required for service is fidelity to the leader, the highest commendation, fairness in division of the spoils. Such a system in its loathsomeness, its remorselessness and voracity can be likened only to the devil-fish of the Atlantic seas.

As frightful a monster as that detested being lies stretched today over this fair land; its powerful arms sway themselves over county and city, over mountain, plain and river, each with its thousand office-seekers which, powerful as the multitudinous suckers of the devil-fish, attached to the hovels of the poor and the mansions of the rich, drain, through municipal corruption, unworthy representation and public plunder, the very life-blood of the nation. Nay, more, this detested monster breeds others like unto itself; for, wherever its arms reach, are to be found, swarming in its spawn, others of its nature: the rings of our cities, the corrupt treasurers of our towns, the extravagant commissioners of public works, the dishonest contractors for public labor, the groveling thousands who feed at the public crib. Let an honest man attempt to move and there is ejected from the maw of the monster the vilest streams of abuse, vituperation and falsehood. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that money is the principal food upon which this monster feeds; it is more often, especially in the leaders, the love of dominion, the greed of power, selfish ambition, personal aggrandisement. The illustration I have selected can hardly be complimented for its æsthetical value; but the illustration is beauty itself when compared with the reality it represents. I will indulge in no generalities. I have no desire to be misunderstood through any vagueness. Let us examine specifically, therefore, the directions in which this despotism manifests itself.

Take first the Press—the Argus-eyed Briareus of the present, whose voice rings daily through the busy marts of industry,

which penetrates the home circle, which clamors its opinions so continuously that they become part of men's thinking capital, which more than sermon or lecture or pamphlet is read by all classes, in all places, at all times through the land. Grand and beneficial Power! How has it fallen from its high estate! What man is there who has given any attention to these matters who does not know that the press—with very few exceptions—is in the livery of a paid attorney who advocates a case with a fee in his pocket? I do not mean that money is used; the fee may be influence, friendship, promise or preferment. Who has not read in its columns its schemes for the personal aggrandizement of the few, its adroit defense and explanations of unworthy appointments, its cunning distortions and suppression of facts? What is the glory, the ideal of the press, the object for which it labors? It cannot, it cares not to disguise them; this paper is quoted extensively as accurately representing "the views" of Senator Demagogue, another as being a firm supporter of Congressman Humbug. The idea of the editor presenting his own views is preposterous; they are either the party's, or they are boldly avowed as the opinions of a clique, or of the few who control; it is simply a question as to which master shall be obeyed. How often have we seen these noble services repaid by the appointment to some lucrative place of friend after friend of the editor, whose sole recommendation to office is the very fact of such friendship; while in other cases the editor's esteem is flattered and his subserviency heightened by the empty conception that he controls the master whom in reality he obeys. So partisan have become the utterances, so notoriously unreliable editorial expressions of opinion, that one noble function of the press—that of a great public educator—has entirely passed away.

But perhaps the vilest and most pernicious influence of all

which the press exercises is that of destroying, through spitefulness or wantoness, the characters of the great men—the ideals of the people.

> "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
> Thou shalt not 'scape calumny—"

The present impersonal mode of presenting news from all sources is most anomalous and most terrible in its results; reliance placed upon such statements in other quarters would be regarded as folly itself. We desire for example to ascertain the truth of a certain statement made in some modern history; the first question we ask is by whom was it made, what was his character as an individual, what opportunities did he have for observation, how far is he corroborated by others. We pick up a daily paper and read therein the gossip of some miserable scribbler about public men and measures, in whose verbal statement in an ordinary conversation we would not have the slightest confidence, and we accept it, many of us, as an utterance of inspiration. Thus the basest allegations are scattered broadcast, a man's entire character, the work of years of noble and honest toil, ruined, and the real author of the evil escapes detection or even censure. The writer's signature attached to each article would do more to elevate the morality of the press and to relieve public men and public measures from the load of opprobrium resting upon them than any other cause we can imagine. Other papers might exist then than the illegitimate descendants of the Eatanswill *Gazette*.

With a venal press, what shall we expect of the measures proposed and deliberated upon in our country? I need not tell you that this country has more property mortgaged to the public than any other nation on earth; that it is the most heavily taxed of any civilized country. Need I allude to the rapid,

unprecedented accumulation of municipal debt in every large city for unnecessary labor, of which the contractors and common council divide the spoils, despite the earnest and repeated protests of the citizens? Is it necessary to point out how the contagion has spread from cities and towns to assemblies, where propositions are made, as in our own assembly, by sons of distinguished men, to throw the control of the great bonded debt of the metropolis into the hands of cliques, by private sale? Shall I remind you how the leprosy has seized the National Assembly, by recalling to your mind the odious grants of monopolies to corporations, by which has been bartered away forever the common patrimony of the nation? This is what has been done. And what has been left undone? All that could most nobly have conduced to the permanent good of the commonwealth.

In the national legislature prudent legislation on the subject of the currency, prudent legislation on the methods of presidential election, prudent legislation on the bankruptcy and supply bills; on all these subjects and very many more the country has waited in all patience and hope, while buncombe, rant, vulgar and noisy discussion, schemes and committee reports for political capital are all that has been vouchsafed. Yet let one fact not be forgotten, to the lasting honor of these noble men; they are magnanimous; they are willing their constituents should have some share in the public plunder; this is the significance of the attempted starvation of the army and swamping of the navy; the vilest elements of society, the tools and parasites of these men—creatures begotten by the deadly heats of inefficient legislation—may then, unmolested, work their own sweet will upon the noblest and best of our citizens. And what in state legislatures has been left undone? Many of the noblest plans proposed for their consideration. I

merely cite, as an example, the plan for the government of cities. Compiled by some of our best citizens and anticipated with delight, where is it now? It slept forgotten during the session. Not one man of either party in our own State Assembly had the manliness or the courage to even allude to the measure by name; and that, too, at the time when all our cities are groaning under a heavy debt; when the frequenters of saloons and the solid men of the caucus go snacks on the spoils and the labor of the rich and poor alike. The constitutional amendments—all of them—are in the same situation.

Such is the miserable condition of the press, the educator of public opinion, the promoter of public virtue; such is the character of the measures which are advocated in our national and state assemblies. Such the work neglected and left undone.

And what shall we say of the men who in their assemblies misrepresent the people; who usurp the seat of the great men of the past? Is this the state which fanned the rising flame of the Revolution, and by the universal zeal of its people animated to deeds of unselfish daring the breasts of its noblest sons? The land of Lamb, of Sears and McDougal, the land of the "Sons of Liberty," of Schuyler, of Livingstone, and of Hamilton, crowned by the embattled heights of Ticonderoga and Saratoga's thrice illustrious field, is now the state whose fair fields and thronging marts and white-winged commerce are represented in the congress and the senate of the nation by practical nonentities, whose voices are never heard, and by unscrupulous demagogues consumed with envy, eaten up by greedy ambition, who can toil unremittingly through days and nights, torturing their imagination to devise arguments to maintain their sycophants in power, who shake the pillars of republican government to retain their greedy clutches upon the

appointing power, but who had no word of rebuke to utter, no noble protest to the passage of the Bland bill, to voice the tingling indignation felt by the people whom they misrepresent.

How long, how long must we endure this tyranny, how long must the poor man suffer from the iniquities of their plunder, how long will they dare to remain in our assemblies, to come within our senate houses, to drive their triumphant chariots over the dead bodies of our dearest liberties! Are there no traitors except those who took up arms against us in the South? Are they not rather the greater traitors who betray our liberty? Is it then too late to find a Brutus who shall drive out these Tarquins forever from our beloved Rome?

And here, that I be not misunderstood, let me say that in a short address of this character one can hardly stop to allude to those noble exceptions that remain in our press and legislative assemblies, to remind us of the early days of the republic. I need not here refer to the general honesty of our civil service; it is commendable; the only regret is, that to maintain their places the men engaged in it must wear the livery of placemen and feel the lash of party. The great and prominent facts only can be alluded to here, and of those I have spoken, it seems to me, with exactness and with truth.

I have mentioned conditions which have conspired to produce this sad result, but there is one which has not been referred to that it might be the more deeply emphasized; it is the root of the poison which infects our land. I cannot better illustrate what I mean than by giving the reply of a prominent New York business man to an intelligent Englishman, who had asked him why people in New York allowed themselves to be robbed as they were; why they paid such heavy taxes and allowed traitors to live in their midst. "Why, you see," said this noble American, "we can make more money by attending

to our own business and letting them steal than we could save by spending more time in politics and preventing them." That this is not an unusual remark I can vouch for by the number of times the same answer has been given to questions of the speaker. "We can make more money." Give us any government you please, but let us make more money; let these men be congressmen, be United States senators if they desire the position; let them tinker with the tariff, starve the army, disgrace the country, insult the memories of the past, destroy our credit as a nation for the future—but leave us alone, don't ask us to bother with politics, "we can save more money by leaving them alone." Ah! how true the words of our noblest American poet:

"Rough are the steps, slow hewn in flintiest rock
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they tumble to eternal mock."

In the complex organization of society the entire body is affected by disease in any part; with neglect the presence of the disease is felt far and wide. The indifference of our best citizens to politics, their mad thirst for gold, their selfish seclusion in contemptuous ease, afford opportunity for unworthy men to occupy positions of responsibility and trust. The money that it is impossible for these men to make in business they can make now rapidly by schemes for public plunder; hence taxation, hence increased cost of living, hence reduction in the savings of the poor, hence dissatisfaction, trade unions and strikes, socialism; hence the terror of those who yielded to inglorious ease, dismay of those who sacrificed their duties as citizens to their avarice as men; hence confusion, distrust, panic in society, withdrawal of capital, impoverishment of labor. Many good citizens imagine that were our civil service reformed the

republic would glow in pristine health and beauty. Unquestionably that reform would accomplish much; it would weaken the spirit of party, disorganize the most compact body of the army of placemen. But it would not save or even aid the republic. The disease is deeper-seated; it is vital; it is in the heart of the citizen. Until every worthy citizen determines to devote to politics ten days where he now devotes ten minutes; until he prefers to be a sentinel of liberty rather than a mere feeder upon its fruits; until each man devotes himself to politics with the same assiduity that he does to business there will come no change in the evil condition of affairs. And by attention to politics I do not mean the duty of discussions and attendance after the nominations are made, or the duty of voting at elections. I mean attendance at the preliminary caucuses, such care in the selection of delegates as would result in the return of honor and honesty to politics, the old honesty in the government, the old integrity of men. Here and there we hear of sets of men banding together to diminish the amount of municipal debt and the peculation of dishonest officials, but these efforts, though well meant, are not, cannot in the nature of things, be permanently successful; it is merely the effort of one set of men to displace another set, while the great body of the people work on in indifference. The only real success will come in the conviction, and in the action upon that conviction by the good people of the land, that only as the people interest themselves in the government can they have a government that truly represents them; that only as the rich men mingle with the poor, and both build up the government together, will a result be reached conducive to the welfare of the whole. The question of honest government is simply the question as to how long it will take the American people to find out the first truth of business, that it is better to manage your own

business than to have some one else manage it for you. There can be a choice between two courses only; the alternative the American people are now selecting is to prefer the ease of irresponsibility, with the tyranny to which it leads, to the duties of responsibility, with the liberty which they must bring. If the latter were preferred this country might continue a republic; if the former be continued, this country must inevitably become a military despotism, and that too before the close of the next century. No change in civil service, no return of specie payments, no development of internal resources, no sudden and unexpected increase of business, no abatement of political contests, no limitation or change of the franchise, no decrease in immigration, no change in the primary caucuses, no readjustment of the tariff, or of the relation between capital and labor, no expulsion of the communistic elements of our society can alter the result, which is inevitable as destiny. All these will be temporary reliefs. All these may avert the evil day. But as long as the selfishness of our human nature continues, and it always has existed as a very potent factor in history, so long will men, left unwatched, deal with public money as if it were their own; so long as the power of the state drifts continually from the many to the few, so long will those few agonize for tyranny, corruption and power; so long as the government is in the hands of the people, so long will the need exist of the active exercise on the part of freemen of those virtues which established the republic, which have aided so powerfully in its perpetuity, and with whose decay this republic must inevitably decline and die.

There comes before me a vision of the past. Beneath a sky of the serenest blue, beside a river, tawny colored from the upland loam and many Sabine farms, arises a noble city; on its embattled towers stalks sturdy Strength as sentinel; from its

humble homes sounds low the spinning wheel, promise of domestic purity and thrift; within its crowded marts the warmest praise is kept for produce of the soil, the fruits of honest toil, or the keen blade and burnished helmet, the armorer's rarest skill. Within those walls methinks I hear Cornelia speak of those beloved children, to her, rarer jewels than most priceless gems; and there beside the river's banks Horatius stands with keen eye and tireless blade, defending the white walls he loves; and now, descending from his curule chair, the embodied spirit of imperial liberty moves in the consul Brutus, to clasp his son once more about the neck, and then move on to death that the beloved city may be wholly free. Upon the Senate's marble floor stand in sublime simplicity, the farmer dictator Cincinnatus, the austere moralist Cato, Cicero the fervid orator, Scipio the soldier citizen, spotless in personal purity, simple in method of living, deep versed in all the learning of the time. City of self-sacrifice for the public weal, of heroic deed, of domestic purity, of simple life, of law, of liberty, what must thy children be who follow in thy footsteps! what must be thy future when thy beginnings are so noble, so illustrious!

And now there comes to me another scene, the same, yet different; once more the serene sky above, the turbid river under neath, and on its banks,

> "The great and glorious Rome, Queen of the East;
> With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
> Turrets and terraces and glittering spires,
> Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
> Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
> In cedar, marble, ivory or gold:
> All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
> To Rome's great emperor, with wide domain,
> With ample territory, wealth and power,
> Civility of manners, arts and arms."

But not with liberty—that died with Brutus at Philippi, and with it, love of country, simplicity of living, purity of life. The arms are there, but now no Romans wear them; the Senate building stands, with sycophants for senators; lolling at gorgeous feasts on coaches of luxurious ease, soothed by the lascivious music of the East, quaffing in cups of gold their wines of Setia, Cales and Falerne, the enervated sons forget alike the warnings and the glory of the past.

And now there comes another picture, with all the old serenity of heaven and of earth, when in the glittering palace there is the pallid face and quaking heart; when the relaxed hand in vain essays the father's sword; when, at the Coliseum's cruel show, at sumptuous repast and soft and slothful couch, there is a terror and a gloom not known before; for now, as of old, an army demands admittance at the gates, but no Horatius awaits them at the bridge. In vain resistance! In the lapse of time fall tyranny and lust for gold, and sloth and love of power; and in the stalwart form, the breezy vigor of the Goth, imperial Liberty avenges her long time betrayal and asserts her awful powers. Do I then speak of the past alone? Is there no significance for the present in the warning words of Capys to the republics of the olden time:

"Leave gold and myrrh and jewels
Rich table and soft bed
To them who of man's seed are born,
Whom woman's milk hath fed;
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing vats and looms;
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore."

The warning words of the fathers, the garnered experience of the past, point out our only path of safety. The old simplicity of life and manners, the old time longing for honest toil, the old time eternal vigilance that is the price of liberty, the old time purity and patriotism; these alone can save us from the fate of the republics of the past, these alone can make our republic a republic in something else than name.

There is much to discourage, much to dismay in the outlook, but remembering the fathers, it becomes us not to despair, we the heirs of their bounty, the children of their hope. We have still the free voice, the free pen, the free school, the free church; and on these eternal foundations we may rear a superstructure of beauty, and of godliness. We need no change of the constitution, no amendment of the organic law. We have but to avail ourselves of the privileges of freedmen. I offer you no revolutionary sword to cut the Gordian knot of our tyrannies. I advise no assassin's knife to still forever the blatant demagogues that oppress us. I counsel no secret conclave to work out a relief from our ills. I offer you but a simple talisman, which like the lamp of Aladdin requires but use to develop its magical powers. I offer you both the ballot and its use throughout the arena of politics. Use it, and the grizzly spectre of communism will fade beneath its sunshine; use it, and the benign forms of Education and Morality will become the guardian angels of the republic; use it, and the waste places of corruption will bloom with the white blossoms of honor; use it, and the withering lightnings of taxation will fall in genial showers of revenue; use it, and the tornado of foreboding, under the sunlight of hope, will be arched with the rainbows of eternal promise; use it, and as in the years that are gone our fathers were wont, on this memorable day, to gather themselves together and to rejoice that they were able to bequeath to their

children this fair, this beloved land, so by the use of this talisman it shall surely come to pass that in the centuries to be, our children's children, to the remotest time, shall gather themselves together to celebrate a republic, compared to which in its beauty, its godliness and its power, the republic of the fathers shall be as are the virgin glories of the morning star to the full-orbed beneficent splendors of the noontide sun.

Such, the patriot's ideal; such, the good man's hope. Be it ours "To plant the great Hereafter in the Now."

THE RELIGIOUS STATUS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

NOTE.

For several years prior to 1884 the condition of Cornell University had been most unsatisfactory. Through the efforts of a declamatory and aggressive minority, the largest and most influential alumni association in the country, the Association of New York City, publicly denounced the administration of the University, cast aspersions upon its board of trustees, and criticised in a hostile spirit its president. So persistently and violently were these accusations made that the alumni throughout the Union became markedly dissatisfied as a result, and the number of students attending the University steadily diminished. While no official answer was made to these charges, some of the alumni, upon making a careful investigation, became satisfied of their injustice, and in 1884, after the nomination by the New York City Alumni of a candidate for alumni trustee, nominated Mr. Gluck as an avowedly disinterested and independent candidate for the same position.

The contest for election was protracted and somewhat virulent, but it resulted in the election of Mr. Gluck by a large majority. A resolution was then passed at the alumni meeting, requesting Mr. Gluck, who was elected trustee for five years, to make a report to the alumni on the condition of the University at the end of the first year of his term.

Although engaged actively in the exacting duties of a laborious profession Mr. Gluck devoted himself so exhaustively to the trust confided to his care that at the time designated he presented to the alumni a report, subsequently printed, and which filled in the latter form over 128 octavo pages. It may be said without exaggeration that this document is one of the land-

marks in the history of Cornell University. President Eliot of Harvard University declared that he knew of no report upon an American college by a trustee, not a paid official, which compared with that of Mr. Gluck for thoroughness and discrimination.

Mr. Gluck primarily discussed the erroneous impressions that seemed to prevail concerning the University, the condition and needs of the University, the progress made in the different departments, the higher education of women, instructors, physical culture, and the admission and classification of students. Another portion of the work dealt with the means by which the alumni could aid the University and closed with carefully prepared tables and schedules showing the revenue and expenditures of the University, the list of its donors, the statement of its property, and other details.

The report was received with enthusiasm and gratitude. Letters of commendation from the alumni were received by Mr. Gluck from all quarters. Many of the professors wrote expressing their high appreciation. A large number of the alumni who had opposed Mr. Gluck's election wrote commending his course. It was everywhere felt that the accusations made against the University were overwhelmingly disproved, that the conduct of the University trustees was thoroughly vindicated and the president's conduct toward professors and trustees fully explained and justified. An immediate revulsion of feeling on the part of a vast majority of the alumni followed, and from that day the attendance at the University and its general prosperity have steadily increased. These results may not have been due to Mr. Gluck's report, but their inauguration at least was coincident with its publication.

Concerning the report the *Buffalo Express* remarked editorially:

It is gratifying to feel that the most explicit and thorough statement yet made of the history, progress and standing of the University should have been given by the spirited young Buffalo trustee, Mr. Gluck.

The *Buffalo Courier* said editorially:

Mr. Gluck has done a good work in placing before the people of the state in a scholarly and lucid report the condition and needs of our great state university. It will doubtless serve to dispel prejudice, correct errors, impart much needed information and greatly aid the institution.

The undergraduates expressed themselves enthusiastically in its favor. The Cornell *Sun* declared that,

Beyond all question the most interesting publication concerning Cornell that has appeared in a long time and the most full and complete information concerning it is Mr. Gluck's alumni report. Mr. Gluck was satisfied with nothing less than a personal investigation of all things where that was possible and for the purpose of making this spent a number of days in Ithaca. Hence the report may be properly considered Mr. Gluck's report and not what was reported to Mr. Gluck. We expected to find wanting many Pocohontas stories that have been generally credited concerning the University and we were not disappointed. The report gives evidence of much labor and careful thought. Mr. Gluck has done a good work and done it well.

The subsequent work of Mr. Gluck while in the Board of Trustees indicated the strength of his influence in that body. One of the most important advances in an educational way inaugurated at Cornell in many years was the establishment of a system of University scholarships and fellowships. This consisted in the setting aside from the gifts to the University of a sum representing the interest of $155,000 for men and women, and a sum representing the interest on $50,000 for scholarships and fellowships for women alone. By this means there are

provided twenty-four scholarships of $200 each and 12 scholarships for women of $200 each and seven fellowships of $400 each.

At a banquet given to President White by the Syracuse alumni shortly after this system of scholarships was established the president expressed himself concerning the relation sustained by Mr. Gluck toward this feature of the University, as follows:

"Allow me here to express my sincere gratitude, which not only every alumnus of Cornell University, but every future student and the county at large ought to feel toward one of your own alumni trustees. It is but justice to say that this happy result was at last, to a very large extent, brought about—indeed wholly brought about at the time—by the persuasiveness in private and the eloquence in public of Mr. James Fraser Gluck of Buffalo. Anything more effective than his speech at the meeting just past on behalf of the scholarships and fellowships I have never heard in that body."

The *Cornell Era* in speaking of Mr. Gluck's work as trustee said:

> The quiet earnest manner in which Mr. Gluck has gone about the accomplishment of certain measures of reform and sound policy has won the cordial approval of even those who accepted his election with great reluctance. He has shown himself sagacious, discriminating and thoroughly alive to the needs of Cornell and the best method of securing what he wanted. The results have indeed been marvelous, and it is not too much to say that his co-operation has been and is now of the greatest possible assistance to the friends of a steadily progressive policy in the management of the University.

The impression made upon the friends of Cornell by the report of Mr. Gluck was such that upon the retirement of President White Mr. Gluck was extensively mentioned as his successor.

The *Elmira Gazette* said:

> Among the alumni of Cornell University there are some men who are winning distinction. One of the oldest and best known is J. B. Foraker, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio. Another who is quite well known is James Fraser Gluck of Buffalo. Mr. Gluck has been seriously thought of (for president of the University) in some quarters. He is a man of undoubted capacity and wide information.

The *Buffalo Express* said editorially:

> The *Elmira Gazette* suggests as a desirable candidate for the presidency of Cornell University Mr. James Fraser Gluck of this city. Mr. Gluck is now about the same age as Mr. White when he assumed the duties of president. Mr. Gluck is a graduate of the classical course, at Cornell, graduating with the highest honors at the head of his class. As alumni trustee his report on the condition and needs of the University was one of the most, if not the most complete report ever made on any college. His thorough understanding of the needs of the University, his careful analysis of its tendencies and its requirements, his mastery of details as exemplified by the valuable appendices to his report, the conservative nature of his conclusions have elicited much approval from the press, from his associate trustees and from his fellow-alumni. Mr. Gluck understands the needs of Cornell, he possesses the fire and enthusiasm of youth and he is an untiring worker. A man of affairs, having to deal with public men and measures and having already attained a distinguished position at the Bar of this city, he has often been mentioned for but has uniformly refused to become a candidate for important positions in the gift of the people.

The *Lockport Journal* said:

> We do not see why all friends of Cornell should not pleasantly agree upon Mr. Gluck. The only tangible

objection might be his youth. The suggestion of the *Express* is entitled to serious consideration.

The *Troy Times* said:

> Mr. James F. Gluck has been suggested in various quarters as an accepted candidate for the position, but notwithstanding that gentleman's scholarly attainments and his popularity alike with the University authorities and the alumni, it is believed the selection lies between Mr. Adams of Michigan University and Gen. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mr. Adams was subsequently elected.

In his report, among other subjects considered, Mr. Gluck discussed "The Religious Status of Cornell University." From a legal point of view the subject is treated in so broad, just and sagacious a spirit, and with such skill and discrimination that it is considered worthy of reproduction in the present volume.

THE RELIGIOUS STATUS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The last trustee elected by the alumni in his last report on the University says:

"Of late the University and its well-meaning friends have shown a damaging solicitude in regard to its stand taken, particularly in respect to religion. It has been attempted to show that, after all, piety and religion are actively encouraged and supported at Cornell when the facts—to our credit—do not bear out such statements. Cornell has never been guilty of what would have been a sectarian folly of teaching infidelity—nor has she inculcated piety. She has had and has nothing to do with either."

I think these statements require modification. Whatever its "well-meaning friends" have been doing, I do not think "the University" has shown "of late a damaging solicitude in regard to its stand taken in respect to religion." An examination of its official utterances will disclose the fact that of late it has shown no solicitude on the subject to be compared with that indicated in the past, and if it be true that Cornell has nothing to do with piety or religion, then it will appear that students have been induced to come here under false pretences, since the university has always been publicly declared to be not only a religious, but a *Christian*, institution.

No student has ever been induced to attend the University from a statement that it was NOT *a Christian institution. No such announcement has ever been made; on the contrary, it has always been declared to be a Christian institution.*

Now for the facts which confirm these assertions:

The announcement made in the first Register (1868–'69, p. 29) was as follows:

"The University seeks as its highest aim to promote *Christian* civilization. But, as it was established by a government which recognizes no distinction in religious belief, and by a citizen who holds the same view, it would be false to its trust were it to seek to promote any creed, or to exclude any. By the terms of its charter no professor or student can be accepted or rejected on account of any religious or political opinions which he may or may not hold. Simple religious exercises are held daily at the university chapel, which all students, except those specially excused for due cause shown to the faculty, are *expected* to attend. *Students are also expected to attend some religious service on Sunday.*"

Certainly there has been no *advance* on the standard established at the beginning of the University in this regard.

At the inaguration of the University Mr. Cornell said (Register 1869–'70, p. 17): "I desire that this shall prove to be the beginning of an institution which shall furnish *better* means for the culture of all men of every calling, of every aim, which shall make men more truthful, more honest, more virtuous, more noble, more manly, which shall give them higher purposes . . . . training them to be more useful in their relations to the state, to better comprehend their higher and holier relations to their families and their God. It shall be our aim and our constant effort to make true *Christian* men, without dwarfing or paring them down to fit the narrow gauge of any sect."

On the same occasion President White said:

"The faculty now assembled is in the best sense a *Christian* faculty, yet it is of no dogma; almost every religious body is represented." And, again: "Nor shall we discard the idea of worship. This has never been dreamed of in our plans. The first plan of buildings and the last embraced a university chapel. From yonder chapel shall daily ascend prayer and praise. Day

after day it shall recognize in man not only mental and moral, but *religious* want. We will labor to make this a *Christian* institution—a sectarian institution may it never be. . . . . May this be a monument which shall make earnest men more earnest. . . . . May there ever rest upon it the approval of good men. Above all, may it have *the blessing of God.*"

On the same occasion Vice-President Russell said:

"We trust, *with God's help*, we shall be faithful to the means placed at our disposal."

The significance of these remarks was fully understood; Chancellor Pruyn, on the same occasion, remarking in his speech, "I was glad to hear to-day, in the remarks of the president of the faculty, that this institution . . . . was to be founded and carried on in the broad and comprehensive principles of *Christianity;* that the offering of prayer and praise to the Most High was to ascend day by day from its walls."

And last, but not least, the same idea is expressed by Judge Finch in his memorable and exquisite address on that occasion, upon the chimes, in a passage of such beauty, that its reproduction here cannot but be welcome. He had spoken of the large bell. Speaking of the smaller ones, he said: "The rest silent, while the imperious worker clangs his call to work, will add their voice in the stillness and calm of the Sabbath mornings, in the serene peace of the Sabbath evenings, and waft over hill and valley and lake, stilling its waves to listen to the grand melodies of the *Christian* church, and silence forever the *false* tale, that, because *all modes of Christian worship are respected here*, all *Christian* creeds permitted, with the same broad toleration which is the crown and glory of our free republic, therefore there is no moral force, no *religious* culture here."

In 1872, there was issued from the University press, a pamphlet entitled "Cornell University: What it is, and what it is

not," and the statements in the early Registers and in the speeches at the inauguration of the University are intensified therein (p. 27) as follows: "The Cornell University is governed by a body of *Christian* trustees, conducted by *Christian* professors, and *is a Christian institution, as the public-school system of this State is Christian.* Its inauguration exercises were commenced with simple *Christian* worship, and not a public exercise of any sort has taken place since that has not been begun with that great comprehensive petition *from the Founder of Christianity itself—the Lord's Prayer . . . . . The University is therefore a Christian institution*, but it is not sectarian. Its endowment by the general government, and its state charter, forbid it expressly from making distinction as to belief. It belongs to the entire people of the state, not to any party division, sect, synod, conference, convention, or convocation." In the Register of 1873–'74, p. 28, the announcement was made that, "In the chapel, when completed, daily morning prayers would be held, and religious exercises at least once on every Sunday, in connection with which discourses would be delivered by clergymen of the various *Christian* denominations, to be selected from time to time in such a way as to give the best representation of the religious thought of the age, and to exemplify the influence of *Christianity* upon the world."

In the Register of 1874–'75 this announcement was continued, with the addition that there were also daily chapel exercises, "to which students are *invited*, although none are compelled to attend."

In the Register of 1876–'77 this announcement of daily services disappeared, and has not yet reappeared. So far as now appears from the Register, the only religious services held at the University are the Sunday sermons at the chapel.

The above extracts are far more convincing than any argu-

ment would be that during the early years of the University far more stress was laid upon Christian influence and devotional exercises than at present. In 1860, students were "expected" to attend chapel daily and to be present at church on Sunday. In 1876 they were "invited" to chapel. In 1883, no mention is made of their being "expected" or "invited."

Certainly, judging by its recent official utterances, contrasted with those of the past, it *cannot* be said truthfully that "*of late* the university has shown a damaging solicitude in respect to religion."

Of late it has shown no solicitude whatever on the subject to be compared with that evinced in the past.

Judging by the language of its official utterances, the language of its founder, its president, its trustees, the university is a *Christian* institution. Should it not encourage "piety and religion?"

But if it be indeed true that the University is a Christian institution, it is, it seems to me, high time that it should be defined in what sense and to what extent it is so.

If it is meant that it is a Christian institution in the same sense only that the common-school system of this State is Christian, then it is not a Christian institution at all, since, according to three successive superintendents of schools, Messrs. John C. Spencer, John A. Dix. and the present incumbent, Mr. Ruggles, no religious exercises should be allowed in the common schools if there is any objection made thereto.

In respect to the use which may be made of its endowment funds for religious purposes, I think that Cornell cannot be said to be a Christian institution, for, as its endowment came from the national and state governments, which recognize as pre-eminent no religion directly, and whose citizens comprise those adhering to different religions, it follows *that no portion of the funds so given* should ever be expended in maintaining a religious establishment, or religious professorships, or chairs of

divinity. The expenditure of such funds for such a purpose would, it seems to me, be a breach of trust. Of such a breach of trust the University has never been guilty. No portion of the funds derived from the State has ever been expended upon religion, and to this extent Cornell is *not* a Christian institution—not even a religious institution.

If, therefore, nothing were said in the charter on the subject the religious status of the institution would be the same as that of the common schools, and the declarations that this is a Christian institution which have appeared in almost every official document emanating from the University would be entirely without warrant.

But its charter provides that "at no time shall a majority of its board of trustees be of any one religious sect or of no religious sect."

The charter therefore provides that a *majority* of the board of trustees *shall be members of religious sects.*

In arriving at the meaning of statutes it is a well established principle that "the general state of opinion, public, judicial and legislative, at the time of enactment may be considered."*

Now, it cannot be doubted that at the time of the enactment of the University charter, according to the general state of opinion, public, judicial and legislative, the prevailing religion of this State was Christian, which, indeed, is the only prevailing religion known in this country which has *sects.*

It follows, therefore, that the charter provides that a majority of the members of the board of trustees should be members of *Christian* sects; that is, should be Christians.

Now, such being the case, what is the duty of those trustees? Their duty I conceive to be that of a government itself, con-

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* Sedgwick on Construction of Statutory Law, 2d Ed. p. 204.

ceding it to be Christian. What that is has been admirably expressed by Judge Story in his great work on the Constitution, as follows: "The promulgation of the great doctrines of religion; the being and attributes and providence of one Almighty God; the responsibility to Him for all our actions founded upon moral freedom and accountability; the cultivation of all personal, social and benevolent virtues *can never be a matter of indifference in any well ordered community.* It is indeed difficult to conceive how any civilized society can exist without them. *At all events it is impossible for those who believe in the truth of Christianity as a revealed religion to doubt that it is the especial duty* of governments to foster and encourage it among all citizens or subjects. This is a point wholly distinct from that of the right of private judgment in matters of religion and of freedom in public worship, according to the dictates of one's conscience."*

It being, then, the especial duty of the trustees to foster and encourage religion, how can they lawfully do so? They cannot use any portion of the endowment therefor, as we have seen—such is not the direct purpose of the trust. But they may receive from private individuals funds and property which may be used by them, when the use to which the funds are to be put is collateral to the purpose of the institution.†

That the purpose is collateral, nay more, an especial duty, we have already seen, and we must therefore conclude that the action of the board of trustees in receiving from Mr. Henry

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*Story on the Constitution, § 1871.

†"There is no positive objection in point of law to a corporatioe taking property upon a trust not strictly within the scope of the direct purpose of the institution, but collateral to it." The Girard College case, Vidal vs. Girard, 2 How. U. S., 127.

Sage the gift of the chapel, and from Mr. Dean Sage the gift of the Sermon Fund, was directly within the line of its duty, and undoubtedly within its power; and should any generous benefactor see fit to establish a chair of Christian Philosophy, or Christian Ethics, there is not only nothing in the charter to prevent it, but it seems to me, it would be the duty of the board of trustees, under the charter, to accept the funds.

But, it may be asked, does not this observance of religious worship indirectly destroy the character of the government endowment in its non-religious aspect, by thus promoting and fostering the Christian religion? Not at all. Attendance upon such services is not made compulsory, and, besides, no portion of the fund is used in promoting such religious obserances.

"No principle of constitutional law is violated," says Judge Cooley in his work on Constitutional Limitations, "when legislative assemblies are opened with prayer or the reading of the Scriptures. Undoubtedly the spirit of the constitution will require in all these that care be taken to avoid all discrimination in favor of any one denomination or sect; but the power to do these things will not be unconstitutional simply because of being susceptible of abuse. The public recognition of religious worship, however, is not based entirely, perhaps, or even mainly upon a sense of what is due to the Supreme Being Himself, as the author of all good and of all law; but the same reasons of state policy which incline the state government to aid institutions of charity and seminaries of instruction will also incline it to foster religious worship and religious institutions as conservators of the public morals, and valuable, if not indisputable, assistants to the public order."*

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*Cooley's Constituitonal Limitations, 2d Ed., p. 471.

But, it may be inquired, if the Christian religion is to be so fostered and encouraged, what is to become of that intellectual freedom that prompts to independent scientific research; to the following after truth, wherever it may lead? Is not the Christian religion opposed to such? We do not so understand it. In the words of President Porter, who expresses the idea more clearly than I could in any words of my own: "The Christian spirit is, in its nature, truth-loving. If there is any one feature prominent in the character of its great Founder, in which He was before His own time, and has given character to all the time that has followed, it is His recognition *of the independence of the truth as such, and of its authority, by virtue of its hold upon the reason.* If there is any one spirit which He has inculcated by word and example, it is the spirit of brave allegiance to truth.

"It enjoins the love of all sorts of truth—truth of art and literature, as well as of that beauty, which is but another name for æsthetic truth. The precept, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things,' provides for the most æsthetic taste conceivable, for the most progressive civilization, for all true refinement in art, in literature, in manners and in civilization of every kind. It not only provides but enjoins them all as duties." And this is said by one who at the same time candidly admits that, "The university and the college are not *proximately* designed for religious culture and spiritual edification, but for study and intellectual discipline. To turn them into houses of religion, or to use them chiefly or prominently for spiritual instead of intellectual exercises, is greatly to pervert them . . . . . and to foster all manner of spiritual monstrosities, as hypocrisy, cant, spiritual pride, and the like."

The conclusions reached, therefore, are that in some senses

the university is not, and in others it is, a Christian institution. In respect to the use of its endowment for religious purposes, in respect to its having the right or power to impose upon professors or students any religious test or observance, or compel their attendance thereon, it is *not* a Christian institution. In respect to the majority of its governing board, in respect to its power and right to accept and receive trust funds to maintain religious observances and devotional exercises and to establish chairs of divinity, it is a Christian institution, and as such, and to the extent and by the means indicated, may encourage and support the Christian religion.*

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*See also, as reaching the same conclusions as those indicated above, the admirable report made at the end of the first year at the University of Michigan, by the regents of that institution, as quoted in Mr. TenBroeck's work on "American State Universities," pp. 158–159. See also President Porter's work on "American Colleges and the American Public," pp. 229–236.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF IRISHMEN TOWARDS THE CAUSE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

NOTE.

In the campaign of 1884 much reliance was placed upon a hoped for defection of the Irish vote from the democratic ticket. The following speech, delivered by Mr. Gluck in different parts of New York State, was well adapted to secure the earnest attention of Irishmen, and it has been stated by competent authorities to have contributed not a little to the desired result. The speech was published in the *Irish World* and the *Irish Nation* of New York City. The production is lifted above the ordinary level of political addresses by the admirable historical epitome which is given of the efforts made by Irishmen in the cause of American liberty. It contains facts not easily accessible, and not elsewhere presented in so full and complete a form as in Mr. Gluck's address.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF IRISHMEN TOWARDS THE CAUSE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Fellow Citizens: I have been requested by some of our Irish Americans to address the Irish Americans of this city on the issues of the present canvass.

Why I should have been selected I do not know, unless it is that I have never disguised the fact that the Irish race in their past and present struggles for those rights which our Declaration of Independence declares to belong to every nation as inalienable, viz.: Liberty and the pursuit of happiness and a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed—have always had my keenest sympathy and my warmest regard.

In my opinion the Irish nation have as much right to be free from the dominion of England as these United States ever had; every ground set forth in the Declaration of Independence as justifying the separation of this country from England, Ireland has in ten fold degree and has had for centuries.

No such claim of kindred race and nationality can be urged for union between Ireland and England as justified the forced submission of the South by the North. No mutual memories of the heroic dead invoke upon meditated strife the benediction of fraternal peace.

I deny that the Irish people are to be judged by those fanatics who blind Liberty by the blaze of dynamite and wound her by the assassin's bullet. Such men are the curse of Ireland and of every nation in which they exist. But my admiration is

excited by the noble spectacle of a people, who have suffered wrongs whose bare recital makes the blood boil with indignation and the eyes fill with tears of gracious pity, moving in a mighty procession under the leadership of an enlightened statesman, self poised, serene and calm, without tumult or confusion, without vain-glorious threats or bluster, but with resolute will and unflinching courage, to claim, in the legally constituted tribunals of discussion and legislation, the rights which are their own as Irishmen and as men. There is no American who is a true lover of liberty who may not, as that of his brother, clasp the hand of Charles Stewart Parnell and bid him God speed in his noble work.

The time is fruitful of great changes. Nations are born in a day. The spirit of Liberty is abroad upon the earth and flies from land to land. She marches at the head of assembled thousands in Birmingham and London, and the place which once knew the house of lords, shall soon know it no more forever. She speaks through her chosen ministers, Chamberlain and John Bright, as well as through Charles Stewart Parnell. It is her voice that is heard in the voice of John Bright when he says—"Who are the peers? They are the spawn of the blunders, wars and corruptions of the dark ages of our history. They entered the temple of honor, not through the temple of merit, but through the sepulchers of their ancestors and they are no better than their fathers. Some of them worse." It is Liberty who whispers in the nihilist newspapers of Russia, and the rustlings of her wings are heard in the imperial palaces of Germany—all ominous of the time when the government of aristocracies and kings shall cease, when "government of the people, by the people and for the people" shall extend to all countries of the earth.

The independence of the Irish people is right and must surely

come to pass. And when it does, methinks I see that noble island—taught by centuries of discord the evils of fraternal strife—united, prosperous and free; its fertile valleys golden with waving grain and bright in the sunshine of peace. The Corinthian columns and the lofty arches of its capital echoing to the impassioned eloquence of its chosen representatives; its cities resonant with the whirling spindle and the turning wheel; its capacious harbors crowded with ships, bright with the flags of the world; the golden streams of its revenue—no longer poured upon the barren deserts of English landlordism and military armament—flowing out and over the land of a prosperous people; the deep religious feeling of its people free to voice itself in cathedral chant or covenanter's psalm; the beauty and chastity of its daughters, the bravery and chivalry of its sons, the rippling happiness and profound devotion of its family life once more the theme of the orator's eloquence and the poet's song.

By the wearing of the green, by the grave of Emmett, by the memory of O'Connell, by an endless and a peaceful agitation of Ireland's rights, by religious toleration, by the sprig of fern, by the waving sunburst, by the immortal shamrock, may these things be!

But what shall we say of the larger Ireland on this side of the sea? Has it remembered that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty? Has it been responsive to the higher demands of citizenship? Alas, in the new land as in the old the Irish heart has often been larger than the Irish head. The warm impulse of Irish devotion to friendship has been victorious over the whisperings of the dispassionate intelligence, and so it has come to pass that while every heart-beat of every Irish-American has pulsed in unison with liberty, its enemies in America have treated the Irishman as the Philistines did Samson of old

—they have put out his eyes and bound him with fetters of brass and made him to grind in the prison house; for the harlot of democracy has played upon his impulsive devotion and shorn him of his strength.

How well the history of the Irish race in America illustrates the fact that Irish devotion is supreme over Irish intelligence; that Irish fealty to false friendship disregards the whisperings of enlightened self-interest, let their history show. Why, it is a fact, and though not generally known, not less a fact that these United States, in a large measure, owe to the Irish race their origin and existence. The impartial verdict of history discloses this fact beyond a doubt. For, at the close of the Revolutionary War a committee was appointed by the English parliament to ascertain the causes which contributed to the disasters that befell the armies of England in America, and in answer to the question whether the colonial armies were composed of native Americans or of emigrants, a witness, Major General Robertson, testified that "half the rebel continental armies were emigrants from Ireland"—a fact of which Edward Everett was aware when, in speaking of the Revolution, he said: "The Irish were a nation within a nation and those who aided us were enough to turn the balance of the struggle." It was an Irishman who struck the first blow for American liberty; for it was John Sullivan, afterward Major General Sullivan, of the continental army, who in 1774 seized the military stores of Fort William and Mary, at the entrance of Portsmouth, N. H.; and the powder there obtained blazed from American rifles against the invading British on the heroic field of Bunker Hill.

Irishmen therefore composed the rank and file of the army of the Revolution. They bore the heat and burden of the day; they were numbered in thousands among the unknown dead, leaving liberty to America, and their wives and children to the

care of their adopted country. But they were not all unknown. Listen to these glorious names of continental valor: Major-General Anthony Wayne—Mad Anthony—the hero of the bloody fields of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth—first in the fierce bayonet charge on Stony Point; General Walter Stewart from Londonderry; General William Thompson, the victor of the sanguinary struggle of Trois Rivieres; Major-General Knox, afterward secretary of war under Washington; General William Ervine, afterwards one of the most distinguished members of congress; General William Hand, afterward adjutant-general under Washington; Brigadier-General Moylan; Major-General Richard Butler; General Stark of New Hampshire, the hero of Bunker Hill, Princetown, and Bennington; while in the French forces co-operating with the Americans—the second in command—at the head of his own Irish regiment was Count Arthur Dillon; in the navy the first American commodore, glorious John Barry. All Irishmen these, all lovers of liberty, lustrous names, fixed stars, glittering forever in the constellation of our revolutionary heroes.

But the devotion of the Irish people in the Revolution was not limited to the heroic valor of the battle-field. In the counsels which wrought out the Declaration of Independence they were also conspicuous. Linger with me a moment in the quiet of old Independence Hall in Philadelphia: a quaint and simply built room, upheld by four slender pillars, but sacred as the birthplace of a great nation, the scene of heroic self-sacrifice and patriotic zeal. About the walls of the room are the portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The sunlight falls upon the one nearest us as we enter, revealing the striking countenance of an elderly gentleman, whose finely shaped head, high forehead, delicate nose and well-moulded jaw combine to indicate a character of great firmness, and yet of

singular sweetness and delicacy. This is the immortal Irishman, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. A little beyond is another picture, a beautiful face, with large, expressive eyes and firm and resolute mouth—Thomas Lynch, Jr.; and near by, other portraits, George Reed, Edward Rutledge, George Taylor, Matthew Thornton, Thomas McKean, James Smith, John Nixon—all Irishmen these, all signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Nor was the help of the Irish race in the Revolution confined to the battle field and the deliberative assembly. Where it had given its life blood and its brains and its best thought, it gave also freely of its treasures. It was twenty-seven members of the society of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, who, in the darkest days of the Revolution, when the zeal of even native Americans grew cold, when the revolutionary army was starving at Valley Forge—it was twenty-seven Irishmen who raised over $500,000, a sum equal to nearly $1,500,000 now, to help defray the expenses of the war. Is it surprising when these facts are remembered that Washington should say of the Irish troops, especially of the members of this society, "they have shown a spirit of bravery which will do honor to them and will ever be gratefully remembered by me?" Is it surprising that when at the close of the war in 1781, Washington was unanimously elected a member of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick and presented with its ensign, he should say, "I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity, distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the cause in which we are all embarked?" Is it a wonder that this noble man, rejecting the honors which Great Britain would have showered upon him, repudiating her sole rule and disowning her claim to his citizenship, should have accepted an Irish emblem and have become "the first adopted citizen of

Ireland?" Never can America forget the heroic valor, the unwearied devotion, the noble self-sacrifice of the Irish in the War of the Revolution.

But if they did much to establish the Union, they also did much to preserve it. When the hand of Treason clutched the fair throat of Liberty the Irish did their full share in the suppression of the rebellion. In the Federal armies there were over 170,000 Irishmen enrolled, and on the bloody fields of Virginia, in the fertile cotton fields of Georgia and Alabama, among the rice swamps of the Carolinas, in the everglades of Florida, many an Irish soldier sealed his devotion to liberty by his life-blood. Here are a few of the glorious organizations composed entirely of Irishmen during the war of the rebellion: The Irish Brigade, the Corcoran Legion, the Douglas Brigade, the 9th Massachusetts Infantry, the 10th Ohio Infantry, the 42d New York Volunteers, the 63d New York Volunteers, the 99th New York State Militia, and the 164th New York Militia. And here are a few of their names: General Philip Sheridan, head of the army of the United States, of whom Bismarck said, "He is the greatest soldier of modern times;" General Shields, hero of the bloody engagement of Cross Keys and the victor at Winchester, and the only general who ever defeated Stonewall Jackson; General Mulligan, General Sweeny, Colonel O'Rourke of the 140th New York, killed while leading his troops at the battle of Gettysburg; Colonel Ryan his successor, the hero of Spottsylvania, and there killed; General Thomas F. Meagher, commander of the Irish Brigade, and afterwards governor of Wyoming; General Corcoran, colonel of the 69th Militia of New York, and organizer of the Corcoran Legion; General Martin I. McMahon, Colonel James McMahon, Colonel John McMahon—all brothers, and constituting a triumvirate as famous as the illustrious McCooks;

General Gurney of the 9th Massachusetts, the hero of the seven days' fight; General Phil Kerney; General and President Chester A. Arthur, and Major Arthur, his brother, and General John A. Logan.

The Irish people in America thus did much to establish the Union; they did as much to preserve it and yet up to the present, the Irish in America in times of peace have aided by their ballots that party which plotted the destruction of that Union, which devastated this country with all the horrors, the carnage and the anguish of one of the most terrific civil wars the world has ever seen, in which were lavished nearly a million lives and billions of treasure; that party whose members are responsible for the horrors of Andersonville and Libby prison, the massacre of Fort Pillow, the murder of thousands of union men and the assassination of the beloved Lincoln; that party which sought to degrade the laborer everywhere by establishing human slavery upon an everlasting foundation, that party which in the streets of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, in the year before Lincoln's election, took the Irish printer, John Powers, who sympathized with John Brown, and in the presence of the legislature of the state and a vast concourse of people and while the fiery mid-day Southern sun shone down upon him, had him whipped on the naked flesh by five burly negroes until he fainted away.

The Irish people love human liberty; the democratic party sought to establish human slavery by the destruction of the Union, and the democratic party has had the Irish vote. The Irish people honor labor and the laborer; the democratic party took the crown from the brow of labor and placed upon its hands the chains of slavery, and the democratic party has had the Irish vote. The Irish people abhor the reign of privileged classes, and loathe the dictates of an aristocracy. The

democratic party has fallen down and worshipped the aristocrats of the South and made them its chieftains and leaders, and the democratic party has had the Irish vote. The republican party has loved liberty and it has fought to preserve and has preserved the Union; so have the Irish people and yet the Irish Americans have voted against the republican party. The republican party struck the fetters from four million slaves and elevated human labor by abolishing forever human slavery. The laboring classes of America are largely the Irish, yet they have voted against the republican party. The republican party has done all in its power to abolish the iron rule of a southern aristocracy and insisted upon a free ballot and a fair count; the hatred of aristocracy and the love of fair play are ruling principles of the Irish heart yet the Irish of America have always voted against the republican party.

How is it possible to explain these curious anomalies? How is it possible to reconcile these inconsistencies?

The explanation is found in the fact that in 1839 a party was organized in this country known as the "Know-Nothing party," with a regular prescribed ritual of oaths, pass-words, signs and ceremonies of initiation, and the members of which bound themselves "not to vote for any man for office unless he were an American citizen, born of Protestant parents, and not united in marriage with a Roman Catholic." This party continued to spread and create hostile feeling against our foreign Catholic population, until it culminated in riots in Philadelphia lasting three whole days and resulting in the burning down of two Catholic churches, one Catholic seminary, two Catholic parsonages and a Catholic theological library; culminating in "bloody Monday" also in Louisville, Ky., when Archbishop Spalding was publicly insulted and his life threatened, his residence stoned, and when the streets of the city ran red with

the blood of foreign Catholics under the eyes of a democratic mayor; culminating in Baltimore in a carnival of horror with the approval of the bigoted democrat John Breckenridge.

The democratic party during this period throughout the North cunningly disseminated the idea that it was bitterly opposed to this new party and that its warmest sympathy and friendship was given to the abused foreigner. Into its ranks therefore came the hundreds of thousands of Irishmen who fled to America after the horrors of the Irish famine, in 1848, and the downfall of the young Ireland party. To that party the Irish hearts turned with joy, confiding in its promises, working in its ranks, gaining its victories and rejoicing in its success and in its ranks they have remained to the present day.

But this friendship was a sham, this sympathy was a delusion. The democratic party then as now was governed by the South. Its strength lay in the South and in the South the Know-Nothing party had its origin and its home. Louisiana was the state in which the native American party, as it was called, first publicly proclaimed its programme. The warm feeling which this democratic state entertained for the Irish is well illustrated by their first published address in which they said: "When we see hordes of beings in human form—the outcasts and offal of society, the pauper, the vagrant and the convict transported to our shores, reeking with the accumulated crimes of the whole civilized and savage world, inducted by our laws into equal rights and privileges with the noble native inhabitants of the United States, we can no longer contemplate the prospect with indifference." Such is the language of the Southern aristocracy which turned up its nose and curled its lips at "white trash," and it is this same South that gained and held power for years, through the votes of Irish democrats in the North! Tell me the difference if you can between the disgust and

hatred expressed by these words, and those used by the English press at the same time, concerning those very Irish emigrants, when it called them "departing demons of assassination, whose lives were occupied in shooting innocent men from behind hedges." "Ireland is boiling over and the scum flows across the Atlantic." "Ireland has no snakes and vermin except among its peasantry and clergy." Are not these:

> "Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one?"

The address of the Southern Know-Nothings from which I have quoted, then characterizes, in contemptuous language, the vileness and ignorance of foreigners, especially those of Irish birth, and concludes by saying: "These foreigners aim at the destruction of our domestic institutions, and the supplanting of our slave labor (Ah, that was the sting!) with their own. What if they deny it here? They openly unite with the abolitionists of the North."

What is to be said of such a statement, when in the North, at the time this address was issued, the Irish vote was a potent factor *against* the abolitionists, and tended largely to sustain the democratic party in power. But, after all, these Southern men were right as to the future. For when forty years had rolled round, the gallant Irish regiments did unite with the abolitionists of the North in the destruction of slavery. But during those forty years the democratic party in the North held Irishmen bound hand and foot, and drove them in flocks to the polls, while the Southern element spoke of them as "the outcasts and offal of society, reeking with the accumulated crime of the civilized and savage world."

Will it be said that the address of the Louisiana Know-Nothings did not represent a real feeling that existed throughout the South against the Irish emigrants? Then take an-

other example as an indication of how wide spread this feeling was. What are the leading democratic newspapers in Virginia? The *Richmond Despatch*, *Lynchburg Virginian*, *Lynchburg News*, *Stanton Spectator*, *Danville Register*, *Alexandria Gazette*, *Norfolk Ledger*, all democratic and all former Know-Nothing journals; while now the leaders of the democracy are largely composed of the very persons who constituted the eminent men of the Know-Nothing party in Virginia. One of the two governors chosen before the coalitionists came into power, every United States senator until Mahone was chosen, three-fifths of the democratic congressmen, four of the judges of the Supreme Court, fourteen of the eighteen circuit court judges, all now democrats, were leaders of the Know-Nothing party, demanding that Irish emigrants and their descendants be excluded from office.

Do you ask for another example? Here it is: In 1856 the Know-Nothing party was at the height of its power. Fillmore was its candidate for president. The great body of the Know-Nothing party was in the slave states. Fillmore had a majority in Maryland, and received 43 per cent of the total vote of the slave-holding states and only 13 per cent of the free states. The next candidate was John Bell, himself a slaveholder in the South. He carried Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and received 40 per cent of the total vote cast in the slave states, and in the free states (except New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island) one or two per cent! In New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island it is impossible to tell the vote, as the democrats united with the Know-Nothings openly against the republicans and supported a fusion ticket, under an agreement that in the event of success the Know-Nothing candidate was to have seven electors; so that every democrat that voted, voted for seven Know-Nothing electors. In that election, 1860, Lincoln won,

and the Know-Nothing party, which existed largely in the South, became merged in the democratic party in the South for which the Irish in the North have voted for the last twenty years, under the idea that they were voting against the Know-Nothing party in voting against the republican party!

These are the plain unvarnished facts of history, and yet this is the party for which the Irish race in America in times of peace has struggled and voted during the last forty years.

And how have they been rewarded? Is the democratic party any less a Know-Nothing party than it was? Let us see:

One of the most distinguished Irish-Catholic citizens in New York City is nominated for the office of mayor, and over 40,000 Know-Nothing democrats refuse to vote for William Grace because he is an Irishman. A representative Irish citizen is nominated for the position of Governor, and over 60,000 Know-Nothing democrats unite in the political murder of Francis Kernan.

Are those acts the indications of a widespread feeling through the democratic party, or are they but the hasty and inconsiderate utterances of a few fanatics? That can perhaps best be answered by the consideration of the platform of the party.

Now, it must first of all be remembered that the Irish population of our country constitutes no small part of the democratic party. It would, of course, therefore, naturally be expected that in its platform would be found declarations looking to the careful protection of our Irish-American citizens.

In what and where are our Irish-Americans engaged? In a word, the Irish-American race in America is in the *North* and its occupation is largely *manual labor and manufacturing*. For example, take the map of the last census of this country published by the census office, and on which the relative number of natives of Ireland is marked in different shades of green from light to dark, and what does it disclose? There is a faint

spot of green in Virginia, Texas and Arkansas, two or three in Georgia, and one in New Orleans, Vicksburg and Memphis. This is all that appeared throughout the entire South. Now, glance along the map from Maine to Long Island and the Atlantic seaboard, and you find the color of deep emerald green, for therein are the imperial municipalities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, New Haven, Providence and Boston, in which dwell our Irish citizens. Back of these is another broad green track lighter but still brightly green, covering the great mining regions of Pennsylvania and including Baltimore and Philadelphia, and back of this again another broad strip of green extending along the waters of Lake Ontario, the shores of Lake Erie and the valley of the Mohawk, thence along Lake Michigan to Chicago, to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, St. Paul and Omaha. The figures in the census show how true this is, as for example, New York City has a foreign population of half a million and about one-half of it Irish, and the same is true of Philadelphia, Providence, Albany, Troy, Chicago and Cambridge. The Irish are one-fourth of the foreign population in Buffalo; in Boston the foreign population is 100,000, of which 70,000 are Irish. Contrast this with the southern cities. Out of a population of 123,000 Louisville has but 6,000 Irish. Out of a population of 63,000 Richmond has but 1,000 Irish, Charleston 3,000 Irish in 49,000 population, Atlanta 400 Irish in a population of 37,000. So that it will be seen that the Irish and their descendants are to be found in the *North* and in the ***republican*** states; the interests of those states are therefore their interests, the prosperity of those states their prosperity, the needs of those states their needs.

And in what occupations are they engaged? There are nearly two million Irish in the United States. I mean foreign-born. Of these over 300,000 are engaged in mechanical and

mining pursuits; 140,000 in agriculture; 125,000 in domestic service; 225,000 as laborers; 100,000 clerks; 22,000 draymen; 32,000 as employees of railroads; 20,000 as cotton mill operatives; 17,000 as iron workers; 6,000 as leather dressers, 13,000 as woolen mill operatives.

So that it appears that the vast proportion of our Irish population live in our northern cities, in the cottages of our northern factory towns and near and along our public works and mines. They are engaged in manufacturing industries and commercial pursuits. As these interests flourish, the Irish flourish; as these languish, the Irish laboring classes are impoverished. What is it that has caused these interests to flourish in this country? Protection. And what has made them languish? Free-trade. With the duty on foreign goods removed the country would be flooded with them. They can in some cases be made and exported at a less price than we can produce them. Why? Because the American laborer is paid twice and three times as much as the European laborer; and who comprise these American laborers? *Our Irish Americans*, whose wives and children with their husbands and fathers out of employment through competition with the pauper labor of Europe would starve in America as their parents did through free-trade in Ireland. Do you ask for the proof of this? You may find it in the history of Ireland and our own country. In Ireland free trade was introduced with that other curse, the Act of Union. Since that time Ireland has lost all her commerce, comparatively all her industries, and sends to England every year over one hundred and fifty millions of gold for English goods and manufacturers! Take the facts in this country. In 1832 the democratic party introduced as its first public measure a bill looking toward free trade. Ten per cent. reduction was made in 1835 and ten per cent. in 1837, when it

became a tariff for public purposes only. What was the result? The most frightful panic this country has ever seen. Thousands of workingmen were thrown out of imployment. Hundreds begged for work at fifty cents a day to keep their families from starving; and for the first time in American history hundreds of workingmen were fed at the public soup houses in the large cities or they would have perished by starvation. Factory after factory, mill after mill, was closed in this country, while in England scores of factories were opened and thousands of laborers found employment.

This was repeated by the democratic party in 1845; when Buchanan was elected the tariff was reduced 19 per cent and again a terrific panic swept over the country. Hundreds of men worked for $17 per month, while boys found work, twelve hours a day, six days a week, at $1.50 a week. Masters were unable to pay their workmen. The country was flooded with foreign goods, and the national credit was so greatly affected that it was found impossible to raise a small national loan in Europe except at an outrageous rate of interest.

The principle of free trade has been most earnestly contended for and upheld by England, the hereditary foe of Ireland. It was by the subsidy of half a million by the English manufacturers in 1846 that the Walker tariff bill was passed; since the establishment of our Union the great object of England has been the establishment of free trade with this country in order that her manufactured goods might be exchanged free of duty for southern cotton, and accordingly we find that when the southern Confederacy was inaugurated it was laid down as a cardinal principle in its constitution "that no duties or taxes on imported goods from foreign nations be laid to promote and foster any branch of industry." How quickly England rushed to the aid of the South, how generously she supplied it with

munitions of war, how persistently she sent or allowed to be sent out privateers to destroy our commerce, is matter of history.

It thus clearly appears that English free-trade principles when established here led only to the destruction of *northern* manufacturing and commercial interests. It appears that free trade is demanded only by the *South*, never by the North. But the *Irish* population, as we have seen, is in the *North*, and almost wholly engaged in manufacturing and industrial pursuits. They also belong to the democratic party. It therefore follows that if the democratic party had any regard for the interests of the Irish population it would *condemn* free trade in the strongest terms and uphold protection in the most emphatic language.

Now we are prepared to see whether the democratic party is in fact opposed to its Irish voters, and whether the expressions of contempt and dislike heard in its convention were the signs on the surface which indicated a deep-seated contempt for Irish interests; for when we examine its platform, the result of days of deliberation, we find that it declares for a "tariff for public purposes only," showing that now as always the democratic party has cast over its democratic voters in the *North* for the sake of the solid *South*, and that, as if in contempt for its Irish adherents, it openly favors the free-trade principle, the principle of England, their hereditary foe.

Why, therefore, should it surprise our Irish voters that the protests of distinguished Irish leaders in the democratic party are treated with contempt, and that the men who have ignored them are lauded to the skies when the democratic party calmly, deliberately announces in its platform that if it should gain power it would enforce a tariff which would reduce to beggary our Irish population and build up by millions of American gold the manufactories and pauper labor of England.

England's glory rests on her commerce and manufactories. Every factory and mill that is closed in Massachusetts, every furnace that goes out in Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio redounds to England's wealth and glory. Fancy the delight with which England must have regarded the adoption of the principle of free trade by the democratic party! Their papers do not conceal their views. The *London Iron and Coal Review* of December 7, 1883, says: "Our best customer for iron, steel and hardware has long been the United States, notwithstanding the high duties there levied. The greatest interest is manifested in American politics by our business men, especially when they affect the tariff. It is evident the protectionists are no longer to have it their own way." The *Machinery Market*, a London paper, of January last, says: "The coming triumph of the democratic party means the triumph of free trade, which will open an immense additional field for the sale of English goods in the United States." The *London Spectator* of December 8, 1883, says: "Of course, American free trade would be greatly to the interest of British manufactories," and these extracts might be repeated indefinitely.

How thoroughly the South is in sympathy with this is shown in the proceedings of the national eight-hour commission just published. From that report we learn that the bill proposing to establish a national bureau of labor statistics was opposed by the democratic members of congress from *the South*. The report says: "The speeches in opposition to the bill were made by Aiken of South Carolina, Bland and Buckner of Missouri, Blount of Georgia, Wolford of Kentucky, Young of Tennessee, all *southern democrats*." The yeas and nays were demanded by Mr. Baynes of Pennsylvania, and but seventeen recorded themselves in the negative, all democrats, and all but one from the South. The free-trade democrats from the South said

"no measure tending to the amelioration of the condition of labor—as is provided in the factory legislation of European governments—can be expected to receive hearty support from the free-trade representatives of the South."

But the democratic party seeks to defend its course by saying that the republican party by its high tariff is responsible for the recent decline in work and reduction in wages. What is the real cause of this? The answer is at hand. It is the tariff agitation carried on by the last democratic congress. Business men not knowing how soon the protection they enjoyed would be removed, fearing to increase or even go on with their business, capital became torpid and industry was paralyzed. As General Butler says, "Mills were closed, mines shut up, furnaces blown out and every kind of employment so curtailed that the mechanics and workingmen are not earning enough to support life in comfort; so that the farmer deprived of a home market and crushed by discriminating rates of transportation, finds his corn, wheat and wool lower than they have been for a generation."

Thus it appears that the expression "to hell with the Irish," uttered in the national democratic convention, was but a repetition of what had been expressed in its platform; since the adoption of free trade principles in this country would indeed consign our Irish population to a hell of poverty and ruin and beggary almost without a parallel in the history of our country. But not in the history of Ireland, whose utter ruin free trade has wrought, crushing its industries, ruining its commerce, and banishing its people to foreign lands.

Is there no reason why the Irish should leave the democratic party? That is for the Irish Americans to decide for themselves. But while they are hesitating what to do, let me suggest that it would be well for them

to consider what the other great party of this republic—the republican party of America—has done for Ireland and the Irish in America. If it has done anything it has been purely disinterested, for it had nothing to expect in return. Year after year the Irish vote has been cast almost solid for the democratic party. The democratic party relied upon it, and the Republican party has always recognized the fact. Yet how different has been the conduct of the two parties! Where will you find among the great leaders of the democracy any expressions of encouragement for the cause of Ireland and the Irish? But you will find the greatest leaders of the republican party honoring the Irish and praying for the liberation of Ireland; the writings of the greatest republican premier—William H. Seward of New York—are aglow with zeal for the cause of Ireland, and on fire with hope that the Irish republic may quickly be born and Ireland delivered from British thraldom. The clarion tones of the silver-tongued orator of republicanism (I mean Wendell Phillips), like the song of the swan, most melodious at the last, awoke on behalf of Ireland the great heart of America with strains of sweetness and of power, whose echoes linger still. The steadfast republican, the friend and associate of Lincoln, and the first republican chief-justice of the United States—Salmon P. Chase, was the steadfast friend of Daniel O'Connell, and the champion of the cause of Ireland. Robert Emmet, united by the closest ties of blood to the great Irish leader, was the honored chairman of the first republican convention—the devoted friend of Ireland. Do you ask for further proof of sympathy and esteem? Behold the illustrious Sumner declaring that "justice to Ireland is a British necessity. In every effort for Irish independence there is but one side for my sympathy and aspirations." Behold John Sherman, the peerless republican financier, declaring that "England should

concede to Ireland home rule not as a matter of form, but of right." Behold the sympathy of the republican party with the cause of Ireland spread at large upon the annals of a republican congress endorsing the revolt of 1865; and behold it manifested even more nobly in the request made by a republican congress that Charles Stewart Parnell address them on the conditions and needs of Ireland. Think of that from a party which has never had the Irish vote, which has been opposed by its hundreds of thousands of voters for the last twenty years! Has not the republican party in the past highly honored Irish blood and ability? What distinguished Irishmen have held high position in the democratic party? It is to the ranks they came and it is in the ranks they have been allowed to remain. Yet the republican party has called to the position of vice-president Chester A. Arthur, our present honored chief magistrate, the son of an Irishman; and has made the son of another Irishman the general-in-chief of the American army, the gallant Philip Sheridan. What a record is this of party recognition of Irish intelligence, of appreciation of Irish ability and heroism!

What a galaxy of illustrious names are these illuminating by their beneficent light the down-trodden land of Erin! What have the democratic party to match it? What have they done to elevate the Irish intelligence to the highest places in their gift? They have spurned in the sight of the world the leaders of the largest Irish constituency in America. They have applauded to the echo the cry, that Cleveland they love for the enemies he has made, and they have heard the expression, "To hell with the Irish," without a word of indignant protest.

We have seen how the democratic party has treated the dearest interests of its Irish constituents, how it has declared in favor of free-trade, which may enrich England, and the

South, but which means beggary and ruin to the Irish of the North. How has the republican party treated the same subject in the past? Taking the country at the opening of the Civil War with its commerce disorganized, its credit impaired, its manufactories closed, its laborers idle, it crushed the most gigantic rebellion of modern times, dotted the land with manufactories, built up 10,000 diversified industries that now enrich our country, increased the profits of the capitalist, trebled the pay of the laborer, and made it come to pass that with the daily morning light the American people lay up in addition to their accumulated wealth, $2,500,000, one-third of the daily accumulation of the entire world, and every ten years since the republican party has been in power there has been added to the country's wealth a sum equal to the whole capital value of Italy and Spain! This it has done by the principle of protection. A principle which may distinctively be called the American as opposed to the English system of free trade, for the protection system had its origin in the second statute which the American congress enacted, and which Washington signed, and which declared that "it was necessary for the encouragement and protection of manufactures that duties be laid," and Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Gallitan, as well as Washington, were all protectionists.

Free trade and slavery both came through England from the South.

The democratic party nearly broke up the Union in trying to perpetuate slavery, and England aided it in so doing. It is trying to ruin the prospects of the North by establishing free-trade, and England is aiding it in so doing. The Irish opposed the attempt of England and the democratic party to perpetuate slavery. Will they now aid England and the democratic party to establish free-trade?

The English and the democratic press say there is no reason for the Irish to leave the democratic party, and they ought to know.

What is the *present* position of the republican party on this subject? Listen to the declarations of its platform: "It is the first duty of a good government to protect the rights and promote the interests of its own people. The largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity and of the comfort and independence of the people. We therefore demand that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made not for revenue only, but that in raising the requisite revenues for the government such duties shall be so levied as to afford *security to our diversified industries and protection to the rights and wages of the laborer.* Against the so-called economic system of the democratic party which would degrade our laborer to the foreign standard we enter our most earnest protest. We recommend the establishment of a national bureau of labor. The enforcement of the eight-hour law."

The Irish people in America are most of them laborers in the North and democrats; they desire the establishment of the national bureau of statistics and the enforcement of the eight-hour law. The democrats of the last congress, principally from the South, voted solidly against both, as we have seen. The republican party in its greatest convention and in the deliberate utterances of its platform declares emphatically in favor of both. The Irish constituents ask for bread from the democratic party and it gives them a stone. The republican party advocates their wishes and announces to them its platform. Yet the English and democratic press say there is no reason why the Irish should refuse to support the democratic party, and perhaps the Irish voters will be guided in this matter by what the English and democratic press say.

But the republican party did more and went further than all this in its last national assembly. Among its most distinguished leaders was one, the descendant of Irish parents, whose grandfather was an Irishman, and an honored member of the society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, which so nobly aided Washington in the Revolution. The constant effort of this leader has been to aid the development of American industry, to open new fields in the sister republics of America for our enterprise and products, to strengthen our ocean carrying trade, to improve the condition of the laborer by killing all schemes tending to give to the laborer a debased and depraved currency, and to shut out from our country the debasing and debased Chinese; who, in reference to labor, said over his own signature, "We do not want cheap labor; we want labor at fair rates; at rates that will give the laborer his just wages, and this coolie labor will not do. I feel," he said, "and I know that I am pleading the cause of the free American laborer and of his children and his children's children, the cause of the house against the hovel, of the comforts of freemen against the squalor of the slave;" who has been the untiring advocate of the doctrine of protection and who said in 1880, concerning free-trade, "The free-traders of England desire to break down the protective tariff and cripple our manufacturers. Having seen Ireland driven to misery and driven to despair by the unjust policy of England, the Irishmen of America use their ballots as if they were the agents and servants of the English tories. Nine-tenths of the Irish voters in the country respond with alacrity, 'Yes we will do your bidding and vote to please you even though it reduce our own wages and take the bread from the mouths of our children.'" It was this leader who in 1867, 1868, 1869, while a leader in congress, commenced and car-

ried on an agitation that resulted in 1870 in the treaty of Washington, by which the provisions of the act of 1848, providing for England's right to punish upon British soil British born subjects for treasonable utterances or performances on foreign territory were abrogated, and by which Great Britain abandoned all claims of allegiance from British subjects who became naturalized as American subjects. It was this treaty that secured the release from British dungeons of Augustus Costello and Gen. Denis Burke, arrested and tried in England for utterances in the United States. This leader it was who while secretary of state and while the doors of British prisons were closed on hundreds of brave Irishmen as "suspects," lost not a moment in telegraphing instructions to Mr. Brooks, the consul at Cork, to protect American citizens, and through whose indefatigable efforts Mr. Henry O'Mahoney and scores of others were released from imprisonment. It is this leader who is today the most representative Irish American in this country; who has honored Ireland in placing Irishmen forever under the protection of the American flag; who is the foremost representative of all that is peculiarly and eminently American; who glories in American citizenship, who believes that this country shall not be an annex to England, but that the American laborer and the American producer shall control the American market; who believes that the American flag on American ships shall carry to all American countries the products of American soil; who would unite in the bonds of a glorious commercial union all our sister republics in South America; who is at once the distinguished statesman, the brilliant orator, the zealous patriot, the judicious historian, the lover of liberty, the friend of labor, the protector of the oppressed, the talented editor, the untiring representative, the impartial speaker, the dignified senator, the deplomatic secretary of state, the faithful husband, the kind

father, the exemplary Christian, the foremost Irish-American—James G. Blaine of Maine!

This is the man that the republican party selected as their standard bearer with ringing enthusiasm and boundless joy, unparalleled in the history of nominations.

Yet against this nomination the English and democratic press unite in condemnation. The *London Saturday Review* says: "No republican nomination since the accession of the party has provoked so much disapprobation as the choice of Mr. Blaine," The *London Spectator* says: "Mr. Blaine's nomination is a blow to every sound English liberal. He is believed to hold that the time has arrived when the United States shall extend its direct authority down to the Isthmus of Panama, the secretary who denounced the Clayton-Bulwer treaty upon the ground that the United States must control the inter-ocean canal, and who during the Peruvian war endeavored to induce the Spanish American states to put themselves under the avowed protectorate of the American government." The *London Economist* says: "Mr. Blaine has expressed rather strongly a certain distaste for England. Mr. Blaine may adopt a tone in his despatches, if elected, which from other states would be difficult to bear." The *London Telegraph* says: "The republicans have chosen for their presidential candidate a statesman who glories in his jealousy of England. It is natural, therefore, that upon this side of the Atlantic we should watch without displeasure the revolt of the republican 'bolters' against the plumed knight." The *London Standard* says: "Blaine's candidacy represents *a sort of Irish ascendancy in American politics.*" The *Globe* says: "Governor Cleveland is to be preferred to Mr. Blaine. *Blaine has Irish leanings*, and is a much stronger protectionist than his rival." And with all this the democratic press agrees.

Against Mr. Blaine the charge of knownothingism is brought. Why, he was disqualified by the religion of his Roman Catholic mother from ever entering that party! A fact which the campaign liars forgot when they started this campaign lie. In 1856 he was supporting Freemont and in 1860 was upholding Lincoln, while the democratic party and its present candidate voted with the Knownothings in New York and compelled every Irish democrat to vote for seven Knownothings. Think of that descendant of Irishmen and be democrats if you can!

And the English and democratic press say both Blaine and Logan have Irish proclivities and so oppose them, and they also say that there is no reason why the Irish voter should leave the democratic party!

Is there none? That is not for me to say, but for the Irish people of America. Will they resent the insults heaped upon their representatives by the democratic party? Will they by their vote help to inaugurate the policy which the British press so ardently desires, which will pour the millions of American gold into British coffers, build up England's trade and commerce by impoverishing American manufacturers? Will they bow their heads to the humiliation they have suffered in the sight of all the world, "the heavy defeat of the Irish" as the British press calls the nomination of Cleveland, and will they rejoice in the glorification of the South in league with England in its policy of free-trade?

Will they under the power of prejudice and passion and old-time devotion blindly deposit a vote for the glory of England and the starvation of their families by voting for democratic free-trade? Will they be led to the slaughter like the silly sheep?

"Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

"Is Pat McCarthy in the ranks?" said the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. "Yes, sir," said Pat. "Then," said the duke, solemnly, "let the battle go on." The democratic party has asked before election for the last twenty years if Pat was in the ranks, (poor fellow! they never allowed him to get any higher) and the answer has always been "Yes, sir;" and if there has been failure it has not been Pat's fault. This year also the battle will go on, and the democratic party will inquire very anxiously for Pat next November; and perhaps Pat, looking at his happy home and family and the insults he has suffered and the ruin of old Ireland,—perhaps Pat will not be there!

There is an ancient Irish legend, that as the early settlers of Ireland climbed its highest mountains their seers beheld far beyond the raging billows of the western sea, a wondrous land, of which one of their poets sings:

"A pleasant land of winding vales,
Bright streams, and verdurous plains,
Where summer all the live-long year
In changeless splendor reigns.
A peaceful land, of calm delight,
Of everlasting bloom;
Old age and death are never known,
Nor sickness, care or gloom:
The land of youth, of love and truth,
From pain and sorrow free;
The land of rest in the golden west,
On the verge of the azure sea."

And their seers foretold that in the distant future many, many of the sons of Erin would behold that blessed land and there renew their youth like the eagle, and arise strong, prosperous and invincible.

And behold! Is not this the land and the people?

Shall this land also, like that bright gem of the sea, beautiful Erin, become the prey of English avarice and English greed?

Shall the cry of the Irish children be once more for bread? Shall the misery of the Irish cabin be repeated in the American home? That is for the Irish people to say. They can prevent it. They have a weapon in their hands all-powerful; with it they can avenge the insults of the democratic party; with it they can condemn British free-trade and the democratic platform together; with it they can uphold American prosperity and Irish freedom, and show their gratitude for the sympathetic spirit that in the conduct of the republican party has set the best blood of Ireland at the head of the American republic. And that weapon is not dynamite, nor powder, nor shot, nor shell; it is

> "A weapon that comes down as still,
> As snow flakes fall upon the sod,
> But executes a freeman's will,
> As lightning does the will of God;
> And from its force nor doors nor locks,
> Can shield them—'tis *the ballot box.*"

WOMEN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

NOTE.

The beautiful monument in Lafayette Square in the City of Buffalo, dedicated to those who on land or sea fell in the Civil War, constitutes not the least of the adornments of the Electric City. The movement for its erection was inaugurated by the women of Buffalo, and from 1874 to 1884 went forward persistently. Receptions, soliciting in the public schools, promenade concerts, Lady Washington tea parties, entertainments by military organizations and other similar efforts resulted in the accumulation of a fund of $10,000.00. The city officials were approached with the request that the money already appropriated and in the hands of a committee appointed by the city to arrange for the erection of a soldiers' monument be united with the funds raised by the "Ladies' Association." The appeal was successful and a fund of $50,000.00 was finally procured by the joint efforts of these two organizations. Plans were submitted, and finally that of Mr. George Keller of Hartford was selected and the construction of the monument began. Early in 1884 the shaft began to assume definite shape and July 4th, 1884, was at length decided upon as the day of dedication. Upon that day at half past eleven a. m., in the presence of Governor Grover Cleveland and his staff and the city officials the monument was unveiled, and dedicated by the officers of the Grand Army of the Republic. General Steward L. Woodford of Brooklyn was the orator of the occasion. In the evening a banquet was given in Music Hall to surviving soldiers and sailors of the Civil War. Seats for 1,200 had been prepared on the floor, while on the stage were five tables, to be occupied by the speakers of the evening. Among the occupants of the platform were

the Hon. Grover Cleveland and staff, Gen. John F. Hartrauft, the Hon. Steward L. Woodford, the Hon. E. C. Sprague, the Hon. James M. Smith, the Rev. Patrick Cronin, the Hon. James O. Putnam, Mr. James Fraser Gluck, Col. J. B. Weber, Dr. Van Bockelen and others.

Speeches were made by Governor Cleveland, Gen. Woodford, Mr. Putnam, Gen. Hartrauft, Corporal Tanner, Gen. Henry A. Barnum, Rev. Patrick Cronin and James F. Gluck. The subject of Mr. Gluck's address was "The Ladies," but instead of following the usual vein he gave as his subject "Women in the Civil War," delivering a short address distinctive for its beauty and pathos.

WOMEN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Mr. Chairman, Fellow Citizens and Soldiers of the Republic:

As I came toward the banquet-hall this evening I glanced at my ticket of admission and found that it read, "Banquet given under the auspices of the ladies of Buffalo in honor of the Grand Army of the Republic." I found here this magnificent banquet spread for men exclusively, with ladies as our hostesses and attendants. I then recalled the fact—which I am afraid will be speedily forgotten—that the monument to our soldiers and sailors of which the dedication has been the crowning glory of the day had its origin in the thought of the women of this city and that its inception and, in large part, its continuance and its successful completion are due to woman's devotion and untiring zeal. Then I glanced at the list of toasts and found thereon, after such weighty and important matters as the Nation, the State, the City, the Army, the Navy and almost everything else, that just at the foot of the page there is mentioned as the last toast "The Ladies."

I am afraid the toast list illustrates only too well the innate tendency of masculine human nature. We sit down tonight to tables loaded with dainties and we are lavishly and generously and assiduously served. It is man who receives and it is women who bestow the delights of life. We have today dedicated the noble column which stands in our city's streets like a shrine in its white beauty and purity, hallowed by tender memories of the past, and it stands to the memory of men—our dead heroes. Yet it is to women we owe its existence. It is man who receives the honors of life and, in many cases, a woman's

hands which enable him to receive them. And so it is in all the periods of a man's life; it is so in infancy, under the nurture and care of our beloved mothers, and in manhood, whose rarest treasure is the sweet and gracious gift of a good woman's love. It is so in age, whose sweetest consolation is the tender and soothing care of woman; in hours of sickness, in despondency, and more tender and soft even than the mother's caress of the new born is that tenderest touch of all—the touch which closes forever the tired eyes in the last, long sleep of death.

It is usual in responding to the toast of "The Ladies" to speak in a tone of merriment and pleasantry. But this does not seem the tone and temper demanded upon this occasion. The work so nobly completed today compels the recognition woman should receive for all she did in the great and bitter struggle which this day recalls so vividly to our memories. Shall we laud our dead heroes and forget our heroines? Is it not fitting and worthy that while we erect monuments in stone and bronze in our public squares to the men who fought for our country we shall also build shrines of undying memories to our heroic women in the temples of our hearts? Shall we crown our monuments with noble female figures and declare them symbols of municipal glory and civic greatness? Nay, shall we not more justly declare them to be the types and symbols of the beauty, grace and sweetness of exalted womanhood, which in its sacrifice, in its tenderness, in its supreme devotion is more exalted than even the heroic valor of our boys in blue.

Let us declare then that the woman's form which crowns our soldiers' monument is the symbol of that patriotic zeal, which, flashing like a living fire across the North at the outbreak of the war, kindled into a flame of undying devotion the hearts of our noble women. That figure shall stand for all time as the generous recognition of the self-sacrifice which like an inex-

haustible spring welled up in perpetual purity and sweetness from the hearts of the most humble and obscure of womankind during our Civil War; the recognition of that patriotism which led hundreds of refined women to give up position, the comforts of home, the companionship of relatives and friends and risk their lives in fevered hospitals, to live in tents and wagons, to eat the coarsest food, to tenderly nurse rough men raving with fever and delirious with suffering, to venture, unarmed, amid the shot and shell of the battlefield and there to save the lives of thousands, moving like ministering angels of light and love amid the sickening sights and smells of carnage and death. That figure shall worthily symbolize the womanly tenderness and pity which thoughtfully established the soldiers' lodges during the war, to minister to the needs of sick and suffering men on their way from the battlefield to the hospital and from the hospital to the home; in these, thousands of soldiers found refreshment, rest and affectionate care; in these their raging thirst was assuaged and their fevered brows cooled by the delicate hands of women. That ringing shot heard round the world and echoing down the ages from the field of Concord shall sound no louder in the ears of Humanity than the echo of the signal gun in Philadelphia, which called together the noble women of that city whenever a regiment passed through on its way to or from the front and which secured to over four hundred thousand soldiers warm and comfortable repasts. I can only mention the colossal efforts, the unwearying labors of the women who were enrolled in the United States Sanitary Commission, in the Nurses' Corps under the superintendence of Miss Dorothea Dix, in the various Soldiers' Aid societies, the Hospital Transport Corps, the associations of relief, the Women's Auxiliary associations, the Ladies' Union Aid societies, the Soldiers' Relief associations, the volunteer

refreshment saloons, the sanitary fairs, bazaars and entertainments. But it would be both unjust and ungenerous not to speak of work accomplished by the noble women of our own city and vicinity in the General Aid Society for the army. And I believe I shall be forgiven if I linger long enough to place on the roll of honor the names of Mrs. Horatio Seymour, Miss Babcock, Miss Birch, Mrs. Guest, and Miss Elizabeth Porter, sister of the chivalrous patriot, Col. Peter A. Porter.

And other women there were as gentle and kindly spirits as those whose bravery and self-devotion made them sacrifice all for the welfare of our soldiers, gentle spirits who equally with those I have mentioned gave up their lives for their country. Over the hills and valleys of the south lie buried the tens of thousands of the Union dead who died that the nation might live; how many, oh how many of these represented happy homes in the North, where dwelt devoted mothers, loving wives and tender souls the consummation of whose happiness in the marriage tie the war had so cruelly interrupted. These were the women whose lives were bounded by the walls of their homes; these were they who gave up those dearest to them in the world, and endured hardship and suffering and extreme poverty, cheered only by occasional letters from the front. To how many of these, on some quiet morning when, at the old homesteads, all seemed peaceful and still, when birds sang in the trees and the sunshine flickered through the branches, there came the news that a great battle had been fought and that the loved one was forever gone. Oh, for a glimpse of his face, a touch of his hand, the sight even in death of the beloved form! And this was not to be—forever! Ah, for women such as these, women of the home and heart, what remained but for the tear-dimmed eyes to look more and more sadly and wearily on the dreary world! What was left save for the cheek to grow paler

and thinner, the slight form lighter and more delicate, the hands whose touches were caresses to grow feebler and more transparent until the comrade of the grave on Lookout Mountain, at Antietam, in the Wilderness, could be found on the hillside, in a little cemetery in some far-off country village under our Northern skies. These heroines, say rather martyrs for their country, we commemmorate with our pity, our love and our tears.

There is one name which I have not yet mentioned which glorifies as with a celestial light our own city and the Niagara Frontier. Let me write, high upon the roll of fame the name of Margaret Elizabeth Breckenridge. Her grandfather was John Breckenridge of Kentucky, United States senator, and attorney-general of the United States; her father, the Rev. John Breckenridge, a most eloquent and learned divine; her mother was the daughter of that powerful, theological writer, Dr. Samuel Miller; her brother, Judge Breckenridge of St. Louis; her brother-in-law, Col. Peter A. Porter of Niagara Falls. She was one of those rare women in whom exceptional intellectual powers are combined with intuitive sagacity and discernment, and delicate, refined, womanly sensibility. Her appearance inspired respect and admiration. The queenly poise of her noble head, the fire and light of her large, dark eyes, the grace and delicacy of her refined figure—who having seen these could ever forget them?

The advent of the war aroused in the chivalrous spirit of Margaret Breckenridge the highest enthusiasm; she possessed all the fiery zeal of her own native Kentucky, with a delicacy and refinement in the manifestation of her patriotism which was wanting sometimes in other Southern ladies. Her powers of literary expression were altogether exceptional. Witness these words written early during the war:

"England has her standing army ready at her sovereign's call, but England never saw what we have seen. She never saw the hills and valleys start to life with armed men; and from the eastern seaboard, the northern hills, the western prairies and the sunny plains and mountain sides which rebellion thought to claim, saw the growing streams pour inward to a common center, leaving in their track the deserted workshop, the silent wheel, the idle tool, the ungathered harvest. All was forgotten but the danger threatening the country in which each man was a sovereign—the city which belonged alike to all—the rulers whom the right of suffrage had proclaimed the people's choice.

"There is a legend of a holy man to whom God spoke at midnight and said, 'Rise and write what I shall tell thee,' but he answered, 'Lord, I have no light.' and God said 'Rise and write as I bid thee and I will give thee light.' So he obeyed. His fingers sought the pen, and as he touched it to the parchment, his hand glowed with light that streamed from under it and illumined all the chamber. So it has been with us. It was the voice of God that roused us to see the peril which menaced liberty and union. It was only for the rescue of such liberty and such a union that a nation could have been so roused; and, therefore, from this very uprising came new light and strength."

This seems the language of some illustrious orator, some wise statesman, rather than the utterance of a delicate woman, without knowledge of the cares of state.

This was the language of her heart, the heroic outpouring of her soul. She could not consent to sit quietly at home. She hastened to the front, and claimed for her part the care of the sick, the wounded, the dying. The fierce flame of her patriotic soul consumed the delicate texture of her body. Her labors

were incessant. Day and night she worked for the soldiers. While at the siege of Vicksburg, one of her friends remonstrated with her, saying: "You must restrain yourself. You will die if you are not more prudent." And this noble woman answered simply: "Well, what if I do? Shall men come here by tens of thousands and fight and suffer and die and shall not some women be willing to die to sustain and succor them?" This was the martyr spirit that braved death on the Cross, made manifest again in our day; this the supreme devotion which redeems the world.

It did not seem possible to the soldiers that this delicate, beautiful, brilliant, refined woman could minister to them in their horrible condition. As she stood beside a terribly wounded lad, placing cooling cloths upon his fevered face, arranging his hair and washing his wounds, the young man said to her: "How could such a lady as you are come down here to take care of us poor, sick, dirty boys?" And she answered him: "I consider it an honor to wait on you and wash off the mud you've waded through for me." "Isn't she an angel?" said a gray-haired veteran, as she glided past him to minister to the soldiers' wants. "She is never weary; she always has a smile for us; she does not walk, she flies. God bless her!" Day after day, on hospital boat, in barges, in the hospitals, this brave, beautiful woman devoted her strength, her life, her soul to the cause of her country. She prepared the food of the soldiers, washed and dressed their wounds with her own hands, waited upon them, wrote letters for them to their friends at home, to mother, sister, sweetheart, read to them from her little new testament which she carried with her always, and when the long hot weary days were over her sweet, pure voice rose in the twilight in hymns and sacred songs, flooding the souls of the sick and dying with what seemed the peace and sweetness of the

melodies of heaven. And so she continued even unto the end. In June, 1864, her health gave way; she was obliged to return to her home; then came the news that her brother-in-law, Col. Peter A. Porter, had fallen. Under this last affliction the brave soul succumbed in July, 1864, at Niagara Falls. She passed peacefully away.

It is a crown of glory to this region to number among its illustrious dead such a noble soul. But Margaret Breckenridge is but a type of many who in like manner gave up their lives for their country and these nameless heroines we celebrate tonight; these angels, guardian spirits

"Who walked through hospital streets,
Twixt white abodes of pain,
Counting the last heart-beats
Of men who were slowly slain;
Whose thrilling voices ever
Such words of comfort bore,
That many a poor boy never
Such music had heard before.
Whose eyes so divinely beamed,
Whose touch was so tender and true,
That the dying soldier dreamed
Of the purest love he knew.
Oh great is the great Commander,
With foeman round him slain;
But greater far and grander
Is she who can soothe a pain.
And not till selfish blindness
Has clouded every eye,
Not until Mercy and Kindness
Have flown back to the sky,
Not till a heart that is human
Within this world beats not,
Shall these glorious deeds of women
Be ever by man forgot."

THE TENDENCIES, TRIALS AND REWARDS OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

An address to the Alumni, delivered at an annual commencement of the Medical Department of the University of Buffalo, February 24, 1885.

NOTE.

The following address was delivered at the thirty-ninth annual commencement at Concert Hall, in the City of Buffalo, February 24, 1885. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, Dr. Thomas F. Rochester, the Rev, Dr. Chester, the Rev. S. R. Fuller, the Hon. James O. Putnam, Mr. James Fraser Gluck, Rev. Dr. Lord, and Drs. Mann, O'Brian, Granger, Bartow and many others occupied seats on the platform. The Rev. Sam. R. Fuller delivered an eloquent address to the graduating class, and Mr. Gluck addressed the Alumni in the speech which is here presented in full.

The address of Mr. Gluck was the subject of editorial newspaper comment. The *Buffalo Courier* in a lengthy article said:

> From a layman's point of view Mr. James Fraser Gluck made not only a very entertaining speech before the alumni of the Buffalo Medical College last evening, but a very manly and sensible one as well. The medical fraternity, like the clergy are so much more accustomed to giving advice than to receiving it that it requires considerable courage for an outsider, a patient as it were, to stand up before a regiment of doctors, and, instead of flattering his hearers, tell them wherein he thinks they can mend their ways, and avoid natural tendencies conducive neither to the true growth of their profession nor to the welfare of humanity.

Mr. Gluck received requests for the address from all parts of the Union. One prominent physician wrote: "Accept my sincere thanks for the best address on the medical profession which I have ever read or heard. The point as to the barbarism of the old code seemed to me to be particularly well taken.

I assure you the thought, judgment and research which went to the making up of that address will be heartily appreciated by all educated and liberal physicians."

Another said: "It will do good and should be printed in pamphlet form and distributed."

The Hon. Charles J. Parker, Chancellor of the University of New York wrote as follows:

"I have read your address with very great satisfaction. It ought really to be read, most of all by a physician. I have today lent it to a physician who I know will appreciate it, and when he returns it to me, I intend to send it to another physician who ought to learn something from it. And here let me say this admirable and scholarly address should certainly be printed in pamphlet form for preservation. If you should conclude to publish it, I will be greatly obliged for a few copies."

THE TENDENCIES, TRIALS AND REWARDS OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Mr. President, Alumni of the University of Buffalo, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the ancient city of Alexandria, at the extremity of its noble harbor, but within its western gate, in the midst of long rows of colonnades, arose the magnificent temple of the god Serapis. Within one of its spacious porticos, to which the students of medicine resorted, stood the colossal statue of the god himself, glittering with gold, enriched with jewels. In the roof above openings were so arranged that at appointed times the sunlight illuminated the lips of the statue, typifying thus to the devout worshiper the divine source of the oracles uttered by the god through his priests—oracles which at such moments were deemed peculiarly significant. And so when in the past, at your annual commencements, you have listened to the lucid conceptions and the mature reflections of Putnam, Wright, Anderson, Flint, Hamilton and Sprague, men whose lips were touched with the sunshine of delightful speech and earnest thought, it has seemed to me that such utterances must have had for you an especial significance. Remembering the worth of their words and realizing the scope of their thoughts, I would have you now recall the fact that in the most ancient temples of Egypt the genius of medicine was represented by a pensive form with finger pressed upon its lips—the figure of secrecy; and I would invoke from you, on behalf of any defects that may appear in these remarks, that charitable silence thus typified and always exemplified by the members of your profession in their dealings with mankind.

The eloquent and learned men whose names have been mentioned, in their addresses to you, as you no doubt remember, have dwelt upon the meaning and significance of culture, the difference between true and false professional success, and upon the relations sustained by the physician to religion, morality, the public health and the state. These topics may therefore be considered exhausted. At the present time a few words concerning some of the tendencies, the trials and the excellences of the medical profession, as they appear to a layman, may not, perhaps, be inappropriate.

Before entering upon these topics a word of congratulation may properly be said on the comparatively great advance made by the members of the medical profession within the last century, in the abandonment of useless ceremonials, in the liberality manifested in medical education and thought, in the toleration evinced in practice and in the humanity shown in professional conduct. And these advances in the conservative science of medicine mean much; for the dead hand of medical superstition will sometimes not relax its grasp upon a cherished dogma, even at the electric touch of truth. Much, I say, has been accomplished in the abandonment of the professional mask of ceremonial usage which formerly hid the man behind the physician: that mask which like the ancient *persona* swelled the piping voice of the ignoramus to the authoritative dictum of the doctor, while it stifled the utterance of the original thinker to the parrot formulas of the predominant school. For example, how much has custom changed in the medical world since Radcliffe, Mead and Brocklesby bore as the insignia of their office the gold-headed cane—itself the type and symbol of the rod of Mercury and the magic wand of Æsculapius; wore on the head the physician's three-tailed wig; rolled through the gazing crowds of London in the indispensable chariot and four, with

fingers and forearms in cold weather daintily encased in large fur muffs that the hands might retain their warmth, and the fingers their delicacy of touch. All these have now departed "into that Limbo, large and broad, since called the paradise of fools." The lumbering chariot has shrunk into the jerky gig, or the everlasting one-horse shay. Superstition driven from the gold-headed cane has sought a last refuge in the astrological sign of Jupiter now prefixed to the doctor's prescription, while the mystic virtues of the oracular utterances of "hax, pax, max" (a sure cure against a dog's bite) and the healing properties inherent in the marvelous specific word "och, och" (whose modern substitute is sulphur ointment) still linger in the dog Latin used in the prescription itself; plain salts masquerading under the flowing robes of *sulph. mag.*; the nauseating castor-oil neatly disguised as *olric, cras.*; senna posing as *fol. sen.*, and the every day cream of tartar, when made into a draught, appears in the mystic words *fiat haustus bitar. pot.* All this antiquated nonsense, and blazonry of fictitious distinction must soon follow the chariot and the wig, without any loss to the curative art, and with better chances for the patient to obtain the right prescription at the hands of the ordinary apothecary.

With the advance made by medicine in special departments you are so familiar that it need not be dwelt upon. Vast departments of physical science which the last twenty years have developed, have broadened and enriched the resources of and the knowledge in medical science, and have enabled further investigations to be made in medicine in the proper scientific spirit and temper.

But there is one advance upon which special comment seems desirable, and that is the change which was made a few years ago in this state in the code—the medical code, which

must one of these days go to join the chariot, the wig and the gold-headed cane. The old code declared "No one can be considered a fit associate in consultation, whose practice is based on an exclusive dogma, to the rejection of the accumulated experience of the profession and of the aids of anatomy, pathology and organic chemistry," and then the charge had only to be made, by somebody who probably knew nothing about the matter, that the practice of the physician who desired the consultation was so based, to have his "lordly fellow-worm" refuse to meet him in consultation, unmindful though, in the case of the patient,

"a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

Thanks to the liberal thought and the manly courage of the profession, this foul blot is effaced forever from the escutcheon of the medical profession in this state. And now that it is, how reasonable and proper it seems that it should have been abolished; and what a remarkable circumstance that it lasted so long—so at least it seems to the ordinary layman's mind. Yet medicine has its polemics and dissensions and its unwritten laws not amenable to logic or the learning of the schools, and the speaker recognizes the fact that there are many conditions and circumstances in the profession difficult if not impossible for those outside to understand or appreciate. There are two sides to every question and undoubtedly there are many distinguished men in the profession who are opposed to the change and whose opinions are entitled to the utmost respect. I am speaking now of the manner in which the outside world regards the matter, perhaps in a mistaken way, yet still also entitled to serious consideration, since public opinion is, after all, the tribunal before which professions and professional men are finally judged in this life.

Within the profession no doubt the tendency has been very strong to look upon those who are not members of the particular school ordinarily called "regulars," in the same manner that the Gentiles and Samaritans were regarded by the Jews of old time, as outcasts, interlopers or quacks; and hence to refuse to meet such men in consultation was, it was said, only to publicly avow that contempt which was inwardly cherished. But it is well to remember how the world at large regards the doctor. He is to it the member of a noble and liberal profession, avowedly devoted to the welfare of humanity, possessing the skill to banish disease, and pledged to devote that skill at all times and to the best of his ability to the service of his fellowmen for a reasonable recompense, and in many cases without even a reward or hope of reward. And for such an one to refuse to devote that skill and to consecrate that ability to the good of his fellowmen because the person who is in attendance is a hydropath, a homeopath, an allopath, an eclectic, or what not, when by giving these he might possibly save the life of a human being, is to the average layman's mind the refinement of cruelty, a most unpleasant exhibition of the survival of that holier-than-thou Phariseeism, which shrivelled and withered centuries ago under the flaming denunciation of the divine Healer of mankind. This is the view the average layman's mind takes, and no medical sophistry can ever disabuse it of this common-sense conclusion.

The abolition of the nonsensical restraints of the code will, it would seem, tend greatly also to mitigate that sensitiveness and jealousy of temper which has been to some extent, at all times, a characteristic feature of the medical spirit, manifesting itself in the unsparing severity visited upon every mistake in practice on the part of other doctors, breaking out in heated discussions over the medicines used, the fees charged, the consultations

held by different members of the profession, and inclining each physician to play the role of private detective upon the words and acts of his brothers in the profession.

The outlook is therefore at the present time encouraging, and having confessed so much I hope I may not be thought to speak in a carping or critical tone if I allude to what seem to be certain obnoxious tendencies in the medical profession and the correlative duty on the part of its members to guard against them.

One of these tendencies is the unwillingness on the part of some physicians to depart from the modes of practice and means of cure taught them in the college days only because they were so taught; an unwillingness to avail themselves of improvements in practice unless they are recognized officially through the accredited leaders in the profession; in other words, a tendency to manifest a bigoted attachment to modes of practice once recognized as regular, simply because they were regular, and an expressed inclination to despise any new ideas which use would seem to have reasonably justified. This seems to the layman's mind one of the most curious phenomena in the practice of medicine, and is perhaps only paralleled by a similar experience in the domain of theology. In both professions there are presented for consideration the most complex problems; in both professions the investigation of those problems is attended with uncertainty, darkness, confusion, and yet nowhere else is there manifested such fixity of opinion, such rigidity of view, such blind adherence to antiquated and exploded ideas, as is met with on the part of some members of both professions. It is this tendency against which the physician should guard himself; for careful study of the past history of his profession should lead him to adopt the sound rule that "In medicine there can be no heresy, because there is no orthodoxy," and from this rule would seem to follow as the rule for

practical conduct, the utmost toleration of apparent error, except in the domain of expressed conviction.

For consider, does any one here doubt, if one of our best informed medical practitioners could now meet in consultation over the case of some patient, with the revered shade of John Radcliffe, or Richard Mead or even the great Abernethy, that it would be even more difficult for an agreement to be reached by the consulting physicians as to the nature of the patient's disease or the course of treatment to be pursued than it would be in the event of a consultation in the same case with a condemned homeopath or a despised eclectic?

Indeed, it would seem as though the domain of medicine presented to the eye of the thoughtful student, reviewing its history, the picture of a dreary desert land, wherein wandered multitudes of the men who built the Babel tower, speaking strange voices, unable each to understand the other, and wherein were heard

> "Sounds of insult, shame and wrong,
> And trumpets blown for wars."

And when the darkness cleared a little there might be seen the giant form of Erasistratus with his followers, in mortal combat with Heroblilus and his school; there, the erudite Asclepiades, carrying a head pummeled by the vigorous onslaught of Alcmæon ; there, too, the turbulent dynasty of the house of Hippocrates, apparently victorious over all his predecessors for five hundred years, only to be ignominiously vanquished at last by the two hundred treatises on which Galen mounted to fame. There also might be seen how the monuments erected to Galen's memory disappeared from human view under the ponderous folios of Hoffman and Stahl. Yet even while we look, the "spiritual force" in which Stahl believed has disappeared, and the "subtle fluid" of Hoffman has

flowed into the waters of Lethe. And now, behold! there throng upon the view the mighty forms of Boerhaave, Haller, Cullen, Brown, with all their followers, contending wildly about ponderous and elaborate systems founded upon "irritability," "spasm," "excitability," the very meaning of which words has passed from the every-day recollection of the profession; while dashing here and there, belaboring every one upon the head when he can, is the freebooter, Hahnemann, determined to make all mankind confess they are afflicted with that mysterious disease entitled *psora*, but commonly known as the itch. Is one not driven to the reflection:

> "Like clouds that sweep the mountain's summit,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand—
> How fast has system followed system
> From sunshine to the sunless land!"

Will anyone pretend to orthodoxy after such a spectacle? If so it be, then indeed the palm must be awarded to those, if any exist, who draw their psychology and physiology from Avicenna, their practice from Galen, their materia medica from Dioscorides; for this is one system which for over fifteen hundred years held exclusive sway throughout the civilized world, and compared to this leviathan, the systems of today are but ephemera disporting in the sun. No, the claim to orthodoxy based upon any one man's views must, it seems to me, be abandoned; and the rule adopted that when a man has received a sound medical education he may enter upon his professional career, entertaining the opinions and adopting the practice that shall seem to him right and true.

Then shall be no more re-enacted scenes like that at Salamanca, where the great anatomist Vesalius was dragged before the faculty; or at Geneva, where the flames enwrapped both Servetus and his work describing the circulation of the lungs; or

at Paris, where Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood was forbidden to be taught; or in London, where the immortal Jenner wandered about the streets unable to find a single doctor who was willing to test his great discovery; but any and all new claimants for public approval can fairly present themselves at the bar of public discussion, there to receive that final public approbation which is at once the measure and the test of the utility and validity of their claims.

Another result of the establishment of this rule will be the short-lived success of irregulars. Without at all implying that homeopathy is to be classed under the latter head, and which is not at all intended, it may still be fairly said that no small measure of its success is due to the persecution to which it was subjected by those in the profession who held divergent views; and the fiercer the persecution became the more the despised doctrine flourished, until at the present time no city or hamlet is without its professional representative of that school, almost no state without one of their colleges, while their patrons are numbered among the best people of the land and the ablest scholars in the country.

In view of the history of the past and the records of the present, is it not timely to resist the old-time tendency to exclusiveness, Phariseeism and pseudo-orthodoxy, and to aid and encourage that spirit of liberality and broad toleration manifested in the change in the code? So at least it seems to the layman who addresses you.

Another objectionable tendency on the part of some members of the profession, which may be commented upon, is the inclination often manifested to trust to the curative power of drugs unaided by other means. The ordinary routine which I have seen doctors pursue in visiting a patient is to feel the pulse, look at the tongue, inquire as to symptoms, leave some medicine and

drive away, stating that unless there should be improvement, notice was to be sent and the call would be repeated. So far as I can now recollect, I have very seldom heard an inquiry made as to hygienic surroundings, diet or occupation of the patient. It may be that my experience has been unfortunate, but I find on inquiry that it is parallel with that of many of my friends. It may be said that the doctor has a right to assume that people possessed of ordinary intelligence will conform to those rules of health which are so well known now-a-days. But the fact is that in nine cases out of ten of a prevalent disease, it is because people who know better do not act upon their knowledge, or rather act in defiance of it, that sickness comes upon them. It was not necessary that a John Stuart Mill should inform the world that worry kills more men than any one disease. The world knew it before, and yet the world would go steadily on worrying, some to gratify ambition, others to accumulate wealth, others to obtain social distinction, and the wise doctor is he who, while ostensibly curing the liver or banishing malaria, "ministers to the mind diseased" by prescribing such a course of conduct as will render the further pursuit of the cherished object almost an impossibility.

Indeed, it seems strange how any thoughtful man, reading the history of remedial medicine, can fail to entertain grave doubts of the efficacy of the drugs at present in use. Doubtless it is demanded by the patient when the doctor calls that something be *done*, some visible sign given in powder, liquid or pill, that the disease is being vanquished. Let this be done and with all due gravity, for great is the power of imagination and formula. But the point is that it is difficult to conceive how the physician himself can be deluded into a belief that these means generally possess much efficiency. Does any one doubt that with equal sincerity and good faith the physicians of old

used their remedies, and yet how absurd they seem now! And does anyone doubt that the average physician of the year of our Lord 2885 will regard our remedies as equally monstrous with those used a thousand years ago? How ridiculous now it seems to us that the wise and erudite Galen should gravely recommend beating with a club as a specific to render a spare person stout; that Antonius Musa, the learned physician of Rome, should confidentially and confidently inform us that he actually cured Augustus of sciatica by the same efficient remedy. Sir William Bulleyn, the great physician of Queen Mary's reign, tells us he cured hundreds of cases of rheumatism by the use of "daisy tea." His never-failing specific for nervous children was "a small young mouse, roasted," while snail broth he declares most excellent for a weak chest. John of Gaddenden, Edward II.'s physician, informs the profession for their subsequent use that when the Prince of Wales lay sick of the smallpox, "I took care that everything round the room should be of a red color, which succeeded so completely that the prince was restored to perfect health without a vestige of a pustule remaining." And the same practice was resorted to later in the case of the Emperor Francis I. Until nearly A. D., 1700, pulverized magnet was given in salves and pills by the profession to draw diseases out, while as late as the year 1780 the Royal Society of Medicine in Paris declared them most valuable applied externally. And how rational and sweet seemed at the time the doctrine of signatures—the doctrine that God had impressed a signature upon objects in nature capable of being used for cure, and that the signature consisted in a resemblance either to the disease to be cured or the part to be healed; and hence what remedy more potent for diseased eyes than the herb *Euphrasia*, or eye-bright; what better specific for liver and lungs than liver-wort and lung-wort; how manifest

it was that the yellow wild cucumber was predestined for the cure of the yellow jaundice, the rose for the scarlet fever, elder pith for disease of the spine, poppy heads for diseases of the human head; the walnut, as its convolutions plainly showed, was most excellent for diseases of the brain, fox lungs for asthma, agaric for the kidneys, and cassia for the intestines. If the leaves of spruce were plucked upward they would purge upward; if downward, then the purging would be downward. The great Cullen in his Materia Medica earnestly contended against the common practice of giving burnt toad; while even Dr. Radcliffe's book of receipts contained two of a rather startling character, viz.: one, the "philosophic oil of bricks," and the other, "broth made of vipers." Yet are these mild compared with those in vogue in the seventeenth century, for then human bones were pulverized as a cure for ulcers, while the human heart, dried and taken in powders, was considered excellent in fevers; human brains taken the same way were marvelously curative in violent fevers. One of our American doctors prescribes horses' hoof for epilepsy, while our homeopathic friends earnestly defend their powder of honey bees' sting as an excellent remedy for some diseases. The discoveries of these learned doctors have been very much improved upon by the Indian tribes in Florida, who bury all their dead except their medicine men. The bodies of these they burn, reduce the bones to powder, and drink a little of the powder in water. The virtues of the doctors' bones are said to be even more wonderful than the effects of the remedies which while living they administered. An even closer analogy to modern practice has been discovered to exist among the savage tribes of Chili, where the medicine men "blow" around the beds of their patients to drive away disease; it is thought by some that this superstition in the form of "puffing" survives even in parts of our own coun-

try. The terrible practice of bleeding as a remedy reached its climax in France in 1729, when M. Thevenean, Seigneur de Palmery, M. D., bled a woman in nine months 3,904 times as reported in the *Mercure de France.* Is it any wonder that Rabelais, himself a physician, said with a smile to the doctors whom he saw consulting at his bedside: "Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death." I cannot forbear repeating here the story told by a witty doctor to illustrate the effect of bleeding on the system after it had been attacked and weakened by disease: " 'A rascal' exclaimed a stout asthmatic old gentleman to a well-dressed stranger on Holborn hill—'a rascal has just stolen my hat. I tried to overtake him, and I'm—so—out of breath—I can't stir another inch!' The stranger eyed the old gentleman, who was panting and gasping hard for breath, and then pleasantly observing, 'Then I'm hanged, old boy, if I don't have your wig'—thereupon scampered off, leaving the venerable old gentleman as bald as a baby!" It was probably to reward the same course of treatment that formerly in the Dutchy of Wurtemburg the public executioner, after a stated number of "bleedings" had been performed to the satisfaction of the state —if not to the individuals bled—was rewarded with the degree of doctor of physic. It is said by those of old time that Æsculapius, the father of medicine, was killed by the gods for restoring a dead man to life; certainly when the result of bleeding as a remedy is considered it must be confessed that the members of the profession have long since more than made the *amende honorable* to the offended divinities for the single error of their illustrious predecessor.

But it will be said that the enlightened practice of today bears no resemblance to the outrageous remedies formerly in use. Certainly knowledge has increased in anatomy and pathology, but it may fairly be questioned whether our pharmacy is any

more rational today than it was many years ago. There is the same uncertainty, the same confusion, the same diversity as existed then. Now the great remedy will be hypodermic injections, now it will be salycilic acid, now medicated vapor, now iodine, now transfusion of blood, now the simple opium treatment, now the contra-stimulant method, and again the anti-irritant system. While to take the place of the talismen, the magic wafers, the cabalistic phrases of the middle age, we have with us in the nineteenth century the clairvoyants, the hydropaths, the spiritualistic mediums, the electric treatment and the never failing, always abounding, one hundred thousand patent medicines of this glorious Yankee nation. Is it any wonder that one of the most learned, as he is the most witty of our physicians should have said, but a few years ago in a public address, "Throw out opium, a few specifics, wine and the vapors which produce the miracle of anesthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica as now used could be sunk to the bottom of the sea it would be all the better for mankind—and all the worse for the fishes."

Shall we then conclude from the above that there is no real progress, but simply the tread mill process, the repeated round of reiterated failure? Not so; but simply that in view of what history tells us of the use of remedies and their failure no skilled and intelligent physician should place his main reliance thereon. The healthy tendencies of the profession which are manifesting themselves more and more clearly are: first, in requiring a higher average of intellectual ability and mental culture on the part of its graduates; second, a departure from the labyrinth of metaphysical speculation and an attempt to walk in the narrow but ascending path of scientific procedure, and third, an effort to utilize natural as opposed to abnormal remedies. In this last category, diet and the elimination of

unfavorable conditions, through the establishment of hygienic surroundings, take the first rank, and it is upon these that more reliance is to be placed than in the violent effects of drugs. What wonder-work of drugs is able to compare with the beneficial effect of a simple measure of ventilation proposed by Dr. John Clark, which in a short time saved more than 1,600 children's lives in a single hospital; while the able and skilled Dr. Bennett states that "of all the means of cure at our command a regulation of the quantity and quality of the diet is by far the most powerful." This is in strict accordance with the principles of science, which inculcate the truth that man must be regarded in his sum total as the product of his environment and his action thereon, and that therefore the study of that environment must claim an equally important rank with the study of the individual himself. Hence the significance of Dumoulin's remark at his death, that he left behind him two great physicians —regimen and river water; hence the truth of Dr. Hunter's recommendation of the three excellent physicians, Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet, Dr. Merryman. And here, too, is the explanation of the apparently strange freedom of Jewish communities from the attacks of pestilential diseases, for that immunity does not arise from any mysterious drug, but from the yearly perfect cleansing of their homes commanded by their religion, and the thorough care taken in the inspection and selection of their food. And herein, in the disregard of these rules, is to be found also the explanation of the miserable state of so many American women. A remarkable business is said to be carried on in Strasburg and other towns in the celebrated diseased geese livers, *patés des foies gras*. The geese are kept continuously in ovens or before hot fires and their stomachs constantly crammed with food. Should the discriminating inhabitants of the Feejee islands ever conquer this country and indulge in their old time culinary

tastes, the supply of human *patés des foies gras* which they will find prepared in this country, judging from the prevalent practice of sitting near stoves, would exceed the computation of the most expert lightning calculator.

In 1859 the learned and eloquent Dr. Hamilton, addressing you as I do now, said in words which so happily illustrate the position taken, that I have ventured to reproduce them here: "The desire to take medicine is as universal and seems as natural to man as religion. The nurse administers medicine to the infant as soon as it breathes, and by one or another it is poured into the mouth of the dying man until he ceases to swallow. Few men are born, fewer die, and none live without a doctor;" * * * yet "all men both young and old need less medicine, and more good counsel. We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more out-door exercise, more sunlight, more athletic sports, more amusements, more holidays, more frolic and noisy, boisterous mirth, our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can ever furnish, purer milk than distillers can manufacture. Our children need more romping and less study; our old men more quiet and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. Our cities need cleansing, paving and draining. The Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, the plague and many other fearful epidemics are called the opprobria of our art, and our fellow-citizens upbraid us with feebleness and the inefficiency of our resources in staying their fatal progress. When will they learn that although we do fail to cure, the more precious secret of *prevention* is in our possession and has been for these many years." Golden words these, to be carefully treasured and perpetually acted upon by both physicians and laymen.

The saying of Hippocrates, "Godlike is the physician who is a philosopher," is entitled to the royalty which every new im-

plication must pay to the words of genius; for the medical insight of today, based upon broad and liberal scientific education, is most noble in its character when, piercing the shams and idle trappings of the profession, it considers man as he is and as he is related to time and space; the various forces which have made him what he is, the various forces which are swaying him today. He is the true philosopher who seeks to control or modify these through a rigid investigation into their causes, and through them the individual affected; and thus it is that the word of Hippocrates is true, and that in essential features, in breadth of thought, in grasp of reasoning power, in the ability to seize the important factors of any congeries of circumstances and to discard the temporary, irrelevant and useless elements, he is most a physician who is most a man.

But with the reliance upon drugs modified, with the gossiping, Pharisaical, inquisitorial spirit gone, with an inclination to give counsel rather than medicine firmly established, what will become of the profession of the doctor? Depend upon it, he will be needed as much as ever. His office will be to warn, to guide, to instruct in the pathway of health; and, to revert for a moment for an analogy to the profession of the law, his position will cease to resemble that of the brilliant advocate who is only summoned to conduct the case when differences between parties have crystallized into law-suits, whose energies are concentrated in one supreme effort on which all is staked, and who dilutes the logical, legal presentation of the case with appeals to sympathy and arguments *ad homines;* and will bear a greater likeness to that of the counselor—the quiet office lawyer who aims to anticipate differences and to preserve his clients' interests by preventing litigation.

Before leaving this subject, however, it should be said that the learning, the broad scholarship which is suggested as de-

sirable, should be reserved for its exercise strictly in most cases to the practice of the profession. It is pleasant to know that Smollett, Goldsmith, Akenside, Armstrong, Locke, Crabbe and Keats were votaries at the shrine of Æsculapius, but it is well to remember that their reputation does not depend upon their medical ability. It is a source of just pride to members of the profession that the physicians Kepler, Mahow, Culvier, Owen, Erasmus Darwin, Linnaeus, De Candolle and Metcalfe enlarged the boundaries of physical science, and that there have been left to the world noble examples of self sacrifice and untiring research in the physicians and travelers, Mungo Park and Livingstone; that sanitary science is built upon the foundation laid by the physicians Ramazzini and Pringle, and that the treatment of the insane has been rescued forever from the disgrace which attended it, by the indefatigable efforts of the physicians Conolly and Gardiner Hill. But none the less is it true that these results were accomplished by the scientist and the philanthropist at the expense of the physician, and if the modern doctor's ear inclines to listen to the sirens of literature or is attracted by the marvelous story of science, or if his soul pants to mingle in the strife of the political arena more than it longs for the daily round of visits and the garrulous tale of the prosaic patient, then the only honest way is to follow the example of Huxley, Agassiz, Wyman and Gray—take down the sign and leave the patients to some one else; for, depend upon it, in such case the physician will merely anticipate their departure from him; and while many of our most famous doctors have cherished a predilection for science or literature, they have been possessed of sufficient worldly wisdom not to publicly manifest it by venturing into the field of authorship until late in life when their medical reputation was firmly established.

Medicine, like law, is a jealous mistress, and the feeling exists

very widely in both professions that if a man evinces a decided predilection for something outside of his profession, he cannot be very thorough in it; a feeling based upon the idea that the capacity to work is not infinite and that time spent on some work outside of the profession is time taken from the profession itself. Moreover, the lawyer and the minister have some few hours during the day they call their own—the doctor, none, either by day or night.

But enough of duties and tendencies. It is more pleasant and perhaps just as profitable to say a few words concerning the trials of the medical profession as they appear to a layman. One is the rapidity with which a doctor is sometimes forgotten when the danger which was thought by the patient to impend has disappeared. This state of affairs is, to a certain extent, based upon the false status the physician now occupies, as a person who by some mysterious process banishes danger, and not as "the servant and interpreter of nature." But after all, there is much truth in the lines,

> "God and the doctor we alike adore,
> But only when in danger, not before;
> The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
> God is forgotten and the doctor slighted."

There are many outside the profession who can appreciate the story of the great French physician Bouvart quite as well as yourselves. On entering one morning the chamber of an illustrious patient, a French marquis whose illness had been for a time quite alarming, the salutation was, "Good day to you Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite well. I think my fever has disappeared." "I felt quite sure you thought so," said Bouvart, "I knew that from the first expression you used." "Pray, how?" said the marquis. "O," said Bouvart, "nothing is more simple. When you considered your life in danger, I was

your 'dearest friend Bouvart'; as you felt yourself growing better, I was your 'good Bouvart'; and now that I am 'Mr. Bouvart', I feel certain you are quite recovered."

But perhaps the greatest trial of all to which the doctor is subjected is the necessity of listening to the useless and silly garrulousness of his patients. No stated amount of physical torture can adequately represent the mental strain sometimes undergone in this way. It were a matter of delicate conjecture which seems not to have been yet sufficiently investigated whether there be not in the case of certain members of the gentler sex a subtile inflammation or irritation in the muscles of the tongue and throat which can only find relief in talking. Here, certainly, will be a field of wide observation to the gentlemen of the graduating class; but I doubt if in all their practice they will have the happy experience of Abernethy. This great doctor was always prompt to check the egotistical garrulity of valetudinarians, and this tendency became well known. A lady, therefore, who had injured her finger stepped into his consulting room, and without a word laid down a guinea and placed before him her injured finger. Abernethy dressed it in perfect silence and the lady retired. A short time after, she called again and offered her finger to Abernethy's inspection. "Better?" he asked. "Better," repeated the lady, laid down the guinea and retired. This was continued during several visits, until at last the lady came with her finger freed from bandages. "Well?" asked Abernethy. "Well," repeated the lady, laid down the usual fee and was about to retire; the great physician regarded her with admiration; he could check himself no longer: "Upon my soul, madam," he exclaimed, "you are the most rational woman I have ever met."

Many remedies have been suggested for this unpleasant feature of the profession. One is the practice resorted to of re-

questing the patient at a most critical stage of the narrative, to "show the tongue," but this relief is but temporary and is often followed by increased aggravation of the symptoms. The most satisfactory is that mentioned by Dr. Holmes: "When you find yourself in the presence of one who is fertile of medical opinions—of a voluble dame who discourses on the miracles she has seen wrought with the little jokers of the sugar-of-milk globule box, take out your watch and count the pulse, note the time of day, charge the price of a visit for every extra fifteen, or, if you are not very busy, every twenty minutes. In this way you will turn what seems a serious dispensation into a double blessing, for this kind of patient loves dearly to talk, and it does her a deal of good, and you feel as if you had earned your money by the dose you have taken quite as honestly as by any dose you may have ordered."

Another trial to which honorable members of the profession are subject is the spectacle sometimes witnessed of the marked success of the most outrageous quackery where learning and honor fail. The history of the medical profession is full of such instances, from Paracelsus, the champion quack of the middle age; the botching tailor, William Reade—physician to her majesty Queen Anne; the famous Mesmer; the vulgar and ignorant Johanna Stevens; the ugly, drunken Sally of Epsom; the Chevalier Taylor; Dr. Graham of Edinburgh, down to the prince of quacks, St. John Long. The only consolation that can be recommended when such an exhibition is met with is to consider the reason and source of this success, and this is best illustrated in the story of a celebrated quack in another field, Peter McDougal of Edinborough. This celebrated cattle drover gained in his lifetime a most remarkable reputation for selling at the highest prices the cattle entrusted to him. They were no better, sometimes not as good, as those which brought

less; but the fact remained that the higher price was obtained. It could not be accounted for by his companions except on the principle that a league had been effected with the evil one; at any price the secret must be obtained—competition was useless. And so one evening, at the close of the fair, several of his companions gathered about him and one, acting as the spokesman, said to him: "Let's us into your secret, man; you ha' made here twelve poun' a yead by a lot that are not worth sex. How ded you doo it? Let's gang to the public and we'll stan' yer supper and a dead drunk o' whisky, so be you'll gie us the wink." No sooner said than done; supper was disposed of and tumblers of steaming punch followed each other in rapid succession down Peter's throat, until at last that blessed state was rapidly approaching which had been promised; then nerving himself for the startling disclosure, taking a full draught of punch and laying down his pipe, honest Peter, with a sly chuckle and a quiet smile, disclosed the great secret of every quack's success: "Ye'd ken hoo it was I came to make sae guid a sale o' my beasties? Well, I ken it was joost this—I found a fool!"

Did time permit, much might be said on the trials doctors suffer from the stupidity of patients and their inability or unwillingness to follow the advice or directions given. But what ever be the evil tendencies and the faults of the medical profession, certain it is that that portion of the community whose esteem is worth having estimates at its true value the labor of the profession; and this, above any fee which can be given, however large, is the best, the noblest, the physician's most lasting reward.

I need not repeat to you at length, gentlemen, the particulars of your life of toil—a little sketch is all that is needed to show that a layman can dimly appreciate it. The uneasy slumber ardently longed for after a day of unremitting labor is suddenly

banished at the cry for help sent by some uneasy patient, perhaps not as ill as the physician; or the summons comes from real suffering, and then there is felt the necessity of hurrying together the half aroused faculties, the cruel change from the warm comfortable couch to the cold winter night, the ride through lonely, dark and deserted streets in blinding snow or drenching rain or pelting hail; the entrance to the sick chamber, the agonized look of expectancy on the face of the patient, the solicitous appeals on the countenances of friends, the racking of the brain for the best course to be pursued, the struggle with disease, the victory, or worse, the defeat, the fixed eyes, the pallor of the face, which indicate that at least over the mere human healer Death has won the victory. Yet even in such case many a doctor, distrusting the evidence of the senses, labors to restore that which has departed forever; whispering perchance to himself as his motto, the noble words engraved over the door of the Royal Humane Society of England beneath the basso-relievo representing an infant blowing upon a few expiring embers—*Leteat forsan scintilla*—perhaps—perhaps—a spark is yet alive. And then comes the return in the gray dawn, cold, cheerless, tired, to begin anew another day of toil where every nerve must be braced, every faculty alert, where human life is the stake to be played for—can any mere pecuniary reward ever compensate a man for a life like this?

And who can adequately commend the courage of the medical profession? In the dread contests with disease there is none of the wild excitement, the contagion of enthusiasm communicated by numbers similarly engaged, that is felt in military warfare. The doctor is alone; with no audience but the expectant friends and the anxious patient; with an invisible enemy to conquer, whose plan of attack is but dimly guessed and whose next movement it is sometimes impossible to conjecture;

no telegraphic dispatch makes known to an approving world the victory, no applauding multitude greets the victor's return; yet the victor in the one case is famous by the destruction of human life, the victor in the other is unnoticed although he has saved human life, risking his own in the attempt, and unconscious perhaps that he has acted the sentiment of brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert, "Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: That he is not worthy to live at all that for fear or danger of life shunneth his country's service and his own honor, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal."

And then, consider the beneficence, the noble charity of the profession. Is the poor man hungry and desirous of food? He must first pay for it if he goes to the butcher, the baker or the grocer. Does he desire clothing? He knows too well he need not ask the tailor, confessing he has no money. Does he need fuel wherewith to keep him warm? Coal or wood is not had for the asking. Is he sick? Does he need medicine? "Send for the doctor!" He will come even though it be without the hope of reward. Noble profession! which numbers the multitudes of the poor among its beneficiaries and exercises the God-like function of healing mankind.

How near to us are brought the needs and the sympathy of our common humanity as we read the oath taken by the Greek physicians hundreds of years ago—the oath of Hippocrates. Is there anything better wherewith those even long in the profession can reconsecrate themselves to the practice of the healing art? Let its words linger in our memories: "I swear that according to my ability I will keep this oath and this stipulation. I will follow that system of regimen, which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mis-

chievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, or suggest any such counsel. With purity and holiness I will pass my life and practice my art. Into whatever houses I enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption. Whatever, in connection with my medical practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath inviolate may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art, respected of all men in all times; and should I trespass and violate this oath may the reverse be my lot."

The physician who today will keep this oath shall have the noblest reward of his profession—a name blessed in the memory of men. He may not be perhaps known to fame, but, in the immediate circle in which he moved, his presence—men will feel—can never be supplied; and though "no storied urn or monumental bust" may mark his last resting place, he will have left behind him in scores of human hearts living memorial tablets on which will be written with the finger of Gratitude the records of his sympathy and kindly care, of his sterling character, of his unwearied patience and of his life of self-sacrificing toil.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NOTE.

The banquet given by the Republican League of Buffalo upon Lincoln's birthday, in 1889, was a noteworthy event of its kind. Over 200 members and guests were present, including Company A, Rochester Boys in Blue, headed by the Hon. Charles A. Fitch, editor of the *Rochester Democrat.* The first toast of the evening, "Abraham Lincoln" was responded to by Mr. Gluck.

Responses to other toasts were made by Judge Frank Brundage, Mr. Seward A. Simons, Mr. Henry Altman, and Mr. Chas. E. Fitch. Mr. O. P. Letchworth presided. Mr. Gluck's short speech on this occasion gained for him the title, "Silver Tongued Orator of Buffalo."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fellow-Republicans:

The genius of a country is judged by its laws, its institutions of learning and charity, its refinement and culture, but most of all by its heroes. However great the statesmen which England has produced, the popular heart responds most loudly to the military genius of a Wellington, the naval prowess of a Nelson. The misleading meteor of military glory in the form of a Napoleon or a Boulanger is more fascinating to the Frenchman than the steady beneficence of a patriotic peace. In Germany Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck live while Frederick the Good is forgotten. In America, it may be truthfully said, that 100 years alone have sufficed to give to the world heroic men such as would grace and ennoble the history of any country for fully 500 years. The names that live in the popular heart in America are those distinguished rather for civic worth than for martial valor, for broad intelligence than finesse in diplomacy, for exalted patriotism rather than for foreign conquest. I need hardly mention them. Their names are in your hearts, upon your lips, names which burn like stars in the firmament of our history—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Webster, Clay, and last, but greatest of all—Abraham Lincoln!

The squatter's son, the rail-splitter, the poor surveyor, the county lawyer, the President, the preserver of the Federal Union, the liberator of a race, glorified by the martyr's crown, enshrined in the hearts of millions now, a potency and power for heroic deeds to millions yet unborn—what are the elements which give him the distinction of being at once the best beloved, the most revered of American statesmen?

As elements of his greatness suggest themselves first, his infinite patience, his farseeing prudence. He, more than any other man who ever occupied the Presidential chair, desired to know and do the people's will rather than his own. He waited for their voice. He believed in its divinity when they were truly enlightened. Upon the fiery zeal of Sumner, the steady persistence of Phillips, the impetuosity of all the abolitionists, he sprinkled cool patience. His trip to Washington in disguise was an act of real bravery, of just and right prudence. His long-suffering endurance with the incompetent generals of the war is historic. His legal training impelled him in all his acts to keep as far as possible within the boundaries of law.

Next may be mentioned his courage. In this he rose superior to his legal training and surpassed all our statesmen. Washington and Jefferson freed their slaves but slavery lived. Madison recognized the evil of slavery, but died and made no sign. Webster and Clay yielded to the allurements of slavery, and dallied with its deadly charms. Lincoln alone declared the Union could not live half slave, half freed, and ended forever the struggle by declaring in favor of freedom.

Next may be mentioned his patriotism. No ambition for place, no desire for fame, no greed for gold could turn him one step from his course. To impute to him trickery was to condemn the accuser. In death as in life, he was "honest Abe Lincoln."

But the greatest, the basic quality of his character was his humanity—his charity, pity, and love. His heart went out to the meanest slave, to the poorest soldier, to the widow and the fatherless. He was too noble for sentimentality. Through that chorus of harsh and hurried music, full of wild alarms and discord, which might typify his life, ran ever two strains of exquisite melody—the one of rippling joy and sweetness fresh as the dew, and this was the ever-recurring humor of his speech;

—the other a strain of the most touching sadness, and this was the burden of his country's agony which, in solitude and often in anguish, he bore upon his soul.

To what shall we liken this great character—the man God made from the virgin soil of this new world and put to shame the men who would have us find the Lord's anointed amid the pomp of courts, the seats of learning, the abodes of long ancestral pride? Not to some lonely mountain, inaccessible in its heights, and remote from daily needs and service. Not to some lofty spire, gazing triumphant upon the humbler abodes below. Let these stand for types of intellectual supremacy, of cultured reserve, of aristocratic pride. But Lincoln was of the people; from them he sprang, for them he lived and died, and to them his whole heart went out in throbbing love. Should he not be likened to one of his own Western prairies, with its broad level, typical of his humanity; with its toiling thousands, typical of his patience and toil; with its happy firesides in winter, its open doors in summer, the laughter of children, the songs of birds, the twining and up-springing flowers, typical of his happy humor and joy; its lonely graves lying under the silent sky, its bending forms of grief, its inspiring ministers of religion, typical of his sadness, his trust, his faith, his love? Surely such scenes shall be of him worthy emblems, for he made it possible that in this land there should be thousands and thousands of such scenes—he made it a fact that wherever in America shines the Northern Star, where dash the angry waves of the Atlantic against its rock-bound coasts, where the waters of the Pacific lap in perpetual murmur the golden sands of California, there are not only the homes of the brave, but there is also the land of the *free;* for while the Constitution of the United States declares that all men were born free and equal, Abraham Lincoln made them so in America forever.

INTRODUCING MR. HERBERT WARD

INTRODUCING MR. HERBERT WARD

The African Explorer

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been asked to introduce the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Herbert Ward, and yet I hardly feel that he requires an introduction to a Buffalo audience which has kept abreast, undoubtedly, of the history of African exploration. In nationality Mr. Ward is of our "kin beyond the sea," an Englishman not yet 28 years of age, but who in that brief period of time has concentrated more years of danger, peril, hardship and exciting adventure than fall to the lot of most men during their entire lives. The forests and valleys of Borneo are as familiar to him as the streets of London. The mysteries of the Dark Continent of Africa, disclosed by the journeys of thousands of miles through it, alone or in the company of his distinguished companion, Mr. Stanley, probably form the subject of his discourse this evening, and of them I need not speak.

The story of the wanderer in strange lands is always welcome; it has about it that air of mystery and adventure which has been so fascinating to us from our early youth, and these descriptions of an unexplored country should be the more interesting because so little of the earth now remains unexplored.

There is, however, to my mind a certain element of sadness in the thought that upon our mother earth so little remains open to the range of the imagination. While the Arabian Nights were real to us the far East was the abode of genii and the powers of the air that might come at our bidding and perform our behests if only we could discover the magic talisman

which they were bound to obey. Who knew, before the intrepid Layard had revealed them, what mysteries lay concealed in the ruins of the destroyed cities of the East, Babylon and Nineveh? But now the genii, the demons, and spirits of the air that came at the bidding of King Solomon's ring, all have forever disappeared. For years it has been the dream of many pious men that the children of the lost tribes of Israel had, centuries ago, betaken themselves into some far region in equatorial Africa, and that there they might in the future be discovered preserving their ancient forms and ceremonies, and cherishing secretly their records of sacred lore, which else would be lost to us forever. Is it indeed true, that in the far away regions of Africa there are no rich mines of King Solomon yet unexplored; that the fountain of youth, once sought for in the Everglades of Florida, then heard of in the heart of Africa, and in which the immortal heroine of Mr. Haggard found perpetual bloom and vigor—that the fountain of youth has run dry, and that decreptitude and decay is the final end of us all? The light of science is alike fatal to the mystic and lovely. The deadly and the harmless creations of kindly fairies, of toiling elves, of the helping spirits that once aided the lowly peasant of the Middle Ages, and in which he as devoutly believed as he did in the helping influence of the Virgin, or the beneficent life of her Son —have all disappeared and with them the ghosts and the demons, and the devils that our forefathers believed awaited about them to annoy, devastate and destroy. Yet in all fairness it should be said that though Science by its discoveries limits the domain of imagination on earth, it opens in the heavens above our heads spheres undreamt of by the men of former times, and by its survey of millions of surrounding worlds stretching out in unending succession before the astonished eye, cherishes, preserves and deepens our feelings of awe

and reverence. These are the bases of every form of religion, and, placed upon the solid foundation of fact, render it forever secure.

I cannot forbear alluding briefly to what seems to me the most important subject connected with African exploration. In that great continent the depths of which the researches of Mr. Ward and Mr. Stanley have made known to us, is situated a vast tableland, one of the richest and most fertile spots on the globe; traversed by noble rivers, crowned by magnificent mountains, clothed with rich and luxuriant vegetation, in short the garden spot of the world. In this continent less than 20 years ago existed nations of thousands, nay millions of human beings, men and women and little children, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers—uncivilized, it is true, but men and women of like feelings with ourselves. Some of these were of the kindest nature; hospitable to strangers and peaceful and temperate in their habits; others were fierce and revengeful, but all with hearts of love and hate, and with souls to be wrung in agony at the loss of those nearest and dearest to them. And it is in this continent, rightly called "dark," not because it has not been explored, but because of the dark and bloody deeds daily done there—it is in this continent that thousands have been and are done to death in the devastating and destroying slave trade of equatorial Africa. Village after village, province after province, nation after nation has fallen, the prey of the rapacity of the African slave trader. Where once arose prosperous villages, surrounded by cultivated fields, and with their inhabitants engaged in peaceful pursuits, now exist only deserts, the only trace left of former habitations being the charred remains of the buildings and the bleaching bones of the inhabitants. As we sit here tonight it is undoubtedly true that in the heart of Africa there is proceeding towards the coast caravan after

caravan of slaves; mothers chained together, carrying their babes at their breasts and knowing that at the slightest indication of weakness it is not their load of ivory that will be thrown down, but the children whom they love, who will be cast away, as a prey to the wild beasts following the caravan; strong men, fathers and brothers, chained together by heavy manacles and who, if overcome with agony at the loss of family and friends and home, pine and droop, are unceremoniously killed by a blow upon the neck with the brutal slave stick. It is undoubtedly true that this agony, this bitter sorrow, this anguish of thousands of these helpless creatures rises now in the heart of Africa as it has risen for hundreds of years. Every five slaves delivered to the slave market of Africa represent the loss of thirty-three lives, or every five thousand slaves are obtained at the cruel expense of 33,000 lives! It is hard to realize that these things are true, and yet they are happening every day.

No one appreciates more keenly, I believe, than myself the distinguished story of this republic, its achievements all along the line of material and moral civilization, the breadth of its sympathies, its interests in the advancement of humanity; but I consider it a blot upon the history of this country that our government refused to participate in the union of the Powers of Europe relating to the Congo treaty, refused to touch the question of the importation to Africa of arms, refused to maintain even a single ship along the coast of Africa to prevent the exportation of slaves. This act was not in accord with popular feeling. I feel it to be a disgrace and a shame to our representative who refused to so co-operate. I believe it to be the wish of this people who have paid out billions of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of lives to wipe out the blot of slavery from this country, that no means should be spared, no resource left untried to banish the awful misery of human slavery

from the world. It is one of the glories of the Catholic Church that in this movement she has been foremost: that the Pope himself has contributed three thundred thousand francs from his private purse for this object; that no one has been more brave and true than Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, the Roman Catholic Primate of Africa, in stirring the hearts of mankind to a proper conception of this great wrong. I cannot resist quoting his own words on this subject, in which he describes the miseries endured by the captives:

"The men who appear the strongest, and whose escape is to be feared, have their hands tied, and sometimes their feet, in such fashion that walking becomes a torture to them; and on their necks are placed yokes which attach several of them together. They march all day; at night, when they stop to rest, a few handfuls of raw 'sorgho' are distributed among the captives. This is all their food. Next morning they must start again. But, after the first day or two the fatigue, the sufferings and the privations have weakened a great many. The women and the aged are the first to halt. Then, in order to strike terror into this miserable mass of human beings, their conductors, armed with a wooden bar to economize powder, approach those who appear to be the most exhausted, and deal them a terrible blow on the nape of the neck. The unfortunate victims utter a cry, and fall to the ground in the convulsions of death. The terrified troop immediately resumes its march. Terror has imbued even the weakest with new strength. Each time some one breaks down, the same horrible scene is repeated. At night, on arriving at their halting place, after the first days of such life, a not less frightful scene awaits them. The traffickers in human flesh have acquired by experience a knowledge of how much their victims can endure. A glance shows them those who will soon sink from weariness; then, to economize the

scanty food which they distribute, they pass behind these wretched beings and fell them with a single blow. Their corpses remain where they fall, when they are not suspended on the branches of the neighboring trees, and it is close to them that their companions are obliged to eat and sleep. But what sleep, it may be easily imagined. Among the young negroes snatched by us from this hell and restored to liberty there are some who, long afterwards, wake up every night, shrieking fearfully. They behold again, in their dreams, the abominable and bloody scenes which they have witnessed. In this manner the weary tramp continues, sometimes for months, when the caravan comes from a distance. Their number diminishes daily. If any, goaded by their fearful sufferings, attempt to rebel or to escape, their fierce masters cut them down with their swords, and leave them as they lie along the road, attached to one another by their yokes. Therefore, it has been truly said that, if a traveler lost the way leading from Equatorial Africa to the towns where slaves are sold, he could easily find it again by the skeletons of the negroes with which it is strewed."

While the luxuriance of Africa's vegetation, the breadth of its country, the height of its mountains, the fertility of its soil are all worthy of study, it is the humanity of that continent, which, it seems to me, is the most interesting topic that can be considered; and if Mr. Ward can bring prominently before the minds of the American people the horrors and misery of the slave trade, and the necessity for immediate steps for its suppression, he will, I believe, have accomplished his most important mission.

But already I have detained you too long from the treat before you. Whatever he may have to offer I am sure will prove most interesting, and without further delay I beg leave to introduce to your most favorable consideration, the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Herbert Ward.

INTRODUCING
MR. HENRY M. STANLEY

NOTE.

The lecture of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in Buffalo was an unqualified success. To quote a local press account:

> Music Hall was filled by the first people of the city, all anxious to see and hear the famous explorer. Few lecturers in Buffalo have drawn such houses. People began coming at an early hour, and until the moment when the lecturer made his appearance there was no end to the stream of humanity which poured through Music Hall's wide doors. Representative citizens filled the boxes, many in full dress, and the stage was occupied by a favored number of ladies and gentlemen. A good deal of disappointment was felt by all when it was found that Mrs. Stanley had not made her appearance. But Stanley himself, and his eloquence, after he had begun speaking, soon satisfied all comers.
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> It was nearly 8.15 o'clock when Mr. Stanley walked slowly onto the stage, accompanied by James Fraser Gluck. Their appearance was the signal for a loud and somewhat prolonged burst of applause, which the explorer acknowledged by a grave bow. In fact, he is serious in all his actions. As regards personal appearance, those who have seen Stanley's portrait have seen him as he looked last evening. Attired in faultless evening dress it is hard to imagine him the man who has spent so many months in the interior of the Dark Continent, and harder still is it to picture him at the head of his expedition penetrating hitherto impassable African jungles. However, from his appearance, Stanley is still young and vigorous enough to undertake several more equally hazardous expeditions if he is called upon to do so.
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> When the applause had subsided Mr. Gluck stepped to the front of the stage and introduced Mr. Stanley in a

brilliant speech, during which he was frequently interrupted by applause.

Subsequent to the lecture Mr. Stanley remarked to Major Pond, under whose direction the lecture was delivered, that Mr. Gluck's introduction was the most eloquent, discriminating and appreciative speech he had heard in England or America, and that it indicated a more complete familiarity with Stanley's own writing than he had supposed existed in this country.

INTRODUCING MR. HENRY M. STANLEY

Ladies and Gentlemen:

A few weeks ago, upon one of the great railroads entering our city, a fast express train, its coaches filled with passengers, was rushing along, on a down grade, at the rate of 50 miles an hour. In rounding a curve, the engineer discovered there had been an accident—a collision between two freight trains—and that two cars had fallen directly over the tracks on which he ran. What was he to do? He might reverse his engine, save his own life and annihilate every other person on the train. The peril was immediate, the danger inevitable, the necessity for action was instant, for like lightning the train kept on its way. But quicker than the lightning were the thoughts of home, children, life, death, selfish salvation, and at last heroic resolve to "Greet the unseen with a cheer," and, if need be, die at the post of duty. And then wide open flew the throttle, and with every pound of steam upon her, the engine plunged forward at the rate of nearly 60 miles an hour. The ponderous locomotive at this awful speed crashed through car and truck, throwing them from the track, crushing iron rod and wooden beam, while these in turn tore away the sides of coaches, shattered the glass of windows, but left unharmed the scores and scores of human lives, which, else, had perished miserably. All honor to the brave engineer, John Burns, for his superb courage and unselfish resolve. It should never be forgotten.

But this was the work of a day, nay, of an hour, in one's own land, in the sunshine of happiness and joy. Imagine a man cut off from all this, in a region untrodden before by

mortal man of his own race or tongue, for days, weeks, months, wading, walking, creeping, cutting for endless miles through swamps, jungles, mud and mire, and the awful darkness of an endless, unknown, trackless forest; for weeks and months assailed by day with stings of insects, clouds of poisoned arrows around and overhead, and poisoned skewers underfoot; by night greeted with the whoops and howls of cannibals, roused by their sudden surprises or assailed with the crashing, rushing fury and the relentless might of the thunder-storm of the tropics; imagine him surrounded with hundreds of thoughtless, incompetent, or dishonest men to reconcile, cheer, and provide for; with hunger, thirst, fever and despair at every step; with return impossible, and with no hope of help from mortal man; reflect upon the agony of mind one simple, brave, heroic act requires, and then reflect that through all these dangers was the same alert expectancy of instant peril, the same wise forethought, the same prudence and courage, which for nearly three years—for nearly 5,000 miles—neither slumbered nor slept, and we begin feebly to realize how high was the soul and how undying should be the fame of him who modestly, reverently, wisely, triumphantly performed all these things, and who at this hour lives to tell us the story of "Darkest Africa."

In my mind's eye I can behold, in a far-off summer which we shall not see, the form and name of Stanley associated with those noble rivers, those lofty mountains, those fertile plains, which his eyes, of all civilized men, first beheld. The rays of an African sunset light up a public square within a capital city of an Imperial Commonwealth on the borders of Lake Albert. Its rays turn to delicate purple those waters of tender blue; they brighten the groups of tropic isles, the grassy slopes of valley and hill, the waving woodland and wandering stream; they bring into bold relief the noble uplands; they light up,

grandest of all, the awful bulk of those mysterious mountains of the ancient world, standing out infinitely lofty against the sky, now crimson and gold in the sunset. Toward the clear vault of heaven uprise those stupendous masses of rock and forest, and up higher still—a vision of perfect beauty and of perfect peace—the pure immaculate fields of snow, the stainless battlements, the crystal domes of Ruwenzori, the king of Africa's mountains—the sources of the sweet, pure waters of the Nile. And the same sunlight also falls within that public square upon a form of bronze, the face upturned to those celestial heights immortal by his pen, and on the pedestal is written: "First in that valor which makes truly great, first in that wisdom which has made us free, first in that reverence which shall keep us pure—Stanley, the Discoverer." And fathers and sons, statesmen and patriots, looking upon these things, shall esteem those happy who saw the face and heard the voice of him we see and hear tonight.

I now have the honor to introduce to you Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

DAVID GRAY

NOTE.

The delivery of the essay in appreciation of David Gray, by Mr. Gluck, before the Buffalo Historical Society, must always remain one of the most delightful episodes in the literary history of Buffalo. The Rev. Father Cronin, speaking of the address editorially in the *Catholic Union and Times*, said:

> Happy was Keats in that he found a Shelley to voice his great renown, enviable was the fate of Arthur Hallam whose praise was sung in the memorial verse of Tennyson, and blessed is the fame of David Gray in that his deservings have been interpreted in the silver eloquence of James Fraser Gluck.
>
> David Gray was a citizen whose like Buffalo will not soon behold again. His wide mind, broad culture, and perfection in all those qualities which go to constitute a gentleman, made him a man of whom no praise could be fulsome, no commendation undeserved. But the grace, the polish, the delicacy of Mr. Gluck's tribute delivered at the Buffalo Historical Society last Monday evening render it a delight to those whose good fortune it was to know Mr. Gray and understand its truthfulness of portraiture. Mr. Gluck has honored himself in honoring one of Buffalo's most eminent men.

Mr. Joseph O'Connor, speaking editorially in the Buffalo *Courier*, said:

> "David Gray" was the subject of a most noteworthy address made by James Fraser Gluck last evening before the Buffalo Historical Society. It was largely a critical review of the two volumes recently printed by the Courier Company, and entitled "Letters, Poems, and Selected Prose Writings of David Gray, Edited, with a Biographical Memoir, by J. N. Larned."

This review is an exceedingly interesting, thoughtful, and sympathetic study of Mr. Gray as a poet, as a writer of prose, and as a man of profoundly religious nature. While Mr. Gluck dissents somewhat from Mr. Larned's estimate of Mr. Gray's scholarship, yet his paper is, in the main, in harmony with the biographer's critical tribute to the life, character, and literary work of the late editor of the *Courier*. Though there be a difference of opinion as to the extent of Mr. Gray's acquisitions in this or that branch of learning, yet there can be no difference of opinion as to the rarity and richness of his literary attainments. No one can read the two volumes referred to, and not be stirred with admiration of Mr. Gray's fine genius and all-pervading literary spirit.

In their tributes to the memory and the work of David Gray, Mr. Larned and Mr. Gluck have done a highly commendable service to Buffalo. The two volumes edited by Mr. Larned will always be treasured by the city, and the *Courier* is glad to know that Mr. Gluck's able and scholarly paper is to be printed in pamphlet form. It will be preserved among the records of the Historical Society as a most valuable critical contribution.

DAVID GRAY

It is surprising how few men in any community are worthy of any distinctively favorable public comment during their lives, or after they are dead. Most men's reputations are like their bodies and their estates, in that they shrink, vastly, at death. The reason for all this is that very few men have much to offer which the community, as such, cares for or remembers. There is no man who fills the public eye more for the moment than the politician, and there is none so quickly forgotten; and this is not so much due to the fact that constituencies are forgetful as it is to the fact that the average politician does not toil for the benefit of the community. He desires position for his own advantage; he uses it incidentally, perhaps, to benefit the public, but primarily and surely to benefit himself, his friends and his party. The names of eminent clergymen, lawyers, doctors, may live for perhaps a generation in the memory of the community; the names of our legislators hardly outlive the terms of their successors. Even the learned lawyer and the skillful doctor seldom merit especial public comment. Their toil has for its object the relief of temporary needs and of transient perils, and therefore their reputations live not very long after the occasions which call their talents into exercise, nor survive long their own deaths, which prevent further occasion for the exercise of their abilities. While, of all men in the community, the man who imagines that the mere possession of wealth carries with it the title-deeds to reputation, esteem or remembrance, is the most bitterly deceived. I was much impressed in riding, recently, through our own beautiful cemetery, to see the large number of monuments erected

for themselves, by wealthy men who are still alive. It struck me as a thoughtful provision; for even when alive they can behold all that may ever be left to identify or distinguish them after death. The mistakes men make on the subject of posthumous reputation arise most frequently from lack of imagination, and this is especially so in the case of the men who esteem wealth a cause of distinction and remembrance. Ask almost any man who has gained a competence why he further pursues the asquisition of wealth, and he will tell you, if he is honest and capable of mental analysis, that it is because he has become so much a creature of routine that he knows not what else to do with himself, and that he desires more money, houses, lands, bonds, not for the sake of possessing these things themselves, but for the sake of the power and distinction which he supposes they confer, or will confer. Now, the reason he so thinks is because he has not the imagination to conceive the real mental attitude of the community toward him. Gold may open the doors of social recognition, but it cannot, of itself, confer respect and esteem. Gold may create for its possessor the effusive bow on the floor of the Exchange, the deferential manner at the discount desk, but it cannot prevent the contemptuous curl of the lip, the covert sneer, the jeering laugh at the narrow selfishness and the wasted life of the millionaire. Least of all classes in the community do rich men, as such, receive public recognition and remembrance. More is expected of them now than ever before. They are regarded as mere trustees of their wealth for the benefit of the public, and those who do not evince in their lives or at their death that they recognize the status which they are supposed to fill, and because of this, or from love of their fellows, bequeath large sums to worthy charities, are rewarded not merely by

the utter forgetfulness of the community, but by its immediate hearty scorn and contempt. I believe the time to be not very far distant when, in the very obituaries of such men, published in our daily journals, the contempt and scorn so often heard expressed in private conversation, will find place and utterance.

Only two classes of men occur to me as worthy of distinctively favorable public comment upon their death. The first class comprises those who, possessing, during their lives, great material wealth, confer its benefits during their lives or by legacy upon the community, in the endowment or enrichment of deserving public institutions. The second class is composed of those who, by the diffusion of their intellectual and moral wealth, or by their unselfish discharge of public duties, or by their worthy services while in positions of public trust, elevate the tone of the community in which they live, lead its every-day thought to higher levels, touch its sympathies and affections to finer issues, make of their dwelling-place heroic ground, make, by their lives, life worth the living, and, by their deaths, their memory an inspiration.

Two men who have recently passed away in this community well illustrate the statements just made. As an example of the first class may be taken LeGrand Marvin, the eccentric lawyer, and a well-known figure in our city, of whom Mr. Moot, at the recent meeting of the Erie County Bar Association, read so just and discriminating a memorial. In this man an hereditary tendency—the thirst for litigation—assumed, by repeated indulgence, the frightful proportions of an elemental appetite. Yet his name will live forever in this community, because in his last years he was able to overcome all the narrowing impulses of ancestral avarice,

all the hardening effects of domestic and family infelicity, all the egotistic cravings of a selfish soul—whose primary desire is to place its so-called charity in some form so distinctive that it may be known of all men, and that it may bear the name of the donor—and to nobly decree that a great share of his possessions should be merged in the funds of an institution where they could never bear his name, and in the magnitude of whose uses, and the amplitude of whose endowment, his own contribution, great as it was, must ever occupy a subordinate position. The soul of such a man, who, from such surroundings, and after such an experience of mankind as he had, could rise to such a height of magnanimity and charity, must have had in it elements of sweetness and grandeur that will repay careful study, and to which the community should accord its commendation in some lasting form, evidencing its appreciation and gratitude. Was it not a prophetic impulse which stirred the parents' hearts when they conferred upon him the name which might appropriately grace his monument; the simple words which, after all, best describe his character—Le Grand?

As an example of the second class may justly be named the subject of the present paper—David Gray. If the names of those who have died in Buffalo for the past few years be placed on the tablet of remembrance, let there be stamped in dull, leaden type—which shall indicate at once the poisonous taint and the dreary story of their lives—the names of those whose energies and time have been given over to mere selfish accumulation; let letters of brass and of silver indicate the aggressive business man, the generous and just fathers and husbands; let a very few be in letters of the purest gold, and among these, leading all the rest, should appear the names of Le Grand Marvin and of David Gray—the name

of Marvin for what he did for the community in which he died, the name of Gray for what he was and is to the community in which he lived.

And a public memorial is especially necessary in the case of David Gray, for I believe that if the young men and women of the Buffalo of today, who did not know David Gray, or were not brought within his immediate influence, were asked to voice their estimate of his life and character, it would be, as I have reason to know, simply to the effect that he was for many years the editor of *The Courier*, the author of a few poems, a man of literary tastes, of scholarly habits, somewhat exclusive and reserved in his manner, whose later years, dominated by pecu iar religious vagaries, were passed in enfeebled physical and mental health, until his death by a railway accident put an end to the anxiety of his friends and the suffering and aberrations he himself endured.

How cruel, how unjust this commentary is, how far it is from the truth, is perhaps sufficiently shown by the now recent pub ication, by a committee of his friends, of two duodecimo volumes printed by the Courier Company, and entitled "Letters, Poems and Selected Prose Writings of David Gray, edited with a biographical memoir by J. N. Larned." It is my wish, in this paper, to give briefly an impartial estimate of Mr. Gray's character and work, and to invite general attention to the books above mentioned, as containing the portraiture—painted unconsciously by himself—of a man exceptional in his ideal of conduct and endeavor, of a man possessing a degree of intellectual power and a range and quality of literary expression conferring honor upon the city which he made his home, and as containing also the record of the struggles and final victory of a soul whose

religious experiences suggest reflections of an unusually interesting character.

It seems proper to call attention, first, to the admirable work accomplished by Mr. Larned in his *Memoir of David Gray.* The very great danger and difficulty inherent in the discharge of such a duty has been made strikingly apparent by Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle;* the obscurity attendant upon the absence of the proper explanatory notes and illustrative comments impresses every one who has read Mr. Cross' *Life of George Eliot.* The *Life of Darwin,* by his son, is the best example of just and discriminating biographical work of recent date of which I know, and near this Mr. Larned's *Memoir of David Gray* is fairly entitled to an honored place. The very great merits of his work—the strong, clear style, the refined and chastened imagination, the just and thoughtful comments—must impress even the most casual reader. There is no attempt to hide or conceal any side of Gray's character, and the result, therefore, is a thoroughly satisfying figure, placed, to be sure, in an advantageous light, but so placed, that any one can for himself make his own estimate of the man. The most valuable part of Mr. Larned's work appears in the chapters entitled, "The Prime of Life," "Religious Experiences," "Last Years and Death" and "Estimates."

In this last chapter Mr. Larned gives us his reason why we seem to have so unworthy an outcome of Gray's laborious life, why what is left is such an inadequate reminder of Gray's thought and energy; and the reason given is that Gray spent his life in a calling which did not satisfy the highest of his aspirations and exercise the best of his gifts; in other words, Gray was delivered to the slavery of the political press for

more than twenty years. Mr. Larned suggests that either as a teacher of the primitive truth and practical life of Christianity, apart from all ecclesiasticism and theology, or wholly in the life of a man of letters, Gray would have been a far-reaching influence, and would have left us a much richer result in intellectual work. Mr. James O. Putnam, also an intimate friend of Gray's, gives in the same chapter his estimate, in which he states that literature was Gray's natural sphere and that he had a philosophical mind, subordinating his philosophy to a simple Christian life.

My own estimate of what Gray would and could have done, under any circumstances, differs somewhat from that of both of the gentlemen named, but I venture to express it with diffidence, because they enjoyed the advantages of intimate companionship and continued social intercourse with Mr. Gray, which I did not.

To my mind, the ultimate truth concerning Gray's character is expressed by saying that he was a lover of the beautiful. The basic element of his being was feeling, not reflection. He had, it seems to me, very little of the reasoning, philosophical mind. He was not, essentially, a scholar. He did not desire learning for its own sake. Nor for him was it a joy to dissect the flower, to analyze the gem, to separate the sunlight, to trace laboriously to its source, to classify and arrange each spring of thought and feeling. He loved learning only for the light it gave him; only in so far as it enabled him better to comprehend and understand the beautiful in nature, art and life. And since in nature, art and poetry he found the highest embodiment, the clearest utterance of the beautiful, he long loved these with a passionate and exclusive love. The heroic element in man, prompting to deeds of moral beauty, he also ardently loved and of it

often sang. His editorial work offered nothing of this spirit, and therefore Gray hated it with a bitter hatred. It was distinctly partisan, not humanitarian. It was narrowly calculating. It could never be spontaneous and generous. It often prompted to confederacy in political wrong and was perpetually inciting to misrepresentation and abuse of political opponents. There was, then, very little of the beautiful in all this, and therefore it is that Gray's letters are filled with wild longings to escape, and with intimations that his work made him despondent and discouraged. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that Gray did not recognize the noble work that can be and is now often done on the daily press. In his poem read before the State Press Association in 1874, he ably sings of the functions, the ideals of the editor, placing as usual above all "the perfect zone of beauty," the expression of the beautiful in style, thought and topic. And it was the thought that he could never realize this ideal that made Gray feel the editorial sanctum to be a prison-house and grave. Such thoughts made Gray turn with rapturous delight to nature, to "those wonderful sunsets away over Lake Erie, down by the Canadian woods—their inexpressible glory night after night;" such thoughts made him long for Glen Iris, the happy valley, "where the earth runs to flowers and the air to rainbows." And the same feeling is voiced in his letters from the South and from Cuba.

And so, during long years of toil, as the sweet ministrations, the soothing, healing influences of Nature,—

> "That bread of soul her hallowed teaching gives,
> That wine of heart which whoso drinketh lives,"

were denied him, he turned from earthly to that heavenly beauty of which he himself has told us:

"And, still, with glimpses of her heavenly face,
With *dreams*, whereof the waking is sweet tears,
With thoughts that never on the lips have place,
Nor come, save once, in years,—

"With these—with all that makes us thrill and burn,—
Still does she haunt the heart and light the eyes,
Till, with a longing, wild desire, we yearn
For the lost Paradise."

Thus has he told us himself of how he came into his own happiness and peace.

Under even happier auspices the literary life would not of itself have satisfied Gray. He would have quickly felt its limitations, its cruelties, its unrest. The life of a religious teacher would have been to him, after a brief period, and of itself, unfruitful and incomplete. Yet had the soil of the heart not been vexed with the weeds of care, there would, perchance, have bloomed flowers of a literary life rarer and more fragrant even than those we have, and as the tributes so frequently given to the inexpressible charm of his conversation indicate, his great delight would have been as a contemplater, an utterer of the beautiful, not as its amanuensis or its historian.

So that, whatever might have been his walk in life, and whatever the work he did, the feeling left would be one of incompleteness; the thought would always be that all that was written or done was but the inadequate expression of the power and beauty of the mind that created it; precisely the same feeling that those who knew them best express

of De Quincy and Coleridge. Like Coleridge, in his *Kubla Khan*, such men as Gray have, as he himself has just told us, visions—marvellous dreams of glory, which the most trivial interruptions of the world suffice to banish beyond recall. Such natures are Æolian harps, which breathe of moods unfelt by any others, the far-off murmur of hostile and jarring influences, cause to utter cries of infinite sorrow and regret. In the work of such men there is always, as in the palace of Aladdin, "the unfinished window," which none but the invisible genii who wrought it can complete, and which therefore "unfinished must remain."

Gray's highest function is not to be found in the work he did, but in the inspiration he created, and the same would have been the case under any circumstances. He was the lover, the teacher of the love of the beautiful, at once its disciple and its prophet. And as day after day and year after year he lived and moved in this community—now keeping pure and sweet, in the columns of his paper, the cause of humanity and justice, now giving aid and counsel to our institutions of learning and art, now inspiring, at his home circle, those chosen few, who in their turn reflected to others the light and beauty they received from him—he was a beneficent power, the scope and ultimate effect of whose influence for intellectual culture and moral excellence it is now impossible to estimate or define. Suffice it to say that he was and is

—"the sweet pressure of a good diffused
And in diffusion ever more intense,"

and that he is justly worthy to be placed in that

—"choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Of Mr. Gray's poetry it is difficult to speak critically

without seeming unjustly severe. Considered as a whole, it seems to me to contain only the promise of what might have been had his toil been less exacting and his nature less sensitive. In one respect it is remarkable, and that is in the uniform advance in style which it displays. Many of the early poems are valuable as indicating the poet who dominated Gray's mood at the time he wrote, rather than as evincing his own felt poetic need for and his spontaneous selection of the particular poetic form his utterance took. Thus the manifest echo of Campbell is heard in *Sir John Franklin and His Crew*, of Longfellow in *A Golden Wedding Poem*, in *When I See Those Little Feet of Thine*, in *Communion*, and in *The Ministry of Art* the influence, tone and style of Lowell is quite distinctly apparent in the poems read at various meetings of the Young Men's Association, especially in the passages relating to the war, and the same is true of the Thanksgiving poems. Swinburne suggests himself in every line of *Coming*, and Tennyson's *Dora* is almost reproduced in rhythmic melody and effect in *Mary Lenox*. In a large number of poems the expression, form of verse and hythmic use, recall Poe, Moore and Byron. To realize the great advance made by Gray, one has only to compare the blank verse used in *The Crew of the Advance*, with its halting lines and its abrupt cadences and the blank verse in *Mary Lenox* which is music itself in comparison. There is a recurrence of favorite figures and lines, which, upon a careful revision, Mr. Gray would undoubtedly have changed; as, for example, the frequent use of the figure, "hearts *mouldering* upward into flowers," of "Art, the bright-eyed pilgrim from afar," and the "nerves of flowers." There are also phrases which would undoubtedly have been changed; to illustrate, the really excellent poem upon Elihu Burritt

is marred by the phrase "He threw great words upon us"—suggesting only the great rocks thrown by Polyphemus upon Ulysses; or, to take another example from the same poem, by the figure of "Peace as a goddess throned on the high, white calmness of his brow;" and this list might be considerably farther extended. But to compensate for these there are scattered through the poems that *curiosa felicitas*—the striking melody and strength of single lines and paragraphs which was pre-eminently the characteristic of Wordsworth. Several of these occur in *The Crew of the Advance*. As a single example, take those lines from the poem, *On Lebanon:*

> "Sometimes the battling clouds would break,
> And from the rifted azure, fair,
> We saw an eagle slant, and take,
> Broad-winged, the *stormy slopes of air.*"

and in *Mary Lenox*, referring to her departure from her old home:

> "Then, from the old stone door-step, forth they went,
> And down the garden-walk, while all the flowers,
> That knew her feet, *turned wistful on their stems*
> *And breathed farewells of odor.*"

There is nothing finer in Bryant than the opening lines of the poem on Elihu Burritt:

> "They know, who wander in o'erarching woods,
> How spreads the whisper of a coming storm
> From leaf to leaf—from eager bough to bough,
> Till answering miles of forest swing and sway,
> And mock the gathering clouds, and with wild voices
> Call to the hollow Thunder in his lair."

One can see and feel the oncoming storm in these lines.

The poem, *The Last Indian Council of the Genesee*, will undoubtedly always be the best known of his poems, but I prefer the form given the same idea in *The Last of the Kah-Kwahs.* There are poems which seem superior to both these for refined feeling and poetic beauty. Take, for example, the sonnet to John Hay—one of the best poems Gray ever wrote. The same excellence distinguishes the sonnets, *Divided*, and *Murillo's Immaculate Conception.* Were I called upon to select the poem to which the palm should be awarded as a work of art, rounded, complete, satisfying in its simplicity and sweetness—the most remote from any suspicion of another's poetic influence or feeling—the poem springing spontaneously, naturally, from the deep feeling of its author, I should have no hesitation in naming the poem entitled "A Fragment," which I feel justified in quoting entire:

"Our home is in the city's dust and strife;
From its too feverish air we breathe our life;
Ours is no soft commune with field and sky;—
Not ours in depth of summer wood to lie,
And take from Nature's ever lavish hand
The stores of pleasure there at our command—
That bread of soul her hallowed teaching gives;
That wine of heart which whoso drinketh lives.
From all her life and bloom we dwell apart,
With news of her, alone, to glad the heart.
To us her every beauty, pomp and grace,
The ever new divineness of her face,
The year's sweet fall, the coming of her springs—
All have the strange, sad feel of distant things.

We cannot watch the flying woof of green
First fastening on the aspen's silvery sheen,
Then deepening where the buds are late and coy,
Till all the woods are waving, wild with joy!
Or, where the summer's deep crescendo tune
Has grown the full-voiced harmony of June,
We only hear its far-off echo swell,
And, heart-sick, in the dinful street, can tell
By the quick pulse, the weary, yearning brain,
That life and bliss are flooding earth again!
Even now, when, stealing from the autumn woods,
A mist of dream-land fills the solitudes,
Only the wind without, that sinks and swells,
Sings songs of harvest-home to us, and tells
How Autumn came and gathered up his sheaves,
And walks, a gleaner, through the withered leaves."

These words, in their deep recurring pathos and throbbing feeling, came straight from the heart of him who wrote them, and will ever awaken responsive feelings in the hearts of the lovers of Nature.

But, while it is not possible to feel that there is much in these verses that will escape "the devouring maw of Time," Gray has, in his poetry and in several of his prose pieces, performed, for all who live within or near his abiding-place, a specific service of inestimable value, to which it seems proper to refer.

Andrew Lang, in his most recent work, one of the most delightful and inimitable of fairy-tales, *The Gold of Fairnilea*, speaks of the strange water which the fairies possess, with which whosoever anoints his eyes can see through the

grass and the earth to where there lies gold underneath, and thus can discover, in unpromising spots, the most precious metal of the world. In this prosaic world it is the poet alone whose eyes are ever wet with the fairy water; he alone finds in the common incident, the every-day landscape, the precious gold of high thought, broad sympathy and deep feeling. Take as an illustration, what our best-beloved poet has done for us in this regard. There have been rainy days, and budding springs, and wintry nights in America for many a weary year, but who saw them in their full pathos and beauty until Longfellow told us what they really were? The bridge on the way to Cambridge—is it not forever consecrated? Has the nobility of honest toil not become more manifest since Longfellow has sung of "The Village Blacksmith?" To the ordinary eye the river Charles is but an insignificant, muddy stream. It can never again be such to one who has seen it with the fairy water of poesy placed upon his eyes by the hand of the poet Longfellow. What Bryant has done for New York, and Longfellow, and Whittier, for New England, Gray has nobly done for Buffalo and its environs. He has idealized scenery, traditions and institutions. Henceforth this is no longer common ground. He has deprived no one of the title deeds of his land, but he has enriched us all by presenting us that property in the horizon which, as Emerson says, only the eye of the poet can create. After reading Gray, no person of sensibility can hear, with quite the same feeling as before, the fog-bell on the lake, as it tolls upon dark, misty nights:

"Out on the dim and desolate lake,
Chime on chime falls, measured and slow;
Scarce the dull trance of the night they break,

Sounding so wearily, long and low;
Telling the hour in its voiceless flight—
Stirring old thoughts of our dear, dead joys:
O, dreary, mysterious night,
Shadow and fear have at last a voice.

"'Life!' they cry to the mariner, seaward,—
What to the slumbering thousands near?
Father above, do they beckon us Thee-ward?
See! I strain thro' the night to hear!
Sadly, solemnly tolling—tolling,
Dying away on the ghostly air,—
Every bell for a soul is knolling,
Every chime is a funeral prayer!"

To any one who realizes that the greatest charm of Buffalo lies in the opportunity it affords to have a home overlooking the lake and river where the wide expanse, the infinite deeps of the sky, its sunlight and shadow, the glories of sunset, the blackness and gloom of the cloud-wrack, can be seen above one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, and who, as he rests in such a home, hears the fog-bell toll at night—to such an one these lines of Gray add to the monotonous and mournful chime of that warning bell a rarer melody and a deeper pathos, fruitful in subtle imaginings and far-leading vistas of thought. The poet has idealized the common sound, and it can never be common again.

The same is true of the feelings inspired by the poem on "The Lake," beginning:

"At the night's most solemn hour,
When the stars are lost o'erhead,
And the silence hath a power

Deeper, thus to darkness wed;—
When the light-house lantern keeps
Vigil, while the city sleeps,
Circling slowly in the night,
With its bursts of meteor-light;—"

Any one who will commit the poem to memory and stand, in the darkness, on the high bluff at The Front, and there watch the light-house lantern "circling slowly" will best and most worthily realize what David Gray has done to deepen and enrich an ordinary experience in Buffalo. The same remarks hold good of the city sketch, entitled "A March Scene," and "The Chimes." It is pre-eminently so of the poems read upon public occasions in Buffalo. In the first of these he portrays the growth of the city, when,

"The lake's cool breath in summer gave her health,
Or brought her dreams when Autumn came by stealth
In robes of gold and crimson, through the woods
Of Canada's far-stretching solitudes."

In another poem, upon the opening of the New Library Building of the Young Men's Association in 1865, the verses Gray wrote of the old building seem almost prophetic of that magnificent new structure, now fulfilling the same function. Surely no one else has so nobly voiced the thought which, in shadowy form perhaps, has haunted the minds of many of us, as does Gray in the following lines, speaking of the Library building:

"Here, too, shall Labor, from the dusty street,
Come, and forget his toiling,
As if the grass grew green beneath his feet,
And heaven were o'er him smiling.

"Hither shall Youth, with bounding heart, repair
To turn the page of story,
Till life, transfigured, to his eyes shall wear
Romance's robe of glory.

"And Song, to lead his fancy's airiest train,
Shall send her lithest fairies;—
To thrill his heart with love's delicious pain,
Her sad-eyed Highland Marys!

"And here are nooks, where, in the shadowy calms,
Swing open magic portals,
And, walking, we may feel within our palms
The hands of the immortals.

"The poorest life may come, and, haply, yearn
With hopes new-sprung to blossom,
And, songful, to its lightened task return,—
A flower upon its bosom!"

Another institution also, of our city, Gray ennobled with his verse, viz., the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. It is greatly to be regretted that this institution appears to awaken such feeble interest among our wealthy men; that the efforts of its organization seem to be so futile in results; and that it is, comparatively speaking, so poor and needy in all that makes a great institution of its character. But Gray saw it only with the poet's eyes, wet with the fairy water of poesy, for he said, speaking of Art and her home therein:

—"these are magic halls;
Enchantress, thou, whose pencil is thy wand:
Radiant, and far from all these pictured walls,
Opens a faery land.

"As through the gate of some enchanted palace,
We wander forth, beneath divinest skies;
And there are windless woods and silent valleys,
Where summer never dies.

"Away, away, where soundless streams are falling,
Where Fancy's sweet will, only, points the track,
Until, at last, her vagrant steps recalling,
The soul comes singing back!
* * * * * *
"So, still, O Art, we follow where thy wand
Points to the path the beautiful have trod;
For Art joins hands with Beauty,—Beauty's hand
Touches the throne of God!"

It would be a serious omission not to speak with especial emphasis of the most exquisite description given by Gray of "Niagara Falls by Winter Moonlight," which closes the first volume. Can any one ever behold it again without thinking of such lines as these, "What savage music the wind made, moaning through the forsaken wood and *shaking the crystal castanets that dangled from the icy fingers of the trees*" * * * "The tide of progress gradually oversweeps the land, from east to west, but Niagara still breasts the current and is untamed by it. The solitude of the primeval woods, the wilderness and the savage glory of nature which have passed away elsewhere, still find a fitting voice and expression in Niagara."

But it is, after all, in his letters that the true measure of Gray's intellectual force, vigor and sweetness is to be found. It is not a forced analogy to find in Mr. Gray, in respect to his character and literary ability, a striking similarity to

Robert Louis Stevenson. Both are essentially poets, but in both the mechanic exercise of verse seems to chill the "genial current of the soul," and in both the truest poetry is found in their prose, and especially in their prose of travel and adventure. Both had what Stedman says is peculiarly true of Bayard Taylor, "a poet's sympathy with any land" to which they came. That in the lucidity of his style, the rare perfection of phrase and epithet, the charming suggestiveness of his diction, Gray would ever, under happier auspices, have equalled Stevenson, it is, perhaps, rather venturesome now to assert; but there is no doubt whatever, it seems to me, in the statement that Gray would have been very nearly, if not fully equal, to the best work which Bayard Taylor or Washington Irving ever accomplished, had not the Juggernaut car of the daily press passed daily, or rather, nightly over his finely organized brain.

Take a few, and only a few, examples, as proof of this remark, from those wonderful letters, written upon themes, about persons and places described and re-discribed *ad nauseam*. They are fresh as the morning dew, clear and sweet as our Buffalo breeze and lake. It is difficult to imagine a better description than that given by Gray of the Handel Festival, at the Crystal Palace, London:

"Under the dome of the central transcept were seated 26,000 auditors. The singers and players were over 4,000 in number, ranged amphitheatrically above the listeners. Thus, with the great organ adding its voice, they gave 'The Messiah.' It was far over the sea of the audience and up the hill of the orchestra, whence the voice of Sims Reeves, the great English tenor, issued in the first recitative and air. Every note was distinct, but softened, like the sound of a bugle remote among mountains. I listened, holding my

breath in suspense, till the last note of the solo unlocked the volume of the opening chorus. Like the sound of a single voice the magnificent harmony rose and rolled and sank and rose in tidal grandeur, till the magnificent temple was full and overflowing with the more magnificent music. Then there were other soloists and choruses, till the climax of the oratorio's first part was reached in the chorus, 'For unto us a Child is born.' The glory of Christ, the stupendous meaning of His religion, burst in splendor upon my mind, then, as never before. 'Unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder,' pealed the choir, and the words bore with them their own majestic interpretation. I looked away along the crystal nave of the palace and saw the colossal figures of the mythology of Assyria, of Greece, of Rome. They stood in shadow and seemed to wave hands of wonder and farewell. I watched, and almost expected to see them crumble in the thrill of the music which proclaimed the mystery of their supersedure in human history. Still the chorus sang, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.' "

The letters are full of rarely beautiful descriptions of places and events; not in the so-called "fine writing" style, but true and just descriptions, full of reserve power, nicely modulated and restrained, and ever deeply tinged with poetic feeling. Take, for example, this bit, descriptive of Sir Walter Scott's tomb:

"Five miles from Melrose, in an opposite direction from Abbotsford, is Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried. The ruins, in the last state of dilapidation, are half-hid among the trees of a valley around which the Tweed winds and curves and makes music, as if loth to leave so sweet a spot.

Huge, isolated fragments of the richly-sculptured walls are almost all that remain of that once princely abbey, and only what is called St. Mary's aisle, where the dust of Scott is entombed, is sufficiently well-preserved to aid the fancy in reconstructing the mouldering pile. Yet I could not help feeling that the place was the most happy and fitting one I had seen in all Scotland to be the resting-place of Scotland's greatest son. The brown and weather-worn masonry inclosing his sepulchre is inscribed with the fading memorials of a history which he called from the dead and clothed in immortal garments of living romance. The ivy, darkly luxuriant, is omnipresent among the ruins, springing, like the sturdy plant of his own minstrelsy, out of the mould of buried ages, and like that, too, crowning with freshest life and beauty the shrines of border legend and tradition. Into the cloistered precincts, too, Nature looks with her cheerfulest, loveliest face; for trees wave in the wind within, as well as without the ruins, and grass and flowers have covered all the pavements. So that Dryburgh is but as it were the casket in which the treasure is laid, while casket and treasure are both held lovingly in the clasp of the Tweed and in the deep shadow and shelter of its valley bosom."

Or take the description of the Cave of Fingal—that miracle of nature's architectural fantasy:

"The common and inevitable figure of speech by which the cave of Fingal is depicted, as the pillared nave of a vast natural cathedral, comes nearest of any to descriptive truth. Seventy feet high at the entrance, the groined and massive archway stretches more than seventy yards back from the sunlight and the sea. Ranges of gigantic pillars, jointed and hewn with more than human art, form the walls, and the blue nave and white foam of ocean are the floor of the

solemn temple. One may imagine, although he may not hear, the anthem of thunder which sounds when the tempest enters in as a worshiper and proclaims the omnipotence of the temple's Architect. It chanced, when we stood within, that the sea was nearly at its calmest, and yet the shout of the surge as it rolled in and out of the cave, was music the most awfully grand I have ever heard. When the ocean sucked back its wave, there burst from every recess of the place an orchestral peal of sound, the effect of which is simply indescribable. 'A sea of glass mingled with fire' shone in our faces as we turned, at last, from the gloom of this temple not made with hands to the sunlight of the outer world. God pity us if we came not out with reverent and awe-struck thought of Him, whose name is sounded by the sea and echoed by the rock forever in that dim and solemn oratory of the ocean."

There are many such passages scattered through the letters. Especially fine, too, are those word-pictures of sunsets, rarer in their fidelity to truth than are those of Ruskin; because in Ruskin, what we admire most, after all, is not the scene, but the beauty of the verbal description. Take as a fair example of many descriptions which occur in Mr. Gray's letters, the following:

"The sunset overtook us as we journeyed across a plain which is famed as the garden of all the Riviera. The date and the lemon flourish in its precincts as if they were tropical colonists sent over the sea by the summer of the south. The odor of its jessamine groves, its flowers and its 'spring-time perpetual' were sung, in olden time, by Ariosto. Night crept stealthily over this plain as we advanced, but still the ships out at sea carried sunlight on their sails; the summits of the Cape Verde, stretching southward before us, were golden

likewise; and upon the windows and walls of La Madonna della Guardia, a little town which seems to have grown out of the pinnacle of its cliff, as if that had animated and had budded into a place of human habitation, the sunset also flamed. Then the shining sails faded; the dusk maroon of the western horizon rose up and met the shadow of the east; at the high lattice shrines of La Madonna the sacred sun-fire glimmered and went out and it was night. The tiniest sickle of the new moon hung over our right shoulders in the west as we rode into San Remo, our first resting place. And so the evening and the morning were the first day."

But it is useless to multiply instances of the very high intellectual qualities of these admirable letters, evidencing better than aught else the great loss sustained by American literature, in the non-completion of Gray's projected book on Palestine. In addition to work of the character indicated, there are shrewd observations on commercial affairs, keen but genial delineation of the characteristics of natural character, thoughtful discussions of social conditions and development —the whole pervaded by a most enthusiastic love for American liberty and American institutions. Gray was as far as possible from being the Anglo-maniac, or the admirer of foreign ways and customs, because they are not the manners and customs of America. There are also single expressions of great poetic force and beauty, as witness two picked at random from very many others: Speaking of Vesuvius, and of the time when he and his guide stood in the hot, shimmering presence of the crater, Mr. Gray says, "I pointed to the awful deep which yawned at my feet, and asked the guide if there was still a downward path. He shook his head significantly, and took me by the arm without speaking. We had not stood thus many seconds, when the sound of an explosion far beneath

us broke upward from the pit. *It seemed as if a great sob had been uttered, deep down in the heart of Nature.*" What a wealth of suggestive thought, what nuggets of poetic imaginings lie in this single line! Or take this, which to my mind is at once the most vivid and the most beautiful description I have ever read of a glacier: "It was to the glaciers near me that I was indebted for entertainment. *If Niagara, wearied of its motion, might stretch itself upon a mountain-side, and fall into a white sleep,* it would be such a sight as that I saw."

And so for page after page these letters move in grace and beauty like some majestic ship swayed and borne on by the living breeze of a truly poetic spirit, laden with the precious freightage of quick and intensely earnest thought, not always rare in quality or great in novelty or diversified in theme, but welcoming every land with the cosmopolitan sympathy of the refined intellect and the humanitarian heart, and flying ever at the masthead, in unaffected pride, the flag of the greatest republic of the world. They are a precious legacy for Buffalo of which every Buffalonian should feel proud. It is a good thing to have had for a fellow-townsman so rare and highly gifted a spirit.

I have reserved for the last my remarks upon the religious experiences of Mr. Gray, because, to me, they form the most suggestive part of these volumes. Early in the dawn of his intellectual life one catches flashes of the religious electricity with which the atmosphere of his whole life was surcharged. It is manifest in his letters to David Taylor, especially in the one relating to Shelley, and in his letter to his parents after his sickness in Damascus. It is manifest even when he fails himself to recognize the significance of its wild throbbings and flamings, as when in his letter from Gotha to David Taylor

he says, "The hypochondria which I inherit from my father grows upon me steadily. Its attacks are longer and more violent." In this expression I find only the passionate longing of his soul for that which alone could give it complete satisfaction and repose, which alone did work a thorough revolution in his whole mental life; and that was the complete domination of the man, mentally, morally and spiritually, by the fundamental, vital spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. And that this overmastering influence was totally disconnected from and not dependent upon his sickness is strikingly shown by the fact that in the summer preceding his prostration he carried with him a copy of the Gospels, reading it aloud to his eldest son and making of it the central theme, the absorbing topic of speech and thought. The Spirit of Religion had found, at last, her child, and behold, "former things were put away, all things became new,"—the current of the life was changed forever.

How complete the change thus affected was, these volumes very finely illustrate. Prior to his absolute acceptance of this spirit as his guiding and controlling principle, there had been discontent and restlessness, weariness with his occupation, criticism of his friends and dissatisfaction with his place of abode. He enjoyed traveling, but wearied of it infinitely at times. He had ambitions, but found comparatively poor satisfaction in their attainment. It was in his case with the heavenly love, as it is with the earthly love in the lives of most lovers. One flower of "the rosebud garden of girls" may delight for some qualities and for certain moods and feelings, another for others, but there is not rest and peace until upon the view arises "the fair, the inexpressive she"—the silver crescent of the lover's world—the pure Diana of the heart, under whose benign power all the current

of the being flows onward, "a luminous home of waters, bright and tranquil," in whose deeps the fixed stars of lasting peace and joy forever shine. To David Gray, in his dreariest moments of sickness, in his darkest hours of discouragement and disappointment, came such life and light from above, never more to be obscured by clouds of darkness, never more to be hid by storms of doubt, but, upon a life serene and pure, full of hope and patience, of infinite trust and of sweetness, to shine forever, brightening his darkness with the abiding assurance of an all-powerful Love, sustaining, consoling him with an unquestioning faith in the everlasting Hope.

How far removed from the world of our ordinary life was this life of his—"hid," as it was "with Christ in God"—becomes most manifest in the letters written from Europe on his last trip abroad. Take, as an example, this letter written from Paris, immediately following his sickness: "Even in the stroke which laid me aside I cannot fail to feel a Father's hand, and that is love. It assures me I am a son and the object of His tender, watchful care. And though it seems as though I should have to begin life over again, yet I know He will prepare my path. Infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love—all these are ours in our Blessed Lord. 'All things are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ's is God's!' "

Now it should be remembered that this is not the language of a man who has been saying these things so long that they have become to him the mere empty utterance of his profession; they are not the words of one who, in the midst of some vast and overpowering religious feeling sweeping through the community, has been caught and carried away by the winds of doctrine; nor are they the words of one who, with his body richly provided with the good things of this world, and his mind freed from engrossing cares in the

present and forebodings for the future, takes a calmly comfortable view of this world and the next. They are the words of a man who, in the moments of his brightest professional success, was inclined to be despondent and discontented, yet who, in the agony of uncertainty caused by ruined health and prospects, of separation from family and friends, of all that would make the ordinary man contemplate suicide as the only avenue of escape, voices a triumphant song of hope and joy, of serene happiness and perfect trust.

And so it was to the end. Writing to his father, from Cannes, he says: "I note with interest what you say about getting onto a piece of land, if I am spared to see America again. It is best, however, I think, that I should let my way open up before me as I go along. I certainly have no fear but that I shall be able to find some way of getting an honest and quiet living. The promises are too numerous and positive to admit of doubt on that head. My constant prayer is that I may be guided absolutely by the word of God; that I may have no will of my own in the matter, and that whatever I do in word or deed, I may be enabled to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. It certainly looks to me as if the Lord had meant, in His recent dealings with me, to take me out of the business I was in. He knows I waited for Him to do that in His own way and time; but if I am mistaken in that, I shall know the fact in due time."

Again, he writes to his brother: "From the moment I ceased to be able to do for myself, I seem to have been lying on a bed of down, perfectly cared for, and with the strength of the Almighty arms supporting my weakness."

But the most significant letter is that written from London to his father: "If it should be God's will that we should all be in the body a little while longer, and thus permitted

to meet again here below, will we not rejoice in praising and exalting together His blessed and holy name? For, surely, He is good. My life, both physically and spiritually, both for time and eternity, He surely has 'redeemed from destruction;' while of a truth, as a family, we can all say that 'He crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.' And, above all, when I think of 'the exceeding riches of his grace' that he has made ours in His Son—the unspeakable revelation of His love to us that we have in that blessed and holy One—I feel constrained to that 'continual offering' of which the Apostle speaks. * * * If His grace can thus make us sing with joy on the road, what will it be to be with Him—to see Him as He is?"

And this was not mere formalism—"words, words" with no depth of meaning in them. Of his last sickness his wife writes, "I never heard a murmur escape his lips. No matter what came, it was all right. 'God knows best—His will be done.' "

The last scene of all is too well known to need repetition. The voyage to Cuba having been determined upon, the start was made on the Lackawanna railroad on March 15, 1888, for New York. Then came the accident, the frightful crash, crushing the feeble life which ebbed away on the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th, as a golden sunset lighted up all the landscape with "a rare and radiant beauty."

The end was strangely emblematic of the struggle during life. The material elements of our civilization—its rush and roar and turmoil, of which the on-rushing railroad train was at once so striking a type and a representative—were too powerful for the fine and delicate spirit; they first bruised his mind and then killed his body. But in the last moments of his life, that earthly sunshine which he so ardently loved

and of which he had so often lovingly sung, was round about him, and that heavenly sunlight which had cheered his darkness, shone, as we may fondly believe, into the eyes of the spirit with all the radiance and unclouded brightness of an eternal morning.

That David Gray—a man strong intellectually, of not extraordinary, but still unusual, practical common sense, of diversified experience in the busy haunts of men, passing his days in the sanctum of the editor of a great daily paper, where all the whirling currents of business, commerce, politics, literature, social ambitions, have their vortex—that this man should find in the almost literal interpretation of the Gospel his only trust and consolation, cannot be accounted for on the theory that a highly-touched poetic spirit sought thus, in its morbid moments, perfect rest in subjective celestial visions inspired by the Christian narrative of the life of Jesus Christ. Nor can it be said that mental depression engendered this exalted state, nor that the influence of far-off ancestors, prayerful, pious, habituated to a tone of reverential thought for generations, reasserted itself in moments of weakness and established a continued dominion over the soul. No such theory can account for the belief of General Gordon, whose views were almost identical with those of Gray, and whose keen, analytic, common-sense spirit was the very reverse of poetical. Nor can it account for the almost precisely similar outcome of the thought of Count Tolstoi, whose insight into life in all its infinite variety, in all the strange and hidden windings of character and purpose, in all the delicate and almost infinitesimal gradations of mental and moral elevation and decline, is much superior to that of the skeptical and despairing George Eliot.

And yet—and yet, what shall we say is the lesson taught by the life of the brothers Newman—both reared under the same influences, studying at the same university, reading the same books, listening to the same instructors, the one wrapt in an ecstacy of heavenly vision, an inspiration and a power to the most venerable branch of the Christian Church —the other, an equally ardent skeptic, voicing in words of equal eloquence and sweetness the philosophy of negation and despair? Still stands before the Pilates of every age the bleeding Galilean, and to the question, "What is the truth?" answers, "Behold it in Me." And though, in all sincerity and candor, that answer cannot be taken as the truth by all spirits honest and pure and true, this, at least, can be said, that to those who can find the truth in that sublime Figure of utter self-surrender, of infinite gentleness and pity, which bearing the heavy cross of all other men's sins shines radiant and sweet down the long centuries of the weary world, to all such—totally irrespective of the truth of the doctrines which have gathered about Him, and which have acted rather as clouds to obscure than as lights to reveal—there comes, what no other religion has been able to give its adherents, a sense of security, peace, exalted happiness, high endeavor, expansive sympathy and humanity, and all of which the agony and bloody sweat, the dark terror, the utter loneliness and despair of death only make brighter and clearer and fuller than they were before. How bright, how blessed these consolations, these hopes and ideals are, the life and death of David Gray make more manifest than a hundred sermons or a thousand homilies, and more convincing than the most persuasive course of philosophic reasoning. Such a life is surely, then, a worthy subject of thoughtful study to an open and hospitable mind, whatever be the conclusions of that

mind as to the validity of such a life as an argument for belief in the sources of its peace and faith, or as the basis of a curious, psychologic study, revealing the subtle influences of temperament and heredity.

No conclusion can destroy the conviction that such men as Gray, such lives as his, are all too rare; nor does it forbid the pleasing fancy that in the dawnings of the sun in all the after-time in our own city we may say of Gray, as Gray himself wrote in substance of Burns, that for what he has been, and because of what he sang, all our landscape wears a richer aspect; the evening clouds are tinged with lovelier light, the broad and beautiful lake is more inspiring still, the sod is brighter with daisies, the sun pours a balmier radiance, and the skies sprinkle a rarer dew, "for the bloom and beauty of all these are the language in which Nature forever speaks her tender love for the memory of her true lover."

For this pure soul—for this rare singer—shall not the fitting epitaph be those simple yet suggestive words which Bunyan wrote of Christian as he slept in the Palace Beautiful? "The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was *Peace*, where he slept till break of day and then he awoke and sang."

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Gentlemen—It is an honor as well as a great pleasure to respond to the toast, "American Literature."

The sneer of Sydney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" is answered by the sale of thousands of our books and magazines in Europe today. The question, "Have we an American literature" has passed at last beyond the province of discussion. The toast, then, is "American Literature," and by literature I understand is meant not those writings which, though excellent in themselves, and for the moment subserving a useful purpose, have not in them the preserving salt that fits them to be a stimulant for posterity. By "literature," I take it, is meant the best books that our country has produced,—possessing in themselves lasting qualities of beauty, humor, grace and power. So understood, the very words "American Literature" imply a contemplation of what is noblest in our intellectual history. They invite, like the ever-open door of some great cathedral, to a region of peace, serenity, and delight. Outside that haven the tempestuous hurricanes of political discussion may rage as they will: the bickerings and quarrelings of the noisy sparrows of the market-place cannot disturb us here; the rude noise, the jostling rapacity, the feverish rush of the strife for gold die away into a murmur as gentle as that of the summer breeze among the pines.

It would indeed be pleasant to linger together, long, in this noble structure; to examine at length the protraitures shining down upon us like the great, stained windows of our cathedrals; and especially would it be pleasant to dwell upon those which indicate the humanity and broad catholicity of our literature;

which express, impliedly, sympathy with the poor, the outcast and the despised; which dwell upon the hope and trust of our nature; which inculcate the brotherhood of man—the basic doctrine of the American Republic. There before our uplifted eyes the sweet, girlish form of Evangeline moves in perpetual sunshine down the village streets of Grand Pré; there forever the purifying snow falls with the pity of humanity upon the outcasts of Poker Flat; there, the dusky skin of Uncle Tom, under the inspired touch of womanly sympathy, glows and burns into the white-rose purity of a saint; there, drawn by the pen of Whittier, John Brown of Ossawatomie, about to mount the scaffold, bends down to kiss the little negro child; and there, too, is the sublime lesson of faith taught by Bryant in the flight of that solitary bird pursuing its way "while glow the heavens with the last steps of day, dark seen against the crimson sky, lone wandering but not lost."

But like life itself, the time allotted is too short now to speak of these and the hundreds of other lessons in goodness, beauty, pathos, which American literature has given to the world. Let us stop for a moment, however, to ask ourselves the pertinent question whose is the greatest name in our American literature, and remembering all his comrades with himself, to leave our tributes at his feet. To this question I conceive there can be but one answer. The greatest name of all, the man whose work it will repay us all best to study in our too infrequent periods of leisure, the name destined to shine serene like an eternal star centuries hence, is that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. There is no man, it matters not what his creed, nationality, profession, occupation, or position may be who will not, like Jacob in his struggle with the angel of old, carry away a blessing in his effort to understand and appreciate this great seer—this God-filled man of the nineteenth

century. If shrewdness, thrift, prudence, economy are desirable American characteristics, they may be most nobly learned of him. If love of purity, goodness, integrity, absolute honesty of heart and soul are worthy American virtues, all these he had, and made in his writings lovely and desired of men. The scientist tells us of man as the civilized ape; Emerson beholds him as the God-descended spirit. The high priest of modern culture, Matthew Arnold, looking from his self-narrowed window, beholds a world of bitterness and gloom. Emerson waves above it the magic wand of his humanity and behold! all is "sweetness and light." In his insight into morals, into the essential nature of truth and beauty, he gives not suggestions, but revelations. He is oracular—not to be questioned or denied. He will not be detained by the arguments of the sophist; he will not be degraded by controversy with the theologian; he cannot be turned aside by the blandishments of the luxuriant and the fleshly. More than any other secular writer of our time he urges us to consider how petty and mean are the trappings of place and power, the splendid garments of riches, influence, and position, if behind all these there is only the skulking shadow of a selfish soul. No man can habitually read Emerson understandingly and be a bad man. He most persuasively woos, he wins the spirit to his own clear outlook upon the divineness of the world; and sweetly, calmly, yet most surely, leads his true disciple out from the close and feverish atmosphere of the selfish struggle for wealth and power, to those high table-lands of thought where shine aloft the great lights of heaven free from the mist and smoke of the lower world, and where upon his brow is blown the fresh, pure air of the eternal Spirit of God. Humbly, reverently, tonight let us lay at this man's feet our little wreath of love

and praise—not that he needs it, but that by so doing we may worthily indicate our sense of our need to honor ourselves in remembering and honoring this greatest of all Americans.

THE QUEEN.

NOTE

One of the most notable social events in the history of Buffalo was the banquet given on the evening of June 22, 1897, at the Ellicott Club, under the auspices of the Victoria Club of Buffalo, to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

To quote the *Buffalo Sunday Express* of nearly four years afterwards, shortly after the death of the British monarch:

> It was a brilliant gathering of many of Buffalo's most prominent men in professional, commercial and industrial life, and many glowing and eloquent tributes to Her Majesty were uttered; but most notable of all was the eloquent address of James Fraser Gluck, who responded to the toast "The Queen."

The proceedings at that banquet, containing Mr. Gluck's speech in full, were printed in pamphlet form. A copy was suitably bound and forwarded through the Hon. John Hay, then United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James, to Queen Victoria. Acknowledgment of the volume was sent by the Queen through her private secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge, to Mr. Albert E. Jones, chairman of the banquet committee, as follows:

"I have received and laid before the Queen the copy of a memorial from the Victoria Club of Buffalo, which was forwarded by the American Ambassador for submission to Her Majesty.

"I am desired to beg that His Excellency will be good enough to express the thanks of the Queen for this gratifying proof of affection and good will on the part of both Americans and British subjects in Buffalo."

Subsequently, Col. Hay wrote to Mr. Jones:

"You have no doubt received before this the acknowledgment by the Queen of your beautiful jubilee book. I was at Windsor the other day and heard of the pleasure with which Her Majesty had received it."

Sir John Evans was present at Windsor Castle when the book was handed to Her Majesty. He personally assured Mr. Jones of Her Majesty's gratification and said that she had asked that certain speeches be read to her a second time.

THE QUEEN.

Good men are the gifts of good women to mankind, but good women are the gifts of God.

Sixty years ago today, at the open window of the Privy Council Chamber in the Palace of St. James's in London, there appeared before an innumerable throng, a slight, girlish figure, draped in black. Amid the blare of trumpets, the boom of cannon, the shouts of the people, she stood in unaffected dignity and infinite sweetness—the gift of God to the throne of Britain from that hour even unto this day. As the great roar of voices increased, her face grew pale, and her eyes were suffused with tears. The awful responsibility of her exalted position oppressed her as the heralds blew their silver trumpets and declared her to be, in very truth—"Alexandrina Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." And then, again, the shouts of the throng, and leading all the rest, the stentorian voice of the great Irishman, O'Connell, who subsequently declared that "Five hundred thousand Irishmen would defend the life and the honor of the young and beloved Queen."

For beloved she was from the first hour of her reign. She it was who lifted the baleful curse of the Georges from England. The bell which tolled the death of William on the night of the 20th of June sounded the knell of all those unspeakable reigns. With the darkness of that night fled away, like spirits of the nether deep, the dissolute society which had disgraced the English court. And with the sunlight came the song of birds, the unclouded sky, the opening flowers of summer—types and symbols of the purity and peace of the most auspicious reign

that has ever glorified a royal throne in the annals of recorded time.

This glory, the greatness of this auspicious reign, was not an accident. The roots of the fruitage of Victoria's rule were watered by a mother's tears and nourished by a mother's wise and tender love—a mother who kept her free from all the corrupting influence of the court, and who said: "I will try to make her a good woman, and then she will be a good queen." And it was the daughter of this mother who said, when at eleven years of age she learned how near she was to the throne: "There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility," and added, after a long pause, "I will be good!"

Goodness, consecration to duty, personal purity, universal sympathy—these are the gems which outshine in Victoria's crown the royal jewels of England.

Her goodness made her brave. In the several attacks upon her life she showed unparalleled serenity and courage.

Her goodness made her strong and wise. The first minister of her reign urged her to sign a document on the ground of "expediency." The Queen said, gently, but firmly: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong; but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand." History does not record a similar reply on the part of any other monarch in the world.

Her goodness enjoined upon her, as her first and highest aim, absolute consecration to her duty, to her life work. One of her greatest ministers, in bringing to the Queen some important papers, said that he had arranged them so as to give Her Majesty the least trouble. "Pray never mention to me," said the Queen, "the word trouble again; only tell me how the thing is to be rightly done, and I will do it if I can." And all her duties she has done and has done well every day of her

reign. Ministers come and go, but the Queen ever remains at her post of duty. Not for a single hour, not for a moment, in times of deepest agony, of wifely sorrow or of maternal grief, have the dispatch-boxes been delayed. The great business of state—its diplomatic decrees, its plans for internal improvement, for municipal reform, for colonial expenditure or expansion, for military or naval equipment; all requiring the auproval of Her Majesty, and all invariably understood by her before signature—the great business of the state has rolled on, even though it has almost crushed the woman's heart beneath its heavy wheels.

Her goodness has made the Queen kindly to all men, and hence a lover of peace. Her wise and just letter to the Emperor Nicholas before the Crimean war will not soon be forgotten. Her intercession on behalf of France with the Emperor William, whereby a second attack on that unhappy country was averted, caused her to incur the bitter enmity of Bismarck, and inflicted upon the beloved Princess Royal repeated attempts to cause her the deepest suffering and humiliation.

Her goodness it was that prompted the Queen to an act which should make her name and her memory forever dear to Americans. When Slidell and Mason, the Confederate ambassadors on the Trent, were seized by Capt. Wilkes, almost all aristocratic England broke into a flame of rage. With his usual impetuosity, Lord Palmerston was eager for war. Most of the nobility sided with the South. Troops were ordered to Canada by the British Ministry; war vessels were hurriedly prepared, and a dispatch was dictated to America which meant nothing less than war. Our own land was in a fever of excitement. A single hot or insolent word would have kindled a continental conflagration. War with Britain meant war with France, and this meant either the impoverishment or ruin of the

republic. It was the last act of the beloved Prince Consort and the heart and hand of the Queen that averted this national calamity. The insolent dispatch of Palmerston was changed. Peace with honor was made possible. We were left free to cope with the rebellion, and the Union was preserved. I care not what England has done in the past; the American would be less than a man who could refuse, after this most noble act, to cry in simple gratitude, "God bless the Queen."

It is her goodness, too, which has made the Queen, through all the years of her reign, a wise and just ruler of her realm. She is the creator of modern constitutional government. Invariably she has placed the welfare of her empire above party or personal triumph. Invariably she has accorded an equal welcome to ministers of both parties. She has, in great issues, like the disestablishment of the Irish Church, unbent her lofty state and used the reserve power of royal persuasion to influence the House of Lords to further the will of the people.

These are some of the reasons why, through the changeful years of her reign, through revolutions in other lands, when the stars of other dynasties have set in blood and shame, or have suffered eclipse, or by reason of their people's insanity have faded into darkness, when the assassin's knife and the dynamite bomb have sprinkled the pavements with royal blood —the full-orbed splendor of Victoria's reign has ceased not from its shining, and has

> "Kept her throne unshaken still
> Broad-based upon the people's will,
> And 'compassed by the inviolate sea."

But a force of greater potency than the political wisdom and sagacity of the Queen has been the sympathetic heart of the

woman. Her universal kindness and pity, her tenderness and love, have clothed her with a garment of such pearls as no other monarch has ever worn. She listens to the slightest wish of her people. During one of the Queen's too infrequent visits to Ireland, as she drove through the streets of Dublin with the Prince of Wales and his brother, an old Irish woman called out: "Make one of your darlings Prince Patrick, Your Majesty, and all Ireland will die for ye!" The Queen did not forget. In May of the following year her loveliest and strongest boy was born, and his name is Arthur Patrick, Duke of Connaught.

Down the long aisles of history the gracious figure of the Queen will move, illuminated by the light of her own noble womanhood. Now seen beside the bed of the poor, sick soldier at Kensington, reading aloud to him from the Bible; now stooping over the weeping and lonely Scotch governess in the royal household, bidding her retire to weep in sacred silence for the mother she has lost, while she, the Queen of England, assumes the tasks of the bereaved girl; now standing beside the grave of her devoted servitor, John Brown, glorifying his humble memory with her tears.

To the constancy of her friendship through life's vicissitudes, let the royal exiles of France testify. In the pomp of their royal or imperial power, in the agony of their royal or imperial degradation, Louis Phillippe, Louis Napoleon, and the widowed and childless Eugenie found in the English Queen an unfailing friend. Of all the tributes from all the world laid upon the bier of the lamented Lincoln there was none more sweet and tender than the letter written by the hand of Victoria herself to the martyred President's widow. In the deep mine, on the stormy sea, in the shock of battle, in personal bereavement and public loss, there is no calamity that the Queen does not hasten to assuage by the public yet heartfelt expression of her sym-

pathy and her sorrow. And these are potent factors of her power. These are the thousand invisible chords stretching from tens of thousands of hearts and homes which respond with gratitude and joy when the name of the Queen is spoken. In the fabled story of old the towers of Troy rose slowly to the divine music of Apollo; but today, in very truth, this is the mystic music—the music of grateful and loving hearts—which upbuilds and preserves unharmed the walls of Victoria's empire, and keeps upon everlasting foundations the steps of her imperial throne.

When, before the eyes of the student of history, there shall be unrolled the great panorama of the reign of Victoria, there will doubtless be given a proper representation of its wealth and power; its magnificent commercial and mechanical expansion; its bewildering material development; its great discoveries in science; its unparalleled achievements in rapid transportation over land and sea; its enslavement of electricity to do the myriad tasks of man; its diffusion of public education; its amelioration of the condition of the masses; its mitigation of penal punishment; its wider diffusion of charitable enterprise; its destruction of the barriers of sectional theology, and its elimination of national prejudices. There will too, doubtless, appear the groups of celebrated men whose names shine out like stars from the darkness of the past. In science—Brewster, Faraday, Herschell, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Lewes, Mary Somerville. In poetry, fiction and belles-lettres—Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, Morris, Rossetti, Dickens, Thackeray, Bronte, Lord Lytton, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins and Disraeli. In history—Macaulay, Grote, Carlyle, Kingslake and Freeman. In art—Millais, Leighton, Hunt, and scores of others. On that canvas there should also appear the crystallizing forces of the Imperial

Federation of the British Empire, of which the present jubilee may prove to be one of the most potent. But in none of these representations is to be found the unique feature of the Victorian Age. Other times have seen other empires with kindred glories, with illustrious men, victorious generals, renowned admirals, extended territories and colonies, and like pomp, and power, and pageantry. But to no other age, to no other empire, has it been given to behold a royal home of such perfect wedded love, of perfect domestic purity and peace. Victoria and Albert! Blessed union! Type and symbol of unselfish love through all the years to be. Over their home in the Highlands rests forever an aureole of celestial light. There the happiness and unselfishness of the poor found its abode in the palaces of kings. The flowers of tenderness and joy sprang up about its doors. The sunshine of mutual love sparkled in royal eyes. The laughter of little children, the clasping of baby arms, were dearer and stronger than the highest titles and the mightiest armies in the world. The waters of their Highland lakes were not more pure than the souls of this Queen of the Home and this Prince of the Heart. The misty mountain tops were less lofty than their thoughts; the fragrance of the heather less sweet than their love, and the golden glow of the sunset less peaceful than the perfect peace of their faith and hope and joy.

Long, long will the melodies of those halcyon days, like the soft music of an Æolian harp, linger in the memory of humanity. Yet, like human life itself, those happy days ended in a tragedy. And this is the scene on which the eyes of humanity will linger longest in pity and in love. Humanity will follow with joy the royal pair as they walk on that high plane whereon royalty must move, "in that fierce light which beats upon a throne." Humanity will watch the love-light in their eyes, the purity of their hearts. Humanity will linger beside the

happy home; will follow its inmates in their joys, and be glad to believe in the nobility of their souls. And humanity will scarce forbear a cry of horror as it beholds the stricken prince, and the blackness of utter desolation which fell at his death upon the shrouded widowed form, compelled to linger here, through lonely years, but going forward bravely, heroically, alone, in the rugged path of duty to the end.

This supreme devotion it is which will draw to Victoria forever the hearts of her people, of all peoples. To all good men and women she is, and will ever remain, the type of the loving wife, the devoted mother, the faithful widow; to all she is and will ever remain the symbol of pure, exalted womanhood. This is her grandest title, her richest crown, her unique distinction among all the rulers of the earth. And for these things all noble souls, of whatever nation they may be, will rise to do her honor, and will join in the prayer of the illustrious laureate for his beloved Queen, the venerable woman whose sorrows, nobility, constancy and exalted purity compel universal sympathy and respect—

"May all love,
His love unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee
'Till God's love set thee at his side again."

APPENDIX.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

James Fraser Gluck was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y., March 28, 1852. He received his preparatory education at the common schools of that city, then a village; at the grammer school of Drummondville, Canada, and at Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario. Entering Cornell University, he was graduated in 1874, president of his class, and having received the then highest undergraduate honor of the University, the Woodford Prize for oratory. After editing the Niagara Falls *Register* for some months he began the study of law in Buffalo. Soon after his admission to the Bar in 1876, he entered into partnership with the Hon. A. P. Laning and the Hon. D. H. McMillan. After Mr. Laning's death, in 1881, George C. Greene joined the surviving partners; in the spring of 1888 Mr. Greene retired and Charles A. Pooley was admitted, the firm becoming McMillan, Gluck & Pooley. Later, Ganson Depew was admitted and the firm became McMillan, Gluck, Pooley & Depew, and so remained until Mr. Gluck's death.

During his earlier life Mr. Gluck was much interested in politics, and was an ardent Republican. In 1884 he organized and was chosen president of the Central Republican Club, delivering political addresses, during that campaign, in the larger cities. Later, his interests turned wholly in the direction of literary study and labor, and his leisure hours during the last years of his life were devoted to the translation of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, which work it is hoped may be some day published in worthy form. He was elected a trustee of Cornell University in 1883. In 1885 he became

curator of the Buffalo Library, and at the close of his term of office he presented to that institution the collection of manuscripts, a description of which has been added to this volume. In 1888 he became president of the Grosvenor Library, continuing in this office until the close of his life.

Mr. Gluck was married in 1880 to Miss Effie Dunreath Tyler, daughter of the Rev. Charles Mellen Tyler, pastor of the Congregational church at Ithaca, N. Y., and afterward Professor of Christian Ethics of Cornell University. In 1897, after a brief sojourn in Italy in search of health, he died at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York City, on December 15th, leaving his wife and two children, Margaret Ellena and Jasper Sinclair Gluck.

The following quotation, from the Buffalo *Express* issued the day after Mr. Gluck's death, renders more complete the record of a short but very full life:

> This brief personal chronicle, shorn of all save the chief milestones along the path of his life, seems woefully lacking when the splendid talent and the charming personality of Mr. Gluck are considered. He was a brilliant man, one fit for Destiny to choose from among his fellows and advance to exalted station. He was a modest man, loving the quiet of his home and the joys of seclusion among a few chosen friends. He was a liberal man, and gave largely. He was interested in every movement for the welfare of the public, and the people have lost a strong and staunch friend.

THE GLUCK AUTOGRAPH AND MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS AT THE BUFFALO LIBRARY.

On February 10, 1885, took place one of the most warmly contested elections in the history of the Young Men's Association, or as it was subsequently known, The Buffalo Library. Upon one of the tickets Mr. Gluck's name appeared as candidate for curator. The entire ticket with which Mr. Gluck was identified was defeated except Mr. Gluck himself, who was elected by a large majority. He began the discharge of his new duties with great zeal and enthusiasm, and on January 7, 1887, he presented to the library a collection of autograph letters and manuscripts of which there are few equals.

At this early date Mr. J. N. Larned, superintendent of the library, pronounced the collection to be the largest and most valuable owned by any public institution in this country. During the ten years following the original gift Mr. Gluck continued his collecting, and on May 18, 1897, made a second gift to the library almost equal in value to the first. These manuscripts have since been given a permanent place in the library, practically filling the first floor of the southwest wing of the building.

In describing the extent and value of the collection at the time of the presentation the *Courier* said in its local columns:

> The collection of original manuscripts and autograph letters, the munificent gift of James Fraser Gluck to the Buffalo Library, is without doubt the largest and most valuable of its kind in this country in the possession of any public institution. It embraces manuscripts and letters

from almost every distinguished English and American writer whose manuscripts it is at all possible to procure. Of course the collection in the British museum includes many manuscripts of priceless value and which cannot be procured elsewhere, but here we have within our midst the nucleus of a treasure-house of letters which, with the additions hoped for in future years, bids fair to become a thing of national importance. The money value of this handsome present is estimated at from $10,000 to $12,000. The number of manuscripts in the collection is about 300, and the number of letters about 200. The former are very handsomely bound either in full or half levant morocco; most of the volumes contain rare portraits of the authors. Many of the letters are framed in oak and on mat, accompanied by portraits of the writers. Among the framed gems is a facsimile of Howard Payne's world famous *Home, Sweet Home*, and certainly not the least in value among the collections are the manuscripts of Burns, including the song beginning:

"The Thames flows proudly to the sea
Where royal cities stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins once had high command."

It would be impossible within the limits of a newspaper article to do anything like justice to so large and valuable a collection, or to begin to enumerate its many rare and valuable features. In the supplement of today will be found briefly indicated a few of the literary treasures embraced in the collection, together with Mr. Gluck's letter of presentation.

In the course of an interview with a *Courier* reporter regarding the value and utility of the collection, Superintendent Larned said:

"My first knowledge of Mr. Gluck's intentions in this matter was at a meeting of the library committee held shortly after his election two years ago as one of the curators of the library. The committee was discussing lists of books and so forth which I recommended for purchase, and in the

course of the meeting I called attention to the autograph manuscript of Robert Fulton, which was offered for sale in the catalogue of the London *Old Book-Dealer* at a moderate figure. I said that if we could indulge in the luxury of buying any curious and interesting things for exhibition, it would in my opinion be a very desirable thing. There was some talk about it among the members of the committee, and finally Mr. Gluck said: 'I will buy it and present it to the library.' At the close of the committee's meeting Mr. Gluck informed me that he would lose no time in looking about for things which it would be desirable to purchase for presentation. The Fulton manuscript was found to have been sold when the order for it reached London, so we were unable to get that, but soon afterward Mr. Gluck began to secure other manuscripts of interest and value, and his zeal in the undertaking evidently grew with the growth of the treasures as they accumulated. During the past two years he has devoted to this work much labor and time, to say nothing of the money expended. That a busy man engaged in a very arduous profession should have been able to do so much by correspondence and otherwise, is nothing short of wonderful. To this object many of his evenings have been tirelessly devoted, and even his holidays were consecrated to the work, which involved journeys to New York and Boston to confer with authors, publishers and dealers, with a view to enlisting every possible aid.

"Mr. Gluck was fortunate in obtaining the first choice of autograph manuscripts from the large collection gathered by James R. Osgood, the Boston publisher, and which were sold about a year ago by Mr. Benjamin of New York. Out of that collection Mr. Gluck secured the very cream. It was from this he obtained the original manuscript of Emerson's *Representative Men*, which is probably the choicest prize in the collection. Here also he obtained the manuscripts of Dickens and the volume of DeQuincey letters; manuscripts of Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Miss Muloch, John Keats, William Cullen Bryant, and

others. A number of important manuscripts were obtained from the sale of Sir William Hamilton's collection in London some time last year. Quite a number of important manuscripts were picked up during the past two years in London, Liverpool and Glasgow. Many of the most valuable of the autograph manuscripts secured have been obtained directly from the authors upon the representation to them of the purposes in view in connection with the library building then in contemplation.

"Several of the American publishers, including the *Century* Company, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Harper Brothers, Roberts Brothers, James Redpath of the *North American Review*, Lorettus Metcalf, editor of the *Forum*, and others, have interested themselves in Mr. Gluck's undertaking, and have with the consent of the authors furnished valuable manuscripts otherwise not procurable. On each of the bound manuscripts due credit is given to the donor, and on the letters which are framed the same course is pursued. Mrs. James T. Fields of Boston has made valuable contributions to the collection, and the library and citizens of Buffalo feel that they are under obligations to her for her great kindness toward the library project.

"The collection as it stands is probably the largest and best to be found in any public institution in this country. I have taken occasion to inform myself as far as possible concerning other collections, particularly in public libraries, and I know of none that can be compared with it for interest and value. It is, of course, to be regarded not as something completed, but as a great foundation laid for a collection which others will from time to time increase, and which can hardly fail to be one of the special boasts of the Buffalo Library. I have been asked by many today what I supposed to be the pecuniary value of the collection. I have no doubt at all that if it were put on sale at public auction in New York, and collectors in the country well notified of the sale, it would bring from $10,000 to $12,000. But the pecuniary value is really the least thing to be considered in the matter. Its value in connection with an

institution of this kind lies more especially in the very great interest which it is calculated to awaken among the people, and in the minds of the young especially, leading them to a better acquaintance with the greater writers of Great Britain and America. It introduces us in a kind of personal way to a great poet, historian, or writer of romance, when we see his works in his own manuscript, just as he himself prepared it for the printer, and it is impossible for such a collection to be on view in the public rooms of the library without stimulating a great many to better courses of reading. I regard the gift as one for which the library and the public, which the library represents, must feel deeply grateful."

The *Courier* said editorially:

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

As announced in our local columns, Mr. James Fraser Gluck, one of the curators of the Buffalo Library, at a meeting of the executive committee, Friday evening, formally presented to the library the finest collection of autograph letters and manuscripts in this country. The magnificent gift embraces manuscripts and characteristic letters from many of the leading lights of English literature, past and present, and as regards American authors and statesmen it is representative, for it includes autograph letters, manuscripts and important political documents by nearly all our great writers and statesmen, from George Washington down to the authors of the present day who have gained their fame in the pages of the *Atlantic, Harper's* and *Century* magazines. One volume is composed of the letters of Lydia Maria Child, many of which have never been published. In other columns are enumerated the most important features of the rich collection, which occupies four large cases at the left of the delivery desk in the library. Great good taste has been shown in the framing and binding of the letters and manuscripts. The principal letters, with portraits of the writers, are framed uniformly in wood like that used in the finish of the library. The manuscripts in the cases are bound in the greatest possible variety of

costly morocco and leather covers which are a triumph of the bookbinder's art. The decorative value of the collection is greatly enhanced by this style of binding, which is a relief to the eye after the uniformity usually observed in mounting such collections.

Among the letters occupying the wall-cases, lovers of the humorous will be interested in Tom Hood's, which are headed by a droll sketch of a woman who was "all heart," and who is made the subject of three stanzas of merry rhyme. Hood's handwriting is feminine in its delicacy.

Abraham Lincoln's letter, written from Washington March 13, 1865, to Governor Hahn of Louisiana, on the subject of giving some of the former slaves the franchise, shows a clear, legible penmanship, and a fine regard for punctuation which would be thought more characteristic of a litterateur than of a practical statesman. In this letter occur the celebrated lines, "They will probably help in some trying time to come to keep the jewel of Liberty in the family of Freedom." School boys who are studying the Civil War should be sent to the library to look at this letter.

The most valuable is the manuscript of *Representative Men*, still in the original binding, but inclosed in a case of maroon plush. It was the most costly manuscript of the celebrated Osgood collection. Mr. Emerson's handwriting is not handsome, but it has that boldness and rugged strength and clearness which one would expect to see. Mr. Emerson has disregarded the rule of writing on one side only of the paper, and, carried away by the ardor of inspiration, has, in most cases, covered both pages. In the heat of writing, whole pages, too, have been crossed out here and there; and an additional value attaches to the manuscript from the fact that many of its golden thoughts, thus carelessly suppressed, have not been printed. In the dash and eagerness, evident between the lines, the inspiration of great genius shines forth. Lovers of Emerson will linger near the open pages of this manuscript.

The most remarkable of all for fine penmanship is that of George Augustus Sala, whose manuscript of *On a Cer-*

tain Team of Horses, written in blue ink, is like a printed page in its uniformness. The very few corrections that have been made are in characters so minute as almost to require a magnifying glass to be legible. The style of this manuscript, exquisite in its neatness, is the very last that one would expect from a dashing, dare-devil journalist.

In direct contrast to this is Walt Whitman's essay on *Robert Burns*, presented by Mr. James Redpath to Mr. Gluck. It looks like a crazy quilt. It is written with red ink, with lead pencil corrections, on the backs of old envelopes of different colors, blue, white, yellow and brown. The copy is much interlined and in some places can scarcely be deciphered.

The finder has pasted these detached envelopes and scraps of paper on to pages of uniform size. The whimsical old poet would scarcely recognize his own copy.

The manuscript of *A Foregone Conclusion*, by William Dean Howells, in two large volumes, each page mounted on guards, a most generous gift, shows a clear, rather small penmanship, the lines widely spaced, on vivid yellow paper. There are few corrections or erasures. Those which appear are in lead pencil.

One of the most fascinating volumes of all is that containing George William Curtis's famous *Easy Chair* introducing Mr. Howells as the occupant of the *Editor's Study*. Mr. Curtis, in his letter to Mr. Gluck, calls it "a sorry looking manuscript," but printers accustomed to see much worse would not agree with him. It is written with lead pencil in an easy, graceful hand, with scarcely a correction.

Charles Dickens's autographs are scarce, valuable and very difficult to obtain. One of the most highly prized treasures in the autograph collection of the British museum is the last lines the great novelist ever wrote, a friendly letter penned a few hours before he died. Mr. Gluck has succeeded in getting, not a brief letter, but the entire manuscript of *The Great International Walking Match*. It is the first draft of the celebrated paper on the great walk-

ing match between Dickens and his Boston friends. The paper, as substantially changed, appears in Field's *Yesterdays with Authors*. As some one remarked in looking over this manuscript Saturday, "It looks just like Dickens."

A decided curiosity is a quantity of manuscripts, proof sheets and letters by Thomas de Quincey. They are written in his small, almost effeminate handwriting, and afford an insight into his constantly highly excited nervous condition.

Gladstone writes with a stub pen. The manuscript of his essay on *Russia and England* shows a plain, clear and uniform penmanship. The marginal notes, "Proof to 73 Harley Court. The remainder tomorrow," are highly interesting, as showing the great man in his workshop. Equally so are the additions to the original copy, which are on detached slips of paper, pasted along the margins. The reverse side of one written on a bit of fine note paper contains the words "Hawarden Castle," in raised letters. Evidently it is the style of paper used in the polite correspondence of the Gladstone family.

The manuscript of *Count Frontenac*, written on blue paper in black ink, is interesting as showing Parkman's handwriting in all the notes and the preface. One note states that the title of the book is to be changed to the one it now bears: *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV*.

Louise M. Alcott's manuscript of *Sophie's Secret* will interest all young girls who draw Miss Alcott's books from the Buffalo Library, and if they can learn to write as legibly as does the author of *Little Women*, their future correspondents will never have cause to try their eyes in the attempt to read their letters. Miss Alcott's handwriting, in jet black ink, is old-fashioned in its fineness, and a great deal is crowded into each page. Her emendations are few in number.

Nora Perry, in an essay on *Autograph Hunting*, shows a bold, masculine hand, very unlike Miss Alcott's. She makes a good many corrections in her copy, which in this

instance has been much defaced by the printer's fingers.

This inadequate review of some few of the treasures of this collection would be incomplete without a mention of Mr. Gluck's predecessor in autograph hunting, Mr. Charles D. Norton.

A collection of autographs, the volume that contained them having been found a short time before removing from the old building, which were the results of much labor on the part of older members of the Young Men's Association, but principally on that of Mr. Norton, have been sorted, cleaned, and bound in two volumes by Mr. Gluck, who has named them, out of respect to the pioneer who preceded him in the same field, "The Norton Collection." It is interesting to note that this collection of autographs contained one manuscript, that of Mr. John G. Saxe. It was presented to the Young Men's Association by the former editor of *The Courier*, Joseph Warren.

The value of Mr. Gluck's noble gift, which will gain with every decade, can scarely be over-estimated. When the tourist visits the British museum, his first request is to be shown the original manuscript of the *Magna Charta*. From this he turns to spend hours in wandering between the cases containing the autographs of famous literary men and statesmen. He is startled to find how large a part of his time he has whiled away here, when there are countless treasures still to be seen in other alcoves of the great museum.

To the school boys and girls of Buffalo this department of the library will be a great incentive, an educator. As the collection grows by other gifts it will attract thither distinguished people. Many of those who annually resort to Niagara Falls, never giving Buffalo a passing thought as they are whirled through the city, will stop off to see this famous collection of original manuscripts. The intrinsic merit and beauty of the collection lies in the fact that it is not a mere group of signatures. Each one of the manuscripts is characteristic and has a meaning aside from its value as an autograph.

In his letters to the curators Mr. Gluck says that the collection is the result of work done at leisure during the last two years. Never was leisure more advantageously spent for Buffalo.

The collection is a remarkable achievement, and nothing could be more generous and more worthy of the grateful appreciation of the public than the presentation of these invaluable treasures to the library. The felicitous presentation letter of Mr. Gluck and a detailed description of the collection will be found on the fifth page of this morning's *Courier*, and on the local page are published interesting interviews with Mr. Gluck and with Mr. Larned, the superintendent of the library.

The *Buffalo Express* commented on the gift as follows:

The Express yesterday briefly recorded the fact that at a meeting of the executive committee of the Buffalo Library Association on Friday evening, Mr. James Fraser Gluck, one of the curators of the library, presented that institution with a valuable collection of autograph MSS., letters, and other literary and historical relics.

The collection is of an extraordinary character and value. It is said by an able authority in such matters that there is no other collection in America worthy to be compared with it. The Astor Library in New York, the Boston Public Library, and other institutions, possess autograph collections, but none of value equal to this. It is said that the nearest approach to it is the collection of Mr. George W. Childs.

In his letter to the Board of Managers, accompanying the gift, Mr. Gluck gave some account of the formation of the collection. That letter is printed below. The generous spirit, which inspired the donor during two years of untiring efforts, is not more apparent in the lavish expenditure of time and money, than in the method employed in the work. In no case was a manuscript solicited, or were negotiations carried on, except to this understood end: that the desired manuscript was not for the collector but for the Buffalo Library. He has caused it to be understood that here in

Buffalo is one of the very best library buildings in America; a fire-proof, safe, and worthy repository for the most cherished literary treasures. With this just reputation once established, the way is paved for future valuable acquisitions by the Buffalo Library.

The cash value of the present collection in the judgment of Supt. Larned exceeds $10,000. The manuscripts are superbly bound, and the letters and shorter fragments framed in oak. The entire collection is displayed in oak cases.

Mr. Gluck has shown a sumptuous taste in the preparation of his noble gift. The manuscripts are bound in levant morocco, magnificent in color-combinations. The portraits which accompany the manuscripts are of themselves an exceedingly valuable collection. They include many rare plates, brought together through indefatigable research.

SOME TREASURES OF THE COLLECTION.

It is impossible, in the space at our command today, to more than indicate the character and worth of the Gluck collection. This could not be adequately done, even by the publication of the entire catalogue, for in most cases the mere name of the author or of his literary relics, would convey little idea of value. We have chosen to pay attention to a few only of these treasures, assuring the reader that we shall return more than once to so rich a treasure-house.

Probably the gem of the collection, so far as market value is concerned, is the original MSS. of Emerson's *Representative Men*, entire, 790 quarto pages. It has been left in the original binding, but is enclosed in a case of maroon plush, with a beveled plate-glass cover. It was secured from the Osgood collection, of which it was the most valuable manuscript. Of this volume the well-known collector, Mr. W. E. Benjamin, says:

"Opening this, by all means the most interesting volume of this collection, and noting its contents *seriatim*, our attention is first attracted to this important note on the

fly-leaf in the autograph of an author who has become well-known in the field of biography:

"'This volume is made up of the original MSS. sent to the press by the illustrious author. The handwriting is well-known and the autograph on the title page is a sufficient attestation. The MSS. were preserved by me while in the employ of the publishers of the works of Emerson—Messrs. Phillips, Samson & Co.—between 1853 and 1859. Francis H. Underwood, Boston, Dec. 7, 1873.'

"Turning two pages, the title 'Representative Men; Seven Lectures. By R. W. Emerson,' in the bold autograph of the author, strikes the eye. On the next leaf is the list of contents, and turning again, we are at the beginning of the first lecture, *Use of Great Men*. We notice here that the author has ignored the general rule of writing on one side of the paper only, and page two is on the reverse of page one. This point leads us to take a general view of the whole manuscript and we perceive that the author, carried away by his ardor in composition, or through indifference, has disregarded this rule many times and has written oftener on both sides of the leaves than on one side only. We are much impressed in examining the manuscript by the evident earnestness and inspiration which affected the author as he wrote, for the writing bears a hasty character, as if swiftly dashed off, and the numerous erasures, alterations, and corrections show clearly that they were made quickly and decisively on the impulse of the moment, and with no labored precision. It is this quality of genius, fairly shining as it were from the pages of this manuscript, which renders it so invaluable. We feel the personality of the man as we gaze, and any person at all sympathetic with him becomes affected with a feeling of absorbing interest, about which there is something pathetic. Frequently whole pages have been crossed out with ruthless pen, and the sentiments therein expressed have been cast aside. An additional value appertains to those pages when we consider that

some of the thoughts so carefully suppressed have never been printed.

"The owner of this volume will therefore get more than the title tells, and can proudly point to such an extract as the following, which exemplifies the greatness of the author who could afford to disregard sentences so truly golden: 'There is nothing comparable in literature to Shakespeare's expression for strength and delicacy. Men have existed who affirmed that they heard the language of celestial angels and talked with them, but that, when they returned into the natural world, though they preserved the memory of these conversations, they could not translate the things that had been said into human thoughts and words. But Shakespeare is one, who having been rapt into some purer state of sensation and existence, had learned the secret of a finer diction, and, when he returned to this world, retained the fine organ which had been opened above.'"

Another invaluable MS. is Francis Parkman's *Count Frontenac*, complete in two large octavo volumes of 630 pages. Mr. Gluck says of it:

"This magnificent gift of our greatest historical writer should merit the gratitude of our city. It was the only manuscript of Mr. Parkman's great works in his possession. The body of the work is in the handwriting of an amanuensis, as are all Mr. Parkman's works. In this work, however, the notes, of which there are several hundred (some quite extensive), are in Mr. Parkman's handwriting."

Among other MSS. of eminent American authors may be named the following: Bronson Alcott's ode on the death of Garfield, *A Prophetic Ode after Sacrifice;* William Cullen Bryant's *Introduction to the Translation of The Odyssey;* a chapter from Cooper's *The Headsman*, a very rare manuscript; Horace Greeley's *Introduction to the Study of Political Economy;* Paul Hamilton Hayne's remarkable poem, *Face to Face*—the last he ever wrote; O. W. Holmes's *The New Port-*

folio; a Cry from the Study; Longfellow's sonnet on Milton, with letters relating to literary works; James Russell Lowell's critical essay on *The Winthrop Papers.* Original MSS. of Mr. Lowell are exceedingly rare; this was the only one in Mr. Lowell's possession when presented. There are verses by John Howard Payne, and a facsimile of *Home, Sweet Home.* Mr. Payne's biographer, Mr. Gabriel Harrison of Brooklyn, upon intimation that such gift a would be most acceptable, has presented to the library a copy of the quarto large paper edition of his exhaustive, scholarly life of Payne; 25 copies only of the quarto size were printed. He also presented a characteristic authograph letter of Mr. Payne's.

T. Buchanan Reid's poem, *Our Flag*, and manuscript poems of John G. Saxe and Lydia Sigourney, are of interest. So, too, is the first draft of Charles Sumner's great letter on *Reconstruction.* A splendid MS. is Bayard Taylor's *Notes to Goethe's "Faust,"* 125 quarto pages of closely-written matter, remarkable for legibility and neatness. A rare treasure is Henry D. Thoreau's essay on *Mortal Glory.* Of autograph letters of American men and women there is a magnificent collection. The effort has been made in the collection of these letters to obtain distinctively characteristic ones, which possess in and of themselves some value and interest aside from the fact of the handwriting.

Perhaps the most interesting collection is the volume composed of the letters of Lydia Maria Child, many of which have never been published. Almost all of these were written during the period of our Civil War, and treat of slavery, politics, religion, women's rights, and literature. They are written with a simplicity, directness, force and common sense that must render their perusal most interesting.

Another valuable and interesting collection is that of private letters of Charles Sumner, written from Washington, during the period of the Civil War, while he was senator. They extend from 1860 to 1870 and con-

tain numerous references to distinguished men and current events. This gift, though made to the library now, is on the express condition that it may be withheld from inspection save at the election of and in the presence of the library superintendent, as the letters are marked "private" and contain references to persons still living. None of these letters has ever been published and it is the wish of the donor they should not be allowed to be published.

An interesting collection is that which comprises letters of well-known American women. It includes letters of Fanny Fern, Phoebe Cary, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Anna E. Dickinson, Isabella B. Hooker, Mary Clemmer Ames, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucretia Mott, Sarah Pugh, Kate Field, Grace Greenwood, and Gail Hamilton. These letters are of a decidedly personal character. They contain references to and opinions about persons still living. Many of the writers are not yet dead. The gift, though now made to the library, is made upon the express condition that the letters be not open to inspection save at the election and in the presence of the superintendent of the library. It is the wish of the donor that the letters should never be published.

Another collection, which it is believed will prove of considerable interest, is that made up of letters written during the War by prominent men connected with the abolition movement, as well as letters written by other distinguished persons during that period. Many of these are marked "private," and are of a personal character. The gift of these letters, though made to the library now, is made upon the express condition that they be not open to inspection save at the election and in the presence of the superintendent of the library, and that they never be allowed to be published. These letters are from John G. Whittier, John Bright, Parke Goodwin, Henry Wilson, Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, Salmon P. Chase, T. W. Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, John Bigelow, Frederick Douglass, Parker Pillsbury, Moncure D. Conway,

Clarence Cook, John Hay, George William Curtis, Robert Collier, James T. Fields, Horace White, O. B. Frothingham, Theodore Tilton, James G. Blaine, Horace Greeley, Manton Marble, S. I. Prime, John Russell Young, Whitelaw Reid, George W. Smalley, Henry Watterson, and others.

Another collection, which it is believed may interest some of the readers of the library, is made up of characteristic letters and small manuscripts of American men and women. It embraces such names as N. P. Willis, H. D. Thoreau, Catherine Sedgewick, Margaret Fuller, T. C. Haliburton, John Pierpont, George S. Hillard, Jared Sparks, W. H. Seward, John Howard Payne, James Parton, J. Esten Cooke, Frank Stockton, Gen. Lew Wallace, T. B. Aldrich, T. Bach MacMaster, W. Gilmore Sims, Louise Chandler Moulton, Adeline S. T. Whitney, Sarah G. Hale.

Among other relics of eminent Americans may be named: A leaf from Aaron Burr's "Index Rerum," made while a young lawyer at Albany; an unpublished letter of Benjamin Franklin, written from London, August 3, 1772, on the state of affairs in Europe and the rejection of the petition of the American colonies by the lords of the council; a characteristic letter from Nathaniel Hawthorne to his publishers on the subject of certain members of the *Pynchon* family; letters written by Thomas Jefferson from Monticello to Dr. Jenner of London, the discoverer of vaccination; a letter written by Abraham Lincoln from Washington, March 13, 1865, to Governor Hahn of Louisiana, on the subject of giving some of the former slaves the franchise. In it occur the celebrated lines referring to the wisdom of granting it to a few of the most intelligent people, and especially those who have fought in the ranks. He says: "They will probably help in some trying time to come to keep the jewel of Liberty in the family of Freedom." There is an interesting letter by John Lothrop Motley to Mr. Mann, alluding to the late irreparable loss of his wife and lamenting his in-

ability to write. He says: "I could write to you of the angel whose departure has made me desolate. But you must take the will for the deed." In a previous part he says: "How I wish I could write to you. It would be an immense relief, but my arm seems pinioned to my side, by those invisible threads which are stronger than iron chains, and the effort to write reacts on the brain." Mr. Whipple's recent essay on Motley shows the ultimate effect of this feeling on Motley. With the mention only of characteristic letters of Thomas Paine, Edgar A. Poe, and George Washington, we pass on to another department.

MANUSCRIPTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS.

Mr. Gluck has met with a degree of success little short of amazing in his efforts to secure for the library valuable manuscript remains of great English authors. There are MSS. or letters of eighty-eight famous men and women of England. First in value, perhaps, are two poems by Robert Burns, *The Banks of Nith* and *Robert Shure in Hairst.* An idea of the value of Burns's manuscripts may be had from the fact that the manuscript of *Highland Mary* recently sold in London for $2,500. Here is the manuscript of Thomas Campbell's *The Emigrant's Farewell;* an autograph poem of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, signed and dated September 12, 1797. The lines are inscribed "To Mr. William Linley," and contain the following:

> "While my young cheek preserves its healthful hues,
> And I have many friends who hold me dear,
> Linley, methinks, I would not often hear
> Such melodies as thine. . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> O God, such songs breathed by my angel guide
> Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
> Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died."

There is an autograph sermon by the Rev. George Crabbe, on *Improvement.* The eminent author, at

least, must have had a good opinion of it, for it appears from memoranda of dates and places that it was preached on four occasions, between 1825 and 1831, at Trowbridge, where Crabbe was rector. A manuscript poem by John Dryden commands attention. Still more so does the first draft of *The Great International Walking Match*, by Charles Dickens. Here, too, the curious may see D'Israeli's poem, *The English Muse to Thomas Powell, Esq.*, and a fine collection of Thomas De Quincey's manuscripts. The major part are letters to his publishers. They are all written in his small, almost effeminate handwriting and afford an insight into his constantly highly excited nervous condition, and cannot fail, from the nature of their contents, to enlist the reader's sympathies. A constant appeal for time in which to finish his "copy," more time for correction of proof, details of monetary troubles, appeals for assistance, all interspersed with pleadings because of his physical pain and filled with descriptions of his sensations, doubts, and fears, scarcely one breathing hope or showing any enjoyment of life. It may be doubted if a more valuable or interesting collection of "self-told" stories has ever been offered to the public, and certainly nothing about DeQuincey has ever been offered more worthy of notice by all connoisseurs and admirers of his genius.

We pass on to note the fine manuscript of Gladstone's essay on *Russia and England;* autograph manuscripts in Latin and English by Thomas Gray, with a fac-simile of his famous *Elegy*. We must pass with merest mention lectures by William Hazlitt; nine poems of Felicia Hemans; Thomas Hood's poem, *She is All Heart*, with an original sketch by Hood; Leigh Hunt's critical review of Carlyle's first lectures in London; Jean Ingelow's poem, *The Monitions of the Unseen;* John Keats's sonnet, *To Mrs. Reynold's Cat*, and Charles Kingsley's lecture on *The First Discovery of America*. We note especially an interesting autograph letter from Charles Lamb to S. T. Coleridge, dated 1798, in which he sub-

mits to Coleridge some propositions "to be by you defended or oppugned, or both, in the schools of Germany, whither I am told you are departing, to the utter dissatisfaction of your native Devonshire, and regret of universal England.

"Finally, wishing, Learned Sir, that you may see Schiller, and swing in a wood (vide poems) and sit upon a tun and eat fat hams of Westphalia, I remain your friend and docil pupil to instruct. CHARLES LAMB."

The letter occupies a page and a half of closely written manuscript on the small quarto-sized note paper in use at that date. Bulwer Lytton is represented by five closely-written pages, containing a long and brilliant eulogy on Sir Walter Scott. There are four quarto pages of music and words composed and penned by Samuel Lover; Owen Meredith's poem, *Atlantis;* poems by Thomas Moore, Cardinal Newman, Barry Cornwall, and Adelaide Proctor; and the author's proof-sheets of Alfred Tennyson's *Idylls of the Hearth*, with autograph corrections and additions. A part of Sir Walter Scott's essay on *Chivalry* is here preserved, as is William Wordsworth's poem beginning, "While this great world of joy and pain," and valuable MSS. by Dr. Isaac Watts.

A FEW OF THE LETTERS.

Among the letters of distinguished Englishmen and women are a number deserving of special mention. There are letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, exquisitely bound. The letter of Mr. Browning was written but a short time after his wife's death, while he was sojourning in Normandy, attempting to recover from his crushing affliction. Jane Carlyle, in a characteristic epistle to an intimate friend, speaking of herself, says:

"I would have answered your last note if I had seen any probability of doing the least good by repeating the same thing over and over again. That is not my way. When I have once said my say, I feel an absolute need of having done with it."

An interesting letter by William Cowper gives at length details of his daily life and literary tastes. There are letters, full of revelations of character, by Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Thomas Hughes, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Alexander Pope, John Ruskin, John Wesley, Martin F. Tupper, the poet Shelley, John Forster, James Anthony Froude, William Huxley, and a score more of equal eminence.

There is a long and interesting letter by Lord Macaulay to a friend in America describing the probable effect of a visit to America by Byron, himself, and others. Note this extract:

"And what I hear of the form in which your countrymen show their kindness and esteem for men whose names are at all known, deters me from visiting you. I need not tell you I mean no national reflection. Perhaps the peculiarity to which I allude is honorable to the American character, but it must cause annoyance to sensitive and fastidious men. Brougham or O'Connell would have liked nothing better, but Cowper would have died or gone mad. Byron would have insulted his admirers and have been shot or tarred and feathered, and though I have stronger nerves than Cowper, and I hope a better temper than Byron's, I should suffer much pain and give much offense."

Two letters by Alfred Tennyson arrest the attention. In one of them he says:

"I am not in the habit of inserting poems in the English magazines, and why should I in the American? particularly as in this unhappy condition of international copyright the English magazines would immediately pirate anything of mine in yours."

The second is an autograph, sent by request of Martin F. Tupper, worded thus:

"My Dear Sir:—At your request I send for Brantz, Mayor, from ALFRED TENNYSON."

At the top of the page: "Addressed to me at Albany, as asked of Tennyson for Brantz, Mayor of Baltimore, Feby. 10, 1869. MARTIN F. TUPPER."

FRENCH AND OTHER LITERARY RELICS.

In the comparatively small but valuable collection of French autographs the place of honor must be given to a long and interesting letter of Jean Jacques Rousseau, written to M. Vernet. The letter is of inestimable value, not only because of the great scarcity of Rousseau manuscripts, but because it is replete with the expressions of his religious belief, concerning which there has been so much controversy. It was written from the Hermitage, a small cottage presented to him by Mme. d'Epinay at the time he was engaged in the composition of his celebrated work, *Julie, ou la nouvelle Heloise.*

There are letters of Voltaire, Mme. de Stael, a letter of Prince Napoleon, Beranger, Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of *Paul and Virginia*, Victor Hugo, Montelambert, Guizot, Balzac, Daudet, Dumas, Belot, Lamartine, Sainte Beuve, and others.

We leave for another time the Latin missals; the gold-illumined works of Sadi, Persian poet and scribe; the historical documents, both English and American; an interesting collection of 75 official seals of Episcopal bishops during two centuries, and close this article with a notice of a collection which has a peculiar interest.

A short time before removing from the old building, a dusty old volume was discovered, stowed away on an upper shelf, which contained the results of much time and labor on the part of the older members of the association, but principally that of Charles D. Norton, assistant to Mr. Austin and Mr. Coit. It was quite a full collection of autograph letters and one manuscript—a poem by John G. Saxe. Some of the autograph letters were interesting and others quite valuable. Those not deemed of sufficient importance to remove were left in the original volume.

Those deemed of any interest were cleaned, pressed and bound in two volumes, full levant morocco, by Mr. Gluck, who took the liberty of naming them, in their new dress, "The Norton Collection" to the memory of the pioneer who had preceded him in the same field. Most of the letters state by whom they were presented. The new collection includes letters by Philip Livingstone, Robert Morris, John Quincy Adams, Thos. Corwin, Martin Van Buren, Daniel B. Thompkins, Millard Fillmore, Jefferson Davis, Myron H. Clark, Fletcher Webster, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Edward Everett, S. P. Chase, W. H. Seward, H. W. Beecher, G. M. Curtis, Horatio Syemour, John A. Dix, Hamilton Fish, C. M. Washburne, Charles Sumner, Commodore Perry, V. G. Audobon, N. P.Willis, J. G. Holland, Henry D. Thoreau, Lewis Cass, Thomas W. Benton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Benjamin Lossing.

Letter of Gift and Resolutions of Acceptance (1887):

MR. GLUCK'S LETTER OF PRESENTATION.

To the Board of Managers of the Buffalo Library:

"Gentlemen—I take pleasure in presenting to the Buffalo Library the gifts of which a detailed account is contained in the catalogue submitted herewith. This collection, as will be seen, embraces original autograph manuscripts of Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, William E. Gladstone, William Cullen Bryant, James Fenimore Cooper, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Fiske, Horace Greeley, Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Helen Hunt Jackson, Chancellor Kent, the Rev. Starr King, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Joaquin Miller, Francis Parkman, John Howard Payne, Charles Sumner, Bronson Alcott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Henry Thoreau, John Greenleaf Whittier, Walt Whitman, Robert Burns, Thomas Campbell, Wilkie Collins, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, George Crabbe, John Dryden, Isaac D'Israeli, Thomas De Quincy, Thomas Gray, Sir William Hamilton, William Hazlitt, Thomas Hood, Leigh Hunt, Jean Ingelow, John Keats, Charles

Kingsley, Charles Lamb, Lord Lytton, Miss Mulock, James Montgomery, Owen Meredith, Thomas Moore, Cardinal Newman, Barry Cornwall, Charles Reade, Robert Southey, Alfred Tennyson, William Wordsworth, Isaac Watts, and a large number of other distinguished writers.

"It embraces several large collections of characteristic and interesting autograph letters.

"It embraces valuable individual letters, and among others, letters of the following: George Washington, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Lothrop Motley, Edgar Allen Poe, George Ticknor, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Samuel Bowles, John Brown, Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, William Cooper, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Dr. Johnson, Lord Macaulay, Alexander Pope, John Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, Jeremy Taylor, John Wesley, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Madame De Stael, Beranger, St. Pierre, and others.

"It embraces several Latin missals and a rare Persian manuscript.

"It embraces also several interesting historical documents and literary curiosities.

"The collection is the result of work done at leisure moments during the last two years. It is now but partially complete, as many manuscripts have been promised by distinguished living writers which have not yet been received, and it is quite probable that the size of the collection will be appreciably augmented in this way as well as by the fulfillment of orders given for manuscripts to be procured as soon as any shall come into the market.

"The work has been to me a pleasure; it has led to a rather extensive correspondence with the best men and women of the day, whose kindness and unfailing courtesy shall ever be held in grateful memory, and if the examination of the results shall ever give to any patron of the library one half the pleasure which the collector has experienced, he will be abundantly satisfied.

"I am confident that the members of the Association will appreciate a collection of this character. It is said that Charles Sumner, when discouraged during the early days of the War in his bitter struggle against slavery and slavery's friends at Washington, would console himself by retiring to his study and reading again the original manuscripts which he possessed of John Milton; the very sight of the paper on which Milton's hand had traced his undying thoughts for liberty, brought nearer to the reader the great mind that had originated the thoughts there penned.

"It may be that there are persons like Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*—

> "'A primrose on the river brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.'"

"It may be that there are persons to whom the actual writing and manuscripts of celebrated men are nothing but mere paper and ink; to whom the vivifying influence of the imagination never comes. This collection is not made for any such. But I believe there are many others to whom these manuscripts and letters will be a source of lasting pleasure; who will delight in tracing in the pages of Emerson's manuscript, the evolution of the thoughts of that greatest of all Americans; who, as they read the very lines penned by Pope, Dryden, and Johnson, can the more readily reconstruct and enter into and realize the literary life of that period; who, as they look at the notes of Coleridge, the quaint conceits of Lamb, the blithe and joyous utterances of Barry Cornwall, the felicitous language of Wordsworth, the measured cadences of Rogers, the fervid glow of Campbell's diction, the rippling melodious verse of Moore, will experience a keener pleasure than that derived from the sight or perusal of the mere printed page. How near to us seems the immortal plowman, Robert Burns, as we look at the lines he has written; how real to us the struggle of the Revolution, as

we read, penned by his own hand, the urgent requests of Washington to Congress for more help, ammunition, and men; as we read the words of that "father of American science" and the American Union, Benjamin Franklin, in his letters describing the fate of the colonies' petition and the probable change of the Ministry; and so on, with many others, whose names and works are represented in this collection.

"If Buffalo has not as yet reached the highest development in poetry, fiction, history, science, or philosophy, it will not retard its development in these fields to have gathered within the walls of this noble structure the works of great men and women, illustrious in these departments, and to have given them here forever a worthy habitation and home.

"The full catalogue is given herewith.

JAMES FRASER GLUCK."

RESOLUTIONS (1887):

Mr. James Fraser Gluck has presented to the Buffalo Library an exceedingly valuable, interesting and rare collection of original manuscripts, letters and autographs of distinguished men described by him in the letter addressed by him to the Board of Managers and in the accompanying catalogue.

An era is marked in the history of the library by the occupation of its new building. For the first time it is in a position to develop all its possibilities of usefulness both on old and new lines. Mr. Gluck's gift coming just at the opening of this new life of the library is most opportune. It lays the foundation of what may become one of the most interesting and attractive departments of the library. It sets an example which others are likely to follow; it tends to the cultivation of a refined curiosity and taste. It will always be to the honor of Mr. Gluck that it was his labor and munificence which founded this department of the library's work and usefulness. It is therefore

Resolved, That the Board of Managers on behalf of the Buffalo Library, accepts such gift upon the terms and

conditions prescribed in Mr. Gluck's letter of January 7th, 1887. It is further

Resolved, That the Board of Managers is profoundly grateful to Mr. Gluck for this munificent gift and is deeply sensible of the generosity and public spirit which it displays. It is further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread at length upon the minutes of this Board and that a copy thereof duly attested by the president and secretary be transmitted to Mr. Gluck.

J. M. RICHMOND,
President.
E. H. ROUNDS,
Secretary.

JOHN G. MILBURN,
SHELDON T. VIELE,
EDWARD H. MOVIUS,
Committee.

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